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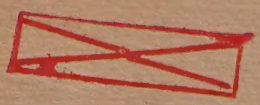

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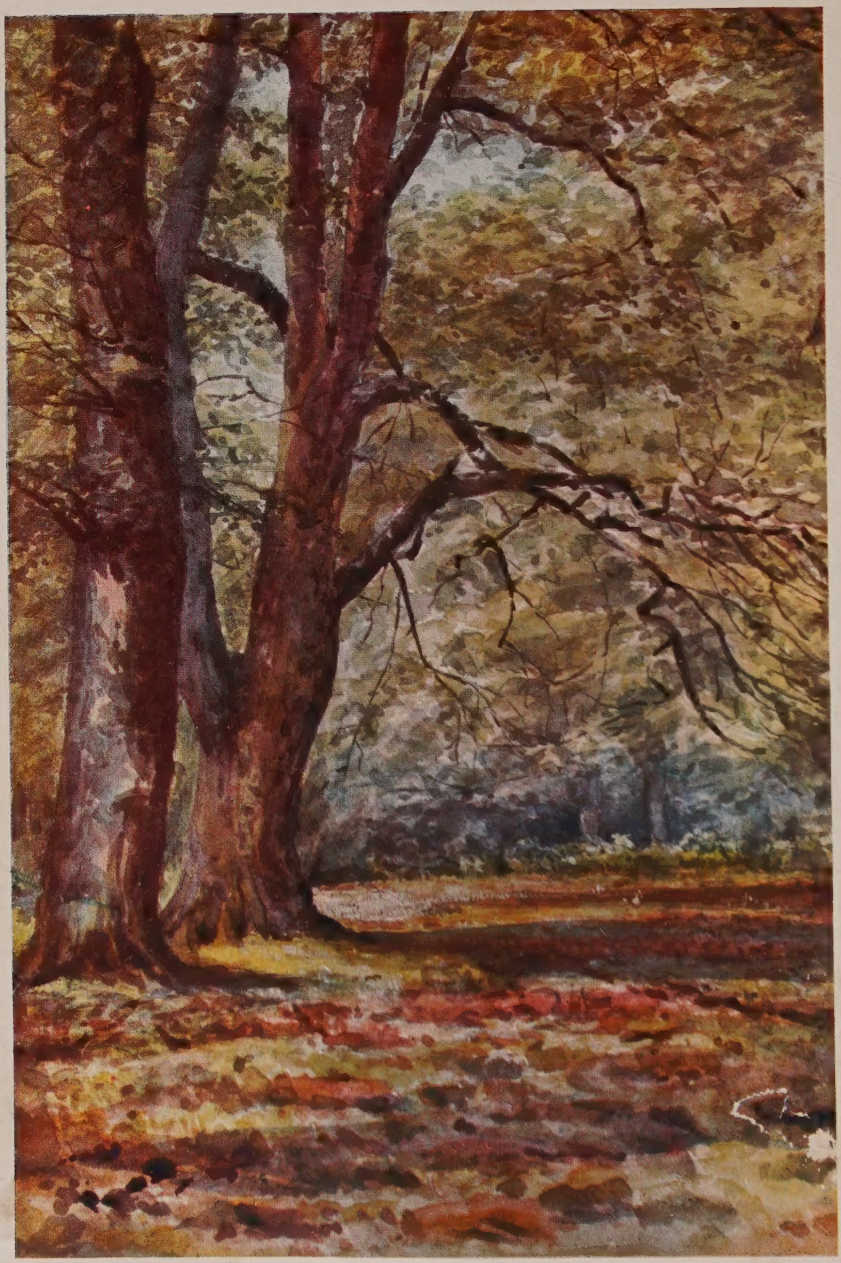

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MEMORIALS OF OLD HAMPSHIRE

EDITED BY

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VICAR OF SHORWELL AND RECTOR OF MOTTISTON, ISLE OF WIGHT

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AUTHOR AND EDITOR OF

"Murray's Handbooks for Lincolnshire, Hampshire and the Isle of Wight"

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

BEMROSE AND SONS LIMITED, 4 SNOW HILL, E.C.

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1906

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TO

THE MOST NOBLE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY HIS GRACE'S KIND

PERMISSION

PREFACE

HAMPSHIRE may claim in a certain sense to be the premier county of England, since though not quite so ancient a kingdom as Kent or Sussex, it is, as Grant Allen calls it, "the real original nucleus of the British Empire." It is also one of the most interesting of the counties, from the importance in early English history of its charming capital, the architectural value of its Cathedral and three of its other churches, its beautiful combinations of woodland and sea, its possession of more genuine forest than all the rest of England put together, and its chief place in the naval position of England, owing to the two great harbours afforded by its fortunate coast-line. To an editor of *Memorials of Old Hampshire* the first difficulty, therefore, is clearly of selection. It would not be difficult to imagine another volume of the present size made up only of those subjects that—for one reason or another—I have been obliged to pass over.

In order, therefore, to obtain more room for the less familiar antiquities of the county, I decided first to exclude the Isle of Wight, because that is a distinct entity, and may possibly hereafter have a volume of its own; and,

secondly, after much consideration, to omit separate treatment of Winchester, that having been done in Dean Kitchin's charming volume on the city (in the *Historic Towns Series*), and of detailed architectural history of the Cathedral Church, that being already accessible in numerous forms. That these have neither been ignored nor slighted will at once be obvious on reference to the Index, but the famous city is treated mainly as the head and representative of its county, and the Cathedral Church mainly as having influenced the architecture of the parish churches.

Again, a very obvious danger for the editor of a volume of this kind is that of allowing the information to become "snippety" and disconnected, and thereby to lose half its value. In order to guard against this, I selected the list of subjects finally, so that they might present the history of the county as a whole with no very important breaks, but specially emphasise only the most characteristic features. Thus in my introductory sketch I have endeavoured to show the part played by Winchester throughout, and the place that would be taken by the subsequent papers on Silchester, the Jutish Settlement, the New Forest, Southampton, and Portsmouth. My paper on Hampshire Churches as a whole is followed by papers of more detail on the existing monastic churches of Christchurch and Romsey and the ruined Abbeys of Beaulieu and Netley, besides a special and exhaustive examination of the wall-paintings in the churches. Then comes a group of the semi-religious

buildings: the palace of Wolvesey, the Hospital of St. Cross, Wykeham's famous College, and the traces left by the Knights of St. John at North Baddesley. These are naturally followed by the noblest of Hampshire houses—one of the most glorious in England—Bramshill, and this again by the places connected with the Civil War—Basing, Place House, and Hurst Castle. The story of Old Hampshire may, I hope, be thought to wind up fitly with the story of the unique Hambledon Cricket Club.

I had intended to include a separate paper on the Earthworks and Camps in the County (see p. 3), and asked the late Mr. T. W. Shore, whose knowledge of the subject was unequalled, to contribute it. He, with his usual kindness, would probably have consented, but he died before he could answer my letter. His son, Dr. Lewis Shore, most kindly sent me a very complete catalogue of them found among his father's papers, but it could not be used in a book of this kind without complete re-writing. It is to be published, I believe, in the *Papers of the Hampshire Field Club.*

There has been far more labour expended upon these papers than those who are unused to such work would imagine. The one on "wall-paintings" must be of permanent value as an exhaustive record at the present date. The long papers on the New Forest and Southampton—not to make an invidious selection—have involved a good deal of original research. The subject of Silchester might have been thought exhausted by the excavators, but

Mr. Heald's researches at the British Museum have unearthed a few more points, notably about the history of Commius.

I must express my obligations to all of the very able company of writers who have been kind enough to join me in this work, and particularly to Mr. Ditchfield, the General Editor of the series. I must take the opportunity, too, of thanking Mrs. Rawnsley for her charming sketch of the New Forest—it was mislaid at the time of publication of her own volume on the Forest, or we should not have had it; to Mr. Keyser, for the photographs of Bramley, which were taken expressly for his paper; and to Mr. Nisbett for the use of his splendid collection of photographs from Hampshire churches, and for many valuable notes upon them. I cannot imagine anybody connected with Hampshire who would not find this book full of interest from cover to cover.

G. E. JEANS.

Shorwell Vicarage, I.W.,
February, 1906.

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GENERAL SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF HAMPSHIRE AND WINCHESTER

By the Editor

Natural Features

THE history of every English county largely depends upon, and might even to some extent have been foretold from, a careful study of its natural features. But of few, if any, of the counties is this so plainly true as of Hampshire. In England early history naturally looks only to the South and the East; the North and the West were the dark recesses of retreat. And the position of Hampshire in the very centre of the long southern coast-line, directly facing the country which was now an enemy and now a fellow-subject, as the case might be, deeply indented with two noble land-locked inlets leading into well-watered valleys, and having both these harbours further protected by an island flung as if by design across their entrance—such a county was evidently destined from the first for the most prominent place in the rise of English naval supremacy.

But a study of the map will carry us further than this. After the outline comes the geology. A glance at a

geological chart will show that—leaving out some small areas—the map is roughly divided into two broad bands of different colours. To the north is a wide strip of chalk, forming the noble line of rolling downs that stretch from Wiltshire into Sussex. South of it is a broad space, mainly of Bagshot sand, which also fringes the chalk-line on the north, in the doubtful borderlands of Hampshire and Surrey, and in both parts grows abundance of pines and firs. The county is thus divided into upland and lowland, as, indeed, most counties are, but no others so impartially.

But Hampshire has been much more favoured by nature than its neighbours on either side. Wiltshire is altogether cut off from the sea by the projecting arm of Dorset, to which it might seem to have had a natural claim, and has no lowland except a few patches. In Sussex the chalk downs trending southwards run so near to the sea that there is scarcely room for agricultural land below them. But in Hampshire the little rivers which form the estuary wind their way through secure and fertile valleys, with ample spaces both for corn-land and pasture, and beyond them the lower slopes of the downs are formed of loamy soil. Hence the general result is a woodland county, well fitted for oak, fir, beech, and yew; with, happily, no mineral wealth of any sort to attract the desolating miner, yet not a savage woodland like the ancient forests of the counties beyond the Thames, but having wide pastoral spaces between, well protected by the ridge of the downs on the north, and sloping towards well-protected harbours on the south, looking out towards the Continent. Here, then, we seem to have in germ the history of Southampton and Portsmouth, of the secure yet accessible capital of Winchester, of William's choice of the New Forest, and even of the modern rise of health-giving Bournemouth, and the fast-growing residential district on the Surrey border.

The Pre-historic Period [1]

We need not linger over this vast space of time, since the Hampshire remains, though interesting enough, are not nearly so important or so numerous as those of Wiltshire. Some stone and bronze weapons and a few other objects are preserved in the Museum of the Hartley University College at Southampton. Barrows, as in most counties of chalk downs, are numerous. The long barrows of the older race are not common; such as remain are mostly in the neighbourhood of Andover. These are now assigned by archæologists to the Neolithic period and to a dark, long-skulled non-Aryan race, now represented in Europe by the Basques, Lapps, and Finns, who poured into Europe from the north-east.

After them, and mostly in the Bronze Age, came a branch of the great Celtic race, now generally called Goidels or Gaels, round-skulled, fair-haired, and accustomed to bury their dead in round barrows. Great numbers of these still remain all over the county, in spite of continual danger from the plough, probably at least three hundred. In some places they are set in conspicuous groups of seven—one such is close to the railway between Burghclere and Litchfield, and another on Stockbridge Downs; while on Beaulieu Heath and in parts near Petersfield they are almost as thick as graves in a churchyard.

In the Iron Age came an invasion of other Celts, now generally called Brythons, and considered to be ancestors of the Cymry or Welsh. Later still, and not very long before the Roman occupation, were the *Belgae*, who have left their name on the Roman capital, *Venta Belgarum* (Winchester). They are generally regarded as Celts,

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[1] Shore, *Popular County Histories: Hampshire*, ch. i.; W. Boyd Dawkins, *Victoria County History*, ch. i., p. 253 ff. But for Mr. Shore's lamented death, as I have mentioned in my Preface, this volume would probably have had a valuable paper from him on the Barrows and Camps of the County. See also his paper on "The Origin of Southampton Water," *Hants. Field Club Papers*, vol. v.

with a strong Teutonic infusion.[1] Many of the round barrows presumably belong to the later rather than the earlier Celts, but the races were, no doubt, gradually fused. The Hampshire barrows have never been thoroughly explored like those of Wiltshire, and weapons, which are the easiest mark of distinction, are rarely found in these at all.

The pre-historic *camps* or earthworks of the county are very remarkable, and have been more thoroughly examined than the barrows. Some of these are of quite astonishing size. They cannot have been meant for permanent occupation, because, besides the fact that hardly any probable traces of this have been found in them, no such large population as they are adapted for could have got a living out of the bare chalk downs. Hence arose the interesting system of *terrace cultivation*. Terraces at Woodcot, Wallop, and Somborne have been noted, and there is another near St. Mary Bourne.[2] In a county of fertile river-valleys walled in by downs, the purpose of these great camps is almost obvious. They correspond to the peel-towers of the north, only that they were a refuge for the tribe instead of a family. Walbury, the largest of them, which stands just on the dividing line between Hampshire and Berkshire, is nearly half a mile long and a third of a mile wide, and could easily have sheltered the whole probable population of the district—say, ten thousand souls at most—as a temporary camp of refuge. There are several others over the valley of the Test. One of the finest, that of Old Winchester hill, which towers above the valley of the Meon at a height of 650 feet, has been thought to be the Roman *aestiva castra* or summer encampment, and certainly was of Roman occupation, but it is more probable that the Romans only adapted it from a refuge-camp of the earlier race.

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1 Cæsar, *Bell. Gall.*, ii. 4; *plerosque Belgas esse ortos ab Germanis.*
2 *Proc. Wilts. Archæolog. Soc.*, xii., p. 192.

The Roman Occupation

The recorded history of the part of England that now is Hampshire begins with the Roman occupation in the reign of Claudius, A.D. 43, under the command of Aulus Plautius. The famous earlier invasions under Julius Cæsar in B.C. 55 and 54 affected only the south-eastern part of the island, and left but little permanent trace. But under Vespasian, afterwards Emperor, who was second in command to Plautius, Hampshire was brought more or less into the condition of a Roman province. The Roman occupation is treated of with more detail in Mr. Heald's following article on Silchester, and may, therefore, be passed over briefly here. It will suffice to say that there were two considerable towns, *Calleva Atrebatum* (Silchester) and *Venta Belgarum* (Winchester); new roads, always the first care of the Romans, connecting with the important centres of the kingdom; fortified stations at *Clausentum* (Bittern) and *Portus Magnus* (Portchester); and *villae*, or country-houses of great landowners, in considerable numbers. These are to be found dotted all over the county, except in the New Forest and the wild district west of Silchester. A large proportion of the pavements and other remains belong to the more easily worked lowland country in the neighbourhood of Andover.

The Jutish and West Saxon Occupation

The Roman garrisons were finally withdrawn from Britain about A.D. 410, and our island relapsed into a state about which very little will ever be known. It is not till the introduction of Christianity, more than two hundred years later, that Anglo-Saxon history begins to rest on anything like trustworthy literary records. *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* was not begun till after the middle of the ninth century; and though it most likely incorporates some genuine historical traditions, it is almost impossible to separate these now from the legends in

which they are embedded. At any rate, we are told, and we cannot contradict it, of an invasion of Southampton Water by Saxons under Cerdic and Cynric in 495 and several subsequent years. An invasion of the Jutes from Jutland is assigned to the year 514, under two shadowy leaders, Stuf and Wihtgar. The Jutes, according to a definite statement of Bede,[1] occupied, besides Kent and the Isle of Wight, "a part of the province of the West Saxons opposite to the Isle of Wight," about the Hamble river. A detachment of this settlement, probably the earliest comers, became the Meonwaras of the singularly secluded valley of the Meon.[2] The struggle between Teuton and Briton, no doubt, lasted over many years, but a decisive conflict was bound to come. This took place, according to the *Chronicle*, at *Cerdicesford*, which is fairly satisfactorily identified with Charford, on the Avon, near the Wiltshire border, in the year 519, Cerdic and his son Cynric now heading a new Saxon army, assisted probably by the allied Jutes of Southampton Water and the South Saxons of Sussex; "and sithen from that day have reigned the kingly family of West Sexe."

The Rise of Southampton

The rise by successive stages of the little tribe of pirate Gewissas into the kingdom of Wessex, the kingdom of all England, and finally the world-wide British Empire, is the most startling illustration of the Parable of the Mustard-seed to be found in all history. It is to be noticed, however, that the triumph of Cerdic and his Teuton allies over the Britons does not apparently make Winchester a capital city for many generations. The Teuton pirates had no need of a capital in our sense; Winchester, which had probably never been actually destroyed, but had only gradually decayed, like Silchester,

1 *Hist. Eccles.*, i. 15.
2 See Mr. Knights Smith's paper on "The Jutes of the Meon Valley."

from the withdrawal of the Romans, was still merely an inland fort. The rise of the county and kingdom is for the present connected, not with Winchester, but with Southampton, this being at once the natural sea-port and trading centre, and also a meeting-point for the kindred and apparently friendly tribes of Jutes and Gewissas, both of whom had settlements by the shores of the Southampton Water.[1]

The Name of the County

We now come to the interesting problem, why what we generally call "Hampshire" is not "Meonshire," as it perhaps would have been if the Jutes had been stronger than the Gewissas; nor "Wessex," as might have been expected from the analogy of Sussex and Essex; nor "Wintonshire," as would have been natural if Winchester had been the capital from the first—but historically always, and in legal parlance still, "the county of Southampton"? The name is additionally awkward now that the town of Southampton is itself an administrative county.[2]

The first question answers itself. The second is far more difficult. It is certainly curious that, while "Sussex" and "Essex" still survive, the name of the greater Wessex should have fallen out of use. The reason may perhaps be found, as Mr. Grant Allen suggests, in the expansive instinct of the Wessex men, the true ancestors of the English. The South Saxons and East Saxons stayed where they had settled. The West Saxons, on the contrary, were continually pushing out further northwards and westwards over Berkshire, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire, until the land of Wessex was a considerable kingdom, needing many sub-divisions or *shires*. The shire of the fountain-head was then naturally named, like most other shires, from its principal town, which then was "Han-tune"

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1 See further in Prof. Hearnshaw's paper on "Southampton."

2 See Grant Allen, *Shires and Counties: Wessex*, pp. 19-21, and *County and Town in England*, p. 18; *Victoria County History*, i., pp. 482-4.

or Hampton, whatever the true etymology of this name may be; and this answers the third question. The name of the shire of Hampton first occurs in the *Chronicle* in an entry under the year 755, giving a decree of the Moot of the West Saxons, which restricted to it the government of a feeble king, Sigeberht, while the rest of the now large kingdom of Wessex was entrusted to more vigorous hands. But it is generally agreed that it must have been given to the district before the revival of Winchester in the seventh century, to which we are coming. The now usual abbreviation, Hampshire, does not seem to go back much beyond the reign of Henry VIII. It will thus be seen that Hampshire is not only the original Wessex, as containing its *stamm-haus* in England—to use a convenient German word—but also its chief trading centre and the city of its kings. It is, therefore, somewhat to be regretted that Mr. Hardy, in his celebrated series of novels, should, by his constant use of the name, have created a popular idea that "Wessex" applies rather to the annexed Dorsetshire and Wiltshire than to their original mother-state, Hampshire.

The Revival of Winchester

The great rise of Wessex, and of Hampshire as the leading part of Wessex, are closely connected with the rise, or rather the revival, of Winchester. After the departure of the Romans, the city had dwindled into a mere fort. But the existence of the great walls—injured probably, but still capable of strong defence—made the West Saxons abandon their national custom of dwelling in scattered "hams" or villages, now that they were in a most dangerous forest country, where at any time they might have to fight for their lives. Still, Winchester was the great fortress of the settlement and nothing more, until Christianity had spread thus far after the landing of St. Augustine. The first mention of Winchester in the *Chronicle* is under the year 643, when the young King

Cenwealh, a zealous convert, laid the foundations of the Old Minster (the present Cathedral) on ground already given by his father, Cynegils. Still this, though a great monastic church for the time, was not the Cathedral. The first Wessex bishop, St. Birinus, had his "bishop-stool" or *cathedra* fixed for him at Dorchester-on-Thames, in Oxfordshire, probably as being nearly in the centre of the great diocese if Mercia should be torn in half and divided between Cynegils and Oswald of Northumbria.[1] It was not until 686 that the fifth bishop, Hædda, transferred his "stool" to the great monastery church at Winchester, which thus became the episcopal as well as the royal city. From that date it may be considered to have superseded Southampton as the capital of Wessex.

Wessex now began to grow apace, and Winchester naturally to increase in importance, though apparently not in size, together with it. First the Jutes had to give way to the stronger Teutonic branch; and their settlements in the Meon valley and the Isle of Wight, which had been temporarily handed over to the South Saxons (after a conquest by Wulfhere, King of Mercia), were re-conquered and annexed by a very vigorous prince, Caedwalla. How Wessex gradually recovered all the West of England, which had slipped for a while out of its grasp, and how it gradually absorbed South Saxons, East Saxons, and Kent alike, belongs rather to the general story of England than of Hampshire. It may suffice to say here that the struggle with the Danes naturally enforced the already strong tendency towards a drawing of England together under whichever might be the dominant kingdom at the time, and that kingdom was Wessex. The accession of the great Ecgberht in 802 marks an epoch for England as well as for Hampshire, for he claimed the title of "*rex totius Britanniæ*," whereas until his accession Wessex had been almost in vassalage to the powerful Offa of Mercia.

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1 See *Murray's Handbook for Lincolnshire*, p. 31.

The highest point, however, was not reached until a little later, in the glorious reign of the greatest of English kings, Alfred, grandson of Ecgberht. Alfred's father, Æthelwulf, though a monk in the Minster until his accession to the throne, had utterly defeated an invading host of Northmen, who came by way of the Thames, at Aclea[1]—"the oak meadow"—and thus made Wessex the champion of England against the Danes. Wessex was a much more difficult region to attack than Lincolnshire or London, and after eight years of persistent fighting, the Danes found it worth their while to make the famous Peace of Wedmore, in Somerset, by which England was pretty equally divided between Alfred and Guthrum of Denmark. Winchester thus became the capital of all England that was not included in the "Dane-law." This was a proud position indeed to have reached, and the good people of Winchester are—very rightly—by no means inclined to forget it. Alfred is also very rightly regarded as the tutelary hero of the city. A noble statue of him, by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., stands lofty and conspicuous with shield and sword, at the eastern end of the High Street; and it is not without significance that in the Public Gardens close by is serenely seated the superb statue of Queen Victoria by Alfred Gilbert, R.A., perhaps the very best work of modern English sculpture. A thousand years of distinguished history for the city is recalled by these two contrasted figures.

Winchester, again, was not only the strongest city, the royal residence, the seat of the principal bishopric, and the usual meeting-place of the Witan, but also the leader in learning. In Wolvesey Palace was a school of learning

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1 "Aclea" has commonly, since Manning and Bray's History, been identified with Ockley, under Leith Hill. But in the ninth century "Surrey" was a far wider area than now, and Mr. C. Cooksey (*Hants. Field Club Papers*, vol. v.) has shown good reasons for making it to be Oakley, near Basingstoke.

WINCHESTER FROM ST. GILES' HILL.

and art.[1] It was here that King Alfred began, and for many years even wrote with his own hand the *English Chronicle*, the first great history-book of the English, the mother of a magnificent line of literature. Meanwhile the city was growing in splendour, as it was understood then. The group of the three great minsters—the Old Minster, now the Cathedral; the New Minster, founded by Alfred, almost adjoining it on the north; and the Nun's Minster, a little eastwards, near the modern Town Hall—must have been one of the most striking groups then to be seen, not only in England, but in all Europe.

The Danish Kingdom

The division of England between West Saxon and Dane could not in the nature of things be anything more than a temporary arrangement. The Danes, owing to the distance of their base, were continually losing ground, and under more Alfreds Wessex must have become England. But in the reign of Æthelred "the Un-redy," —the boy of no counsel—things began to slip back again to the former state, and the senseless massacre on St. Brice's Day of the Danes settled in England, who were numerous and powerful, brought about a Danish re-conquest. Under the strong Swein, or Swegen, and his still greater son, Cnut, Wessex again became the royal part of a kingdom that now was really one, and Winchester the capital of all England. The school-room story of Cnut rebuking the courtiers is assigned to the Western shore at Southampton, and the bones of Cnut himself are said to be in one of the six beautiful mortuary chests that stand on the side screens of the choir of the Cathedral.

The Norman Conquest

The Danish Kingdom soon came to an end, as the Wessex Kingdom had come, by the accession of incom-

[1] See further in Mr. Nisbett's paper.

petent young monarchs. After the troubled reign of Edward the Confessor, whose name is more associated in memory with Westminster than with Winchester, came the Norman Conquest, which, though it began in Sussex, affected Wessex more directly than the rest of England, and Hampshire more than any other county. Winchester, again becoming the principal royal residence and seat of Government, was more thoroughly Normanised than any other city. The new buildings included a new royal palace—part of one gateway-pier of which probably still survives under the archway leading from High Street into the Close—and a grand new Cathedral Church, almost as long as the present enormous one, of which the nave, under its Perpendicular casing, and the unaltered tower and transepts stand to this day.

The New Forest

But the way in which the Norman Conquest left its mark most permanently impressed upon the county was in the strict reservation as a royal hunting domain of the wild district beyond the Southampton Water, still famous throughout all England as the New Forest. Much utterly baseless legend has been persistently asserted about this afforestation, even by great historians.[1] The place was not selected with ruthless cruelty, but because, being an almost uninhabited district, it involved less disturbance in afforestation than any other part of Southern England would have done. The cruelty consisted almost wholly in the carrying out of the savage forest laws against poachers, who had been accustomed to hunt where they pleased, and naturally were not inclined to spare the deer. The worst atrocities even of these were not due to the Conqueror, but to his son. Still, the laws roused so much resentment that it

1 See further on this in Mr. Rawnsley's paper on "The New Forest"; *Victoria County History*, ii., p. 418; *Murray's Handbook for Hants.*, p. 180.

is no wonder that the mysterious death of William Rufus in the Forest was looked on as an act of Divine vengeance.

Domesday Book

The celebrated Domesday Book of the Survey, made under the Conqueror, is more closely connected with Hampshire than with any other county. It was compiled at Winchester; it was kept at Winchester until Westminster became the most frequent meeting-place of Parliament; and it calls itself "The Book of Winchester." This makes it all the more curious at first sight that Winchester is the only town except London not included. London, no doubt, required a separate treatment, but Winchester can hardly have been large enough for this to be the reason. It is more probable, I would suggest, that it is precisely because the Book was compiled there, so that all the facts were ready to hand at any time. This gap was supplied by another census of the city under Henry I., about forty years later.

Winchester under Bishop Henri de Blois

Hitherto there has been hardly anything but a course of unbroken growth and prosperity to record, but in the black time of anarchy and Civil War that succeeded the death of Henry I., Winchester underwent the greatest misfortune in her whole history, and that, too, principally through the ambition and unscrupulousness of her powerful Bishop, Henri de Blois, nephew of King Henry I., and younger brother of King Stephen. He aimed at making his already powerful see still more powerful, and very nearly succeeded, had it not been for the death of his friend the Pope, in getting Winchester raised into an Archbishopric with seven Suffragans. It might thus quite possibly have outstripped Canterbury. He was the greatest builder that the diocese ever had until William of Wykeham. The Old Minster (the Cathedral) was but

newly completed, so that he added little, except, probably, the remarkable font. But he almost rebuilt Wolvesey as a castle for fighting instead of a residence for a bishop; he founded the famous hospital of St. Cross, and built much of its beautiful Church; he began the great Episcopal Castle of Farnham, which, though not quite inside our county, is closely connected with it; and he built at least two other Episcopal residences, Merdon Castle, near Hursley, and Bishop's Waltham.[1]

In 1141, de Blois, who was always changing sides, took up the cause of Stephen, and strongly garrisoned Wolvesey in his interest. Winchester Castle, at the other end of the city, was, on the other hand, secured by the Provost for the Empress Matilda, who was herself brought thither from Oxford. The result of this extraordinary quarrel between the two castles—*Si rixa est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*—was nothing of importance for the claimants to the throne, but was very nearly the destruction of Winchester. Twenty churches, it is said, were burnt; but, if so, they must have been very small and of little interest. A much greater loss was the Nun's Minster, and greater still, the New Minster, better known as Hyde Abbey, because it had been, only in the last reign, transferred from the close neighbourhood of its rival, the Old Minster, and rebuilt with much magnificence on less swampy ground in Hyde Meadow. The entrance gateway is still standing not far from the South-Western Railway Station. It must have taken Winchester many years even to seem like recovering from the siege. It has been, however, far more fortunate than most cities of its antiquity and importance, never having had again but once to experience an actual siege. This was in 1645, under Cromwell himself, but after Cheriton resistance was useless. The Castle was destroyed, with, happily, the

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1 For more about de Blois' works, see Mr. Nisbett's two papers on "Wolvesey" and "St. Cross."

THE WEST GATE, WINCHESTER.

exception of the beautiful Great Hall; but, on the whole, comparatively little mischief was done.

The county, indeed, played a larger part than the city in the Civil War. The celebrated siege of Basing House—which is fully described by Mr. Godwin further on—awakened frantic enthusiasm at the time, and has always been of the highest interest as a display of English doggedness and loyalty, though practically it was of no great importance. But the battle of March 29th, 1644, on the east side of Cheriton village, eight miles from Winchester (it is also known as "Alresford fight"), between the Earl and Lord Hopton for the King, and Waller for the Parliament, was far more important as laying Winchester open, and considerably affecting the Royalist plans. "That day," says Clarendon, "broke all the measures, and altered the whole scheme of the King's counsels." Hampshire, however, has never been a cockpit of war like many of the Midland counties.

The Decline of Winchester

The siege of 1141 may, perhaps, be considered as marking the turning-point after which Winchester began to go down-hill. The cause, however, lay, of course, far deeper than the mere destruction of buildings or wealth It was the overshadowing growth of London as the great trading centre, and of its neighbour-city, Westminster, as the permanent seat of Government. Many interesting events of history, of course, still occurred at Winchester. In the Chapter House King John was absolved by Stephen Langton after the Interdict. Henry III. was born in the city, and received his usual name from it, though his connexion did it little but mischief. Parliaments still sometimes met here, notably the one of 1255, which passed the "Statutes of Winchester." Here, too, in 1487, was born the Prince Arthur who, if he had lived, would have spared us a Henry VIII., though whether for the better,

Heaven only knows. Henry IV. married Joan of Navarre, and Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain in the Cathedral. In the Castle in 1603 took place that iniquitous trial and sentence of Sir Walter Raleigh which was used fifteen years later as a means of bringing him to the block. Charles II. began a new palace, designed by Wren, the last few remnants of which are built up in the barracks. St. Giles's Fair, once nearly the greatest in Europe, continued for centuries to be of considerable importance, especially for the sale of cloth. But the day of Winchester as a capital was over, and the event of the greatest real importance in its later history was the founding of the famous College by Bishop William of Wykeham, at the end of the fourteenth century, not because Winchester was a great city, but that it might be under the peaceful shadow of his great Cathedral Church.[1]

Southampton and Portsmouth

The early history of Southampton has been touched on already, and will be more fully treated by Prof. Hearnshaw. Portsmouth, to be described by Mr. Godwin, is a place of far more recent importance. It was a seaport town with a charter as early as 1100, but the ship-building dock did not come much into prominence till four hundred years later. Now it is one of the greatest naval arsenals in the world, and, together with the vast shipping centre of Southampton, makes Hampshire chief among the naval counties.

So we come back to the point where we began, with a study of the pre-historic map. Hampshire is still the great woodland county, with more forest than all the other counties put together. And the two great natural harbours that form the most marked feature of its outline have always been, and still are, the main determining influences of its history.

G. E. JEANS.

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[1] See Mr. W. P. Smith's paper.

SILCHESTER[1]

By the Rev. J. M. Heald

IN the great itinerary of the Roman Empire, which goes under the name of Antoninus Augustus, and is supposed to have been compiled about the year A.D. 320, we find a place called *Calleva Atrebatum* mentioned five times. It is named in No. 7, the route from Regnum (Chichester) to London through Clausentum (Bittern, near Southampton); in No. 13, a route from Isca Silurum (Caerleon) through Glevum (Gloucester) and Durocornovium (Cirencester) to Calleva; in No. 14, another route from Caerleon through Caerwent and Aquae Sulis (Bath) to Calleva; in No. 15, a route from Calleva to Isca Damnoniorum (Exeter) through Venta Belgarum (Winchester) and Muridunum (Honiton?); and again in No. 12, a very circuitous route through Vindomis (Whitchurch?), Venta Belgarum, and Muridunum to Viriconium (Wroxeter). It is clear that a place through which so many routes passed must have been one of very great importance; but it was practically one of the lost Roman stations until, after there had been much random guesswork, Horsley by patient measurements identified it with Silchester (*Brit. Rom.*, p. 458).

This identification has been so generally accepted, that there is no need to enter into the details of the reasons on which it is based. In the Ravenna Geographer the name is spelt *Caleba Atrebatium.* The place, unfortunately, is absolutely unknown to history, and the only

[1] The author desires to thank the proprietors of the *Victoria County History*, which is the standard authority, for permission to make use of their material.

other mention of it is in Ptolemy's great geographical work; and in this the fact that the place was practically unknown has caused great corruption in the text, and it is only in the edition of Müller that the correct reading has been restored.

The addition of the name of the tribe to that of the town shows that it was the capital of the Canton, as is the case with similar names, such as Venta Belgarum and Isurium Brigantum (Aldborough, in Yorkshire). In all such cases there is a strong presumption that the place was important as a tribal centre before the Roman occupation. In the case of Silchester this may be regarded as a certainty. There may still be seen the earthwork which formed the protection of the city in pre-Roman times. In the *Victoria County History*, vol. i., p. 261, Mr. Boyd Dawkins mentions this among the traces of the Brythonic occupation of Hampshire in the Pre-historic Iron Age: "Among the Pre-historic Antiquities which may be referred to them (the Brythons) are many of the camps on the downs, but more particularly the great pre-historic city of the south, Calleva Atrebatum, with its earth rampart and fosse surrounding an area far too large to be fortified by the Romans, who built the later and smaller city of Silchester."

According to Professor Rhys, the name *Atrebates* means simply "inhabitants," but is probably used in the special sense of farmers or homestead men. By the same authority the name *Calleva* is explained as meaning "the town in the wood." "If this guess be right, it would suggest that the first syllable of the present name Silchester stands for the Latin word *silva*." This may remind us of the remark of Cæsar about British towns:[1] "The Britons call a place a town when they have fortified a thick wood with a rampart and a ditch, and to such places they are wont to retreat when

[1] *Bell. Gall.* v. 17.

they want to avoid an inroad of the enemy." The district is still well wooded. In pre-historic times the forest of Pamber would probably be part and parcel of the great forest known as the "Andredes Leage" in *The Saxon Chronicle*, where (in A.D. 893) it is said to be one hundred and twenty miles long and thirty broad. This forest was impenetrable even in the eleventh century, and William the Conqueror therefore went from Hastings to London round by Dover.

As the place is absolutely unknown to history, we have to come down as late as to Domesday Book for the next allusion to it. We learn there that it was then held by Ralf de Mortemer, and that before the Conquest Cheping held it of Earl Harold *in alodium*. "The Alod," says Bishop Stubbs, "is the hereditary estate derived from primitive occupation, for which the owner owes no service except the personal obligation to appear in the host and Council." This Cheping was dispossessed of large estates at the Conquest, and it is quite a comfort to find "that he was perhaps assigned a small estate sufficient to keep him alive."[1]

There are a few allusions to the place in mediæval chronicles:—

Geoffrey of Monmouth, 1154:

vi. 5. After this the Britons, before dispersed, flocked together from all parts, and in a council held at Silchester made Constantine King, and placed the crown of the kingdom upon his head.

ix. 1. Uther Pendragon being dead, the nobles from several provinces assembled together at Silchester, and proposed to Dubricius, Archbishop of Caerleon, that he should consecrate Arthur, Uther's son, to be King. Dubricius, therefore, in conjunction with the other bishops, set the crown upon Arthur's head.

ix. 15. The Bishopric of Silchester was conferred upon Mauganius, that of Winchester upon Diwanius, and that of Alclud upon Eledanius.

Henry of Huntingdon, 1155:

i. 3. Kair Segent, which was situated upon the Thames not far from Redinge, and is now called Silcestre.

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1 *Victoria County History*, vol. i., p. 428.

Eulogium Historiarum, 1366 :

iv. 170. Caer Segent, situated not far from Redinge, now called Silecestre, and almost destroyed.

v. 58. The Bishopric of Silcestre was given to Mauganus, that of Winchester to Dumanus.

Geoffrey of Monmouth was, of course, something worse than a mere compiler of legends. He was a deliberate falsifier of history. He wrote a Romance, and wished to pass it off as a history compiled from authentic sources. Still, he may have had some genuine documents that have since disappeared, and there is often a historical background to his stories. So in this matter of crowning Constantine we have a perversion of genuine history. Geoffrey dates the event after the appeal to Aetius. The third consulship of Aetius was in A.D. 446. According to Geoffrey, after the appeal to the Roman Consul had failed, the King of Armorica sent to the relief of Britain a small force under the command of his brother Constantine, and he was crowned King of Britain at Silchester. Constantine is married to a British lady descended from a noble Roman family, and has three sons, Constans, Aurelius Ambrosius, and Uther Pendragon. Constantine is murdered by a Pict, and is succeeded by Constans, who had been a monk at Winchester. Constans himself is shortly afterwards murdered by Vortigern, one of the princes of South Wales, who had urged him to take the kingdom. The Archbishop of London, Guitolinus, has charge of the brothers of the murdered king, and, fearing for their safety, carries them off into Brittany. Vortigern, in order to strengthen his power, allies himself with the Saxons.

Here, of course, we have mere legend. But there is historical fact at the back of it. The usurper, Constantine, passed over into Gaul, A.D. 408, and, after various turns of fortune, was there slain with his son Constans, whom he had taken from the cloister and associated with himself in the empire. A full account of

Constantine's deeds is given by Freeman in the *Historical Review* for 1886, in an article entitled "Tyrants of Britain, Gaul, and Spain." It is difficult to see why Geoffrey should have made such an utterly unknown place as Silchester the scene of the Coronation of Constantine unless he had some authority for it. Otherwise, he would more naturally have fixed it at some well-known place such as London or Winchester.

With regard to Arthur, it is now generally admitted that he was a historical personage.[1] Now, the most authentic statements that we have about him bring him into connexion with the war against the West Saxons, and, in consequence, associate him with the district of Silchester. The site of *Mons Badonicus* has not been settled. Carte would identify it with Baydon Hill on the great Roman road between Silchester and Chichester,[2] but there seems no doubt that in the battle or siege there the opponents were the West Saxons, and that the defeat retarded their advance for many years. It was this battle, therefore, that saved Calleva after Venta Belgarum had fallen. The date of the event has been fixed by M. de la Borderie as A.D. 493. In the *Annales Cambriæ* this event is recorded in the following remarkable terms: "The war of Badon, in which Arthur carried the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ upon his shoulders for three days and three nights, and the Britons were victorious." The same fact is recorded in Nennius:[3] "The twelfth (of Arthur's battles) was the war in Mount Badon, in which upon one day 960 men fell at one attack of Arthur, and no one laid them low but he alone, and he was victorious in all his wars."

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1 Zimmern (*Nennius Vindicatus*, p. 285) says: "So far as the most ancient accounts of the legend warrant a conclusion, Arthur was a distinguished leader of the Britons in their conflicts with Angle and Saxon, about the end of the fifth and beginning of the sixth century."

2 Mr. Elton approves of Mr. Skene's identification of it with Bouden Hill, not far from Linlithgow.

3 c. 56, ed. Mommsen.

That the entry in the *Annales Cambriæ* is ancient is shown by the fact that its curious phrase, which is clearly metaphorical, has been made the basis of a legend, which is given in a marginal note to the passage of Nennius. This legend sends Arthur on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he has a cross constructed of exactly the same size as the Cross of Christ, and he carries this cross throughout the battle. In the case of Arthur again it is probable that Geoffrey had some authority for bringing him into connexion with Silchester. When Winchester had fallen, Silchester would remain the most important city of the district.

It is not easy to say whether all the Bishops mentioned had any other existence than in Geoffrey's imagination. Dubricius is certainly historical. We have, fortunately, an anonymous life of him, evidently compiled from earlier sources before Geoffrey's romance appeared. As to the others, we must remain in doubt. We have so little knowledge about the British Church, that it is seldom advisable to make any unqualified statement, either positive or negative, about an event recorded in its legends.

The name Silchester is puzzling in these notices of Geoffrey, since it is difficult to see how he can have reached it from any ancient documentary evidence. The other chroniclers give as great a puzzle in the name *Kair Segent* which they introduce. The facts are as follows:—

The name is found in both the lists of towns given in Mommsen's edition of Nennius, and in both it appears in the form Cair Segeint. In the one it is followed by Cair Legeion Guar Usic, Caerleon-upon-Usk; in the other it is preceded by Cair Guoranegon, which is probably Worcester.[1]

[1] These lists are considered by Zimmern to be earlier in date than A.D. 796.

The name is also found in a most enigmatical chapter of Nennius (c. 25):—

> The fifth (Roman Emperor that visited Britain) was Constantine, the son of Constantine the Great, and he died there, and his sepulchre is shown near the city, which is called Cair Segeint, as the letters which are upon the stone of the tomb show. And he sowed there three seeds—that is, of Gold, of Silver, and of Copper, in the pavement of the aforesaid city, so that no poor man might dwell in it for ever; and it is called by another name, Minmanton.

Among the Roman towns of Wales we find *Segontium*, the walls of which are still visible at Caer Seiont, near Carnarvon. The position of Cair Segeint next to Caerleon-upon-Usk in the list of Nennius would lead us to be inclined to identify it rather with Segontium than with Calleva.

Among the scanty epigraphic remains of Calleva is a fragmentary inscription of six lines, beginning (1) *Deo Her . . .* (2) *Saegon . . .* This was completed in Orelli as *deo Herculi saegontiacorum*, but it is improbable that ten letters in the first line would be followed by fourteen in the second. Hübner completes it, *Deo Herculi Saegonti*. It has generally been interpreted as the Hercules of the tribe called Segontiaci. The diphthong is considered by Mr. Haverfield to forbid this.

In the country of the Catuvellauni numerous coins have been found bearing the name of a prince called Tasciovanus, together with the name of Verulaminus. Some of the coins have the inscription *Sego*. It is not improbable that this is an abbreviation of Segontium, and it has been conjectured that Tasciovanus conquered the country of the Atrebates, and minted money in their capital, Calleva (Segontium).[1]

From the connexion in which the Segontiaci are found in Cæsar, it is most probable that in his time they were to be found in the valley of the Thames. It is, therefore,

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1 Sir John Evans opposes this identification, and thinks that Segontium is an independent Roman station the site of which has yet to be discovered.

not improbable that the Segontiaci were ousted from their settlement by the Atrebates, who were new comers, and passed over to the West; that Calleva at one time bore the name Segontium, and that this fact accounts for the name Cair Segeint.

Leland in his itinerary simply notices that in certain parts within the walls the corn is at first very fine, and that when nearly ripe it decays; but he does not seem to have been curious as to the cause of this. The first minute description that we have of the place is in Camden's *Britannia*. By his time the place appears to have been reduced to the state of ruin in which we find it at present.

Such being the meagre account which we can get of the place from records, we are driven to more general sources to conjecture what its history may have been.

The Atrebates are found not only in Britain, but also in Gallia Belgica, where their name still lives on in "Arras" and "Artois." This was the home country of the British colony. We have the evidence of Cæsar that the Belgic tribes invaded Britain:[1] "The sea coast is inhabited by those who crossed from Belgium to make war and gain booty. They are nearly all called after the names of those cities from which they originally came. After the campaign was over, they remained there, and began to cultivate the soil." We are not told what was the date of this invasion, and it was most probably a gradual encroachment. But Cæsar[2] speaks of a certain Diviciacus, King of the Suessiones (another Belgic tribe), as the most powerful chief in Gaul, and says that he had authority over a great part of Britain also. This king lived near Cæsar's time (*nostra memoria*). If he did not begin the Belgic

[1] *Bell. Gall.*, v. 12.

[2] *Id.*, ii. 14. According to Prof. Rhys (p. 24), this is shown by Gaulish coins to be the correct form.

invasion, he most probably consolidated the results of it. Scholars are not agreed as to the ethnological affinities of the Belgæ, nor is it certain which of the tribes that Cæsar found in Britain were Belgic and which were not. The reader will find these questions in all their bearings fully discussed in Dr. Guest's *Origines Celticae*, ch. xii.

South of the Thames, in the country that we know to have been Belgic, several coins have been found, which show that there was at one time in that district a kingdom ruled over by a certain Commius and his three sons—Tincommius, Verica or Virica, and Eppillus. These coins are described at length by Sir John Evans, *British Coins*, p. 151. He says:—

> As there are three distinct coinages, probably contemporary, all of which bear the title of Son of Commius most frequently on the place of honour on the obverse, it seems no unreasonable supposition that Commius may have held the sovereign power over the various tribes of the district, and that at his death his dominions were divided among his sons, probably as rulers of the Regni, the Atrebates, and the Cantii.

Eppillus minted money at Calleva, as a coin given by Sir J. Evans in the supplement conclusively proves. One of these coins, if rightly interpreted, contains the names of all three brothers; others contain the names of Verica and Eppillus; others the names separately. Sir John Evans deduces from these facts that at one time the three brothers held rule conjointly over the whole of the south-east district, though each had a separate province more immediately under his own control, and that Tincommius died first, Verica next, and so Eppillus, King of Calleva, survived both. The evidence of the coins, therefore, proves the existence of a kingdom of the Atrebates with Calleva as its capital.

Now in Cæsar's Gallic War there is a certain Commius, an Atrebate who plays an important part. Cæsar had conferred upon him the sovereignty of the Continental Atrebates, and sent him over to his kinsmen

in this island to prepare the way for their submission; but as soon as he landed he was thrown into prison, and only released when Cæsar had been victorious.[1] He went back with Cæsar to Gaul, and when the General set out against the Treveri, he was left with some cavalry to keep watch over the Menapii.[2] But in the year B.C. 52 patriotism triumphed over the personal attachment of the soldier to his general, and he became one of the leaders in the general insurrection, the object of which was to drive the Romans out of Gaul.[3] He was considered such a dangerous enemy that Labienus tried to have him treacherously murdered by the agency of Volusenus. He escaped, but was so severely wounded that he was thought to be dead.[4] Again, in B.C. 51 we find him one of the chief organizers of opposition to Roman rule in Gaul, and when all the rest submitted, he alone still held out. Volusenus was again employed to assassinate him, but he received a severe wound in the thigh, and Commius escaped. Antonius was then commanding in Belgium. He was anxious to make a settlement of the matter, and therefore made an agreement with Commius that he should be allowed to go where he might never see a Roman again.[5]

At this point we lose sight of him, but in Frontinus[6] there is a passage which shews that at some period of his life he fled from Cæsar to Britain:—

> When Commius the Atrebate fled into Britain from Gaul, after being defeated by Divus Julius, and had come to the ocean, when the wind was favourable but the tide had ebbed, although the ships were high and dry on the shore, he notwithstanding ordered sail to be set. So when Cæsar, in his pursuit, saw from afar off the sails filled with wind, he thought that he had made good his escape, and therefore retired.

At the time of his final quarrel with Cæsar he must have been still in the enjoyment of his full powers, and the most natural thing for him to do would be to come to

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1 *Bell. Gall.*, iv. 21, 27.
2 *Id.*, vi. 6.
3 *Id.*, vii. 76; viii. 6.
4 *Id.*, viii. 23.
5 *Id.*, viii. 48.
6 *Strategem*, ii. 13, 11.

his relations in Britain. The Belgic tribes of Britain had probably already been influenced by him to join the league which he had organized against Cæsar, and the fact that he was the implacable foe of their common enemy would secure him a hearty welcome in Britain.

"Germanus," says Dr. Guest, "was the name assumed by the Celt when he revolted against Roman supremacy. Commius, the Atrebate, whom Cæsar had taken into his confidence, rose against Roman oppression when smarting under the sense of injury, and it was then, no doubt, that the coins were struck which bear the legend, *Commios Germanus—i.e.*, Commius the rebel, the outlaw. There were other Gallic chiefs, who, as appears from their coins, at one time or other took up the same ominous title."

As the coins are found in the very district in which the Commius of Cæsar was supposed to possess influence, it is no unreasonable conjecture that the Commius of the coins and he of the Gallic war were one and the same person. When Cæsar invaded Britain, the Catuvellauni, another Belgic tribe, had the hegemony in the south of the county. The effect of that invasion was to weaken that tribe for the time, and thus to enable Commius to establish a kingdom south of the Thames. The reader will find the probable limits of this kingdom of the Atrebates fully discussed by Dr. Guest.[1] After a short time, however, the Catuvellauni regained their power, and were again over-running the south of the country.

In the reign of Gaius, Adminius, probably a grandson of that Tasciovanus who minted coins at Sego(ntium), had applied for the assistance of the Romans to reinstate him in his rights, but in vain. In the reign of Claudius one Bericus made the same application with success. We depend mainly upon Dio Cassius for our knowledge of the details of this expedition, and his account is not very clear. The expedition sailed in the year 43, under the

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1 *Origines Celticæ*, ii., p. 391.

command of Aulus Plautius, who had under him the future Emperor Vespasian and his brother, Flavius Sabinus. In Dio's account the following points stand out:—That the expedition was divided into three separate forces; that their landing was unopposed, and was made at a place where they were not expected; that soon afterwards they encountered a people called the Boduni, "whom they that are called the Catuvellauni had under their dominion"; that they came to a river, of such width and depth that the natives thought the Romans could not pass it without a bridge.[1] As the Boduni are not known in Britain, and the text of Dio is not impeccable, it has been generally supposed that the Dobuni are meant —the tribe who lived immediately to the west of the Atrebates, and whose capital was Corinium (Cirencester). The only river that can answer to the description is the Severn. It has also been supposed that the Bericus (Vericus) mentioned by Dio was the son of Commius. But Sir John Evans thinks that the interval of time is far too great to allow of their being the same person. In an article in *Hermes*, vol. xvi., on the distribution of the Roman army in Britain, Dr. Hübner says that this Bericus is certainly identical in name and perhaps in person with the son of Commius. They may very well have belonged to the same family. In the same article Dr. Hübner argues that this invasion was made from the point where the Belgæ themselves had most probably entered Britain, and that the army marched along the direct route from Clausentum through Venta Belgarum to Calleva. If it was an exiled king of Calleva that had called them in, this route is not at all improbable. Vespasian's part in the expedition was considerable. According to Suetonius,[2] he engaged the enemy thirty times, conquered the two most powerful tribes, and captured twenty towns and the Isle of Wight. Calleva

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1 *Dio Cassius*, lx. 19. 2 *Vesp.* 4.

was probably one of these twenty towns. In the graphic expression of Tacitus, Vespasian was then "shown to the fates." Aulus Plautius and his immediate successors did their work in this district so efficiently that it never had to be done over again, and therefore this part of Britain has no history. It became the most completely Romanized district of the whole country.

There is a passage in Tacitus[1] that may have some bearing upon the history of Calleva. We are told that Agricola spent the winter of A.D. 79-80 in quiet, and encouraged the Britons to practise the arts of peace, build temples, forums, and houses, and indulge in baths and elegant entertainments. The formal plan of Calleva suggests that it may have been a place thus built to order.

What was the cause of the destruction of Calleva? There is only one thing that we can be certain about, and that is, that most certainly it was not sacked, as were Anderida and Viriconium. This fact the excavations have placed beyond dispute. It is unfortunate that we know less about the downfall of Roman Britain than about the same catastrophe in any other portion of the empire. The only original authority nearly contemporary that we have is Gildas, though some portions of the so-called Nennius may be nearly coeval with him. Gildas gives us a sermon rather than a history, and when we have the opportunity of controlling his facts, we generally find him in error. There is a glaring instance of this in his account of the construction of the great lines of defence in the north. Besides, for some reason or other, he is clearly writing under the influence of violent and blinding prejudice. The Britons did not show the cowardice of which he accuses them. Three things, however, seem to be clear from his narrative:—(1) That before the invasion of the Saxons,

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1 *Agric.* 21.

the country was vexed, not only by the inroad of the Picts, but by civil war; (2) that the inhabitants were divided into two well-marked classes, one of which he speaks of by the name of Romans (he says, for example, of Ambrosius Aurelianus [c. 25] that "he alone of all the Roman nation was by chance left alive in the uproar of these troubled times"); (3) that a large number passed over the sea, though it may be somewhat of an exaggeration to say that "we know from Gildas that by A.D. 446 there were hardly any of the old Roman families left in the island."[1] Now it is a remarkable fact that there has been found among the ruins of Silchester a stone bearing an Ogam inscription. The date of the Ogams makes us see in this a sign of a Celtic revival. It is an equally remarkable fact that the Welsh language shows comparatively few traces of Latin influence—no more, perhaps, than can be accounted for by ecclesiastical causes. It is most strange that a people who are the survivors of a race that had been intimately connected with the Roman Empire for many centuries should show in their language such few traces of Latin influence. It seems certain from this that the Roman influence cannot have penetrated to the mass of the people, and that the greater part of those who had been under the influence of Roman culture—the inhabitants, that is, of such towns as Calleva—left the country and passed over sea.

How such an exodus would take place we may learn from a parallel instance, as Mr. Haverfield has already noted. In the life of St. Severinus, by Eugippius[2] (A.D. 511), we have an account of what was going on in the frontier provinces of the Danube, Noricum and Pannonia, after the death of Attila (A.D. 453). The defence of the frontier has utterly collapsed, and the

[1] Mr. Elton (*Origins of English History*, 2nd ed., p. 350) notes, on the authority of Breton Chroniclers, that the principal migrations into Brittany took place in the years 500 and 513 A.D. In the first, St. Samson of Dol is said to have been driven from York.

[2] Edited by Sauppe in the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*.

country is raided by the Rugi, the Heruli, and the Alamanni. The Saint has preternatural information of the coming of the enemy, and under his direction the inhabitants of Quintana (Osterhofen) escape to Batava (Passau) (c. 27). Then they all pass on to Lauriacum (Lorch) (c. 28), then to Favianae (Mauer) (c. 31). Finally, Odoacer transplants the remnant into Italy (c. 44). It is a pity that the British Jeremiah had not as much sense as Eugippius. A similar narrative of events in Britain would be invaluable. Some, no doubt, retreated westward. The so-called Romans went over sea. The advance of the West Saxons was very gradual, because their numbers were small. Winchester was probably taken in the year that Cerdic landed, because Thomas Rudborne, a monk of Winchester (1438-1480), informs us in his *Breviarium Chronicorum* that when, in A.D. 635, Birinus introduced the Christian rites into one of its ancient churches, that church had been for a hundred and forty-two years the Temple of Dagon. After that their progress was slow. The great defeat of Badon Hill crippled them for a long time. There is nothing in the *Saxon Chronicle* to show that the site of Calleva was held by the Saxons before 568, when Ceawlin and Cutha came into collision with Æthelbert of Kent. When the contending armies passed over the site of Calleva they probably found it deserted.

Silchester owes its importance simply to the fact that it is the only instance as yet where the site of a Romano-British town has been completely excavated. The remains are not, as a whole, of great interest, nor has anything of special importance been discovered; but the ground plan has been completely made out. Some desultory investigations took place in the eighteenth century, and an attempt was made by Stukeley in 1722 to give a plan of the city. The first regular exploration was made by the Rev. J. G. Joyce, Rector of Silchester. In the year 1864, he, with the aid of the then Duke of Wellington, the owner of the site,

began systematic investigations of the place. These were continued until his death in 1878. Some further work was done after that date by various persons, but in 1884 all excavations ceased. In the year 1890 the Silchester Excavation Fund was started, and since then the work has been regularly carried on under the auspices of the Society of Antiquaries, and under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. St. John Hope and Mr. G. E. Fox, with other able antiquaries. The discoveries have been recorded as they were made in *Archæologia*, and the most important objects found have been deposited in the Reading Museum as a loan from the Duke of Wellington. For a minute account of the discoveries, the reader must be referred to the first volume of the *Victoria County History of Hampshire*. There every detail of the work is described by Messrs. Fox and St. John Hope themselves; and the result forms a most valuable introduction to the study of Roman-British Antiquity. We can only give an indication of the principal features.

Outside the walls is the amphitheatre. Amphitheatres are found at Richborough, Colchester, Dorchester, Cirencester, Wroxeter, and Caerleon-upon-Usk. That of Dorchester is the largest. It is 218 feet in length and 163 in width, and has an area of 3,380 square yards. It was calculated by Stukeley to have accommodation for nearly 13,000 spectators. That of Richborough was 200 feet in length and 166 in width. The dimensions of the Silchester amphitheatre are 150 feet by 120, and are nearly identical with those of the one at Cirencester. It is said that in 1760 five rows of seats were distinctly visible. Now all traces of them have disappeared.

The walls of the city have a circuit of 2,670 yards, and enclose an area of 102 acres, about the same as that of Wroxeter and Colchester. It is highly probable that these walls were erected at a much later date than the building of the city itself. It is not probable that

inland towns, which were exposed to no danger, would have the expensive protection of walls, and the fact that they interfere with the regularity of the ground plan seems to point to their being an addition at a later time, when the disturbed condition of the country made them necessary. One of the few inscriptions belonging to the place was found embedded in the wall when grubbing-up a crab-tree growing upon it. The use of such materials points to building in a hurry in disturbed times. The mass of the walls consists of flint rubble. As a rule, such walls have bonding courses of tiles. At Richborough these courses consist of two rows of tiles; at Burgh, in Suffolk, of three rows; at Colchester there are found three and four rows. In the walls of Reculver, Kenchester, Caerwent, and Chester, as well as Silchester, tiles are not used. Here the bonding courses consist of single rows of large flat stones. At Caerwent there are four bonding courses of red sandstone. The walls of Silchester, like those of Burgh Castle and Richborough, were faced with dressed flints, and here the flints are set in what is popularly called herring-bone work, as is the case at Kenchester. The wall is most perfect on its south side, where it is about fifteen feet high, and retains a few traces of its facing of dressed flints. It is supported by internal buttresses, but has no towers. Besides the four principal gates facing the four points of the compass there were two others—one on the north-east, leading to the amphitheatre; the other a little south of the west gate. It was most probably by this postern that the road from *Sorbiodunum* (Old Sarum) entered the town.

The east and west gates were the most important. The base of the west gate was carefully uncovered in 1890, and a beautiful model of it may be seen in the Reading Museum. These were double gates, consisting of two arches of the same span, twelve feet. There was a guard chamber on each side. The north

and south gates were single, and without any guard chambers. These gates were partly walled up with material derived from the buildings of the town. The same blocking of gates is found at Caerwent, and in several stations along the Wall of Hadrian. The walls form an irregular hexagon, the shape being clearly determined by the already existing Brythonic earthwork. The streets intersect each other at right angles. There are seven running north and south, six east and west.

The most important feature of the town must have been the Forum and the Basilica. This block of buildings was nearly central, and occupied an area of 310 feet by 275 feet. There are grounds for thinking that it was laid out before the streets, since the lines of its fronts do not quite coincide with those of the surrounding roads.

The Forum was a great court about 150 feet square. There were colonnades round it on every side but the west, which was formed by the eastern wall of the Basilica. Behind these colonnades were wide ambulatories, and behind them were ranges of shops; only on the south side the shape of the chamber seems to indicate that here was a series of public offices. Then the whole block of buildings was surrounded by similar ambulatories. Fragments of the bases of pillars, belonging presumably to these colonnades, have been dug up on the spot. In the *Victoria County History* will be found an illustration of the base and capital of a column from the gateway of the Forum, restored from the remains. The shops have been assigned to money-changers, butchers, dealers in poultry, and so on. In the butcher's shop were found flesh-hooks and the remains of the steelyards. In the poulterer's, the bones and skulls of birds, together with the spurs of game-cocks, in some instances supplemented by steel spurs. In another place was a large mass of oyster shells, used for pounding into lime. In the money-changer's was a small bar of silver, together with some

coins. Doorways at the west end of the north and south ambulatories gave access to the Basilica.

This building occupied the whole breadth of the Forum from north to south. It is the opinion of the excavators that the original one was destroyed by fire, and then rebuilt in a very debased style. In the first period, they say, it consisted of a great hall, 240 feet long and 58 feet wide, divided into a central nave with narrow aisles by colonnades of the Corinthian order, and with a semi-circular apse at each end, the raised floor of which formed the tribune of the Court of Justice. In the centre of the length of the hall was a still larger apse or apsidal chamber raised three steps above the body of the hall. This was probably the council chamber of the governing body of the city. The original building had a height probably of sixty feet, and was erected in the second half of the second century.

Many inscriptions have been found in this country in which the restoration of such public buildings is recorded; and we should gather from them that, as a rule, the Basilica, the public baths, and a temple were all found close together. At Silchester the baths are represented by a building at a considerable distance from the Basilica, a little to the north-east of the south gate. They are connected with a large edifice, which was probably the *Hospitium*, or Public Inn. But it is the opinion of the excavators that the original baths were situated close to the Basilica, at a place where a long conduit has been found leading from the smaller west gate to a mass of ruined foundations.

The foundations of three temples have been discovered. The largest is situated about half-way between the forum and the south wall. It is polygonal in form, and consisted of a *cella* 35½ feet in diameter, with an encircling ring of sixteen columns forming a peristyle. The other two are near the east gate. They were rectangular in form, and their remains lie partly under the churchyard and partly under farm buildings.

More important than these are the remains of a Christian church which were found in 1892, just outside the south-east corner of the Forum. "This building is remarkable," say the excavators, "as it is probably the only example of a Christian church of Roman date that has been found in this country." The remains of Romano-British Christianity are so scanty, and legend has been so busy with its records, that it has been denied that there was any Christianity in Roman Britain at all. The opinion of Dr. Hübner, on the contrary, is that among Roman officials and foreign immigrants it may have spread early. The few remains which now attest an early Christian church in Britain belong to them, and are found only in the thoroughly Romanized districts. Heathenism continued long. Gildas tells us that Christianity was received in this country "*tepide*"—without any enthusiasm; and the latest editor of Gildas gives it as his opinion that "Christian inscriptions are more numerous in Wales than in any other part of Britain; yet neither there nor in the other parts do they indicate a date earlier than the middle of the fifth century." Of Britain, as of Gaul, the words of M. le Blanc are true, that "the legendary stories of a conversion by explosion have no evidence whatever in their favour." The character and workmanship of the mosaic pavement of this church show that it was erected not long after the promulgation of Constantine's edict of toleration in A.D. 313.

The houses are of two types—the corridor and the courtyard. In the one, a row of chambers of varying size is lined on one or both sides by corridors serving for communication; in the other, similar chambers and corridors are ranged round three or four sides of a courtyard.

"The country houses of Roman Britain," says Mr. Haverfield, "have long been recognised as embodying these or allied types; now it becomes plain that they are the normal types throughout Britain. They differ

widely from the town houses of Rome and Pompeii; they are less unlike some country houses of Italy and Roman Africa; but their real parallels occur in Gaul, and they may be Celtic types modified to Roman use, like Indian bungalows. Their internal fittings—hypocausts, frescoes, mosaics—are everywhere Roman. Those at Silchester are average specimens, and, except for one mosaic, not individually striking."[1]

In the plan of the house of the courtyard type we see the semi-circular recess or alcove, which is found in many of the Roman houses in Britain. This recess may have served as a *sacrarium*, or place of domestic worship, where the Lares and Penates were placed.

The rubbish pits have, as usual, produced most of the objects worth preservation—bones of animals, cats and dogs as well as those used for food, and a great amount of pottery. In one of them were found no less than sixty utensils of iron, among them a gridiron, a plane, and other carpenters' tools of various kinds.

In epigraphic remains the place is singularly poor. Only four inscriptions are noted in Hübner, and only one of interest, the one addressed to Hercules. More interesting is a tile containing materials for a writing lesson, which is assigned by Sir E. Maunde Thompson to the first or second century A.D. The most recent discovery has been a tile of Nero, showing that the Emperor had private property in the district.

Now that the excavations are nearly completed, we can form some idea of what the place must have been like; and the conclusion forces itself on our mind that it never had more than an artificial existence. Large spaces within the walls never were built over; and, in the opinion of Mr. Haverfield, it never contained more than seventy or eighty houses of any size. The city was not really wanted.

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1 *Encycl. Brit.*, xxxii. p. 627; *Victoria County Hist.*, i. p. 372.

Its population probably consisted entirely of the officials that a foreign occupation brings in its train. When the Roman occupation ended this population disappeared. The population of the district must have been even smaller than it is now, since the area of forest was more extensive. The original Calleva was not a city in our sense of the term at all—only a castle of refuge for distress. When a place is left derelict in a stoneless region, dilapidation goes on very rapidly, even in a state of settled civilisation. The invading barbarian is a thorough utilitarian, and to him everything for which he has no use is useless. He has no respect for antiquities, and he will pull down a magnificent monument of architecture to make a pigsty, and burn statues to make lime. So Calleva sank down into utter desolation, and not being wanted was never rebuilt.

J. M. HEALD.

THE JUTISH SETTLEMENT OF THE MEON VALLEY

By the Rev. L. Knights Smith

ENGLISH HISTORY, we are sometimes told, begins with the coming of the Saxons to the shores of Britain. But some share in this beginning, at least, must be allowed to their kinsmen, the Jutes. The subject of this article, though it forms but a small page of English history, possesses, for Hampshire people in particular, an interest that is all its own.

From the latter half of the fourth century onwards, the Saxon pirate fleets had been making constant ravages on the eastern and southern coasts of this country. So fierce were their attacks that special measures were undertaken to withstand them. A "Channel Fleet" was maintained "to look out for the pirate boats of the Saxons," and to keep open the communications between the British province and the main body of the empire; the greater towns were fortified with walls; and the coast, from the Wash to Southampton Water, was specially organized under an officer, with the title "Count of the Saxon Shore."

These expedients kept the marauders awhile at bay; but on the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons in 407, the country was left to look after itself. It is described how "the people of Britain, taking up arms," repulsed a renewed attack by the barbarians. An appeal was made to Rome to send back her legionaries, but with no avail,

since the empire needed all her troops in her own death-struggle. For thirty years the Britons gallantly resisted the foes that pressed in from almost every side. The country was then, however, rent with civil strife, and resistance against Pict and Scot and Gael and Saxon was rendered futile. In face of a fresh and fierce incursion of the Picts, Britain had resort to Rome's fatal policy of "matching barbarian against barbarian." It was with this view that Britain turned to what seemed the weakest of her assailants, and "strove to find among the freebooters, who were harrying her eastern coasts, troops whom she could use as mercenaries against the Pict."[1]

Hengist and Horsa, and their Jutish followers, were accordingly invited with the promise of land and pay by King Vortigern in 449 or the following year, and "from the hour when they set foot on the sands of Thanet, we follow the story of Englishmen in the land they made their own." The Picts were scattered, but the Britons found that in the Jutes they had a still more dangerous foe. The first-comers seem to have been quickly joined by many more. Britons and those whom they had called in to be their allies were soon at strife. The conquest of Kent followed.

In 495, the Saxons, under Cerdic and Cynric, landed at a spot subsequently called *Cerdices-ora* (Cerdic's shore), which was probably at or near the mouth of the Itchen. In 501, a half-mythical Port and his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, are said to have landed at Portsmouth, and an attack was made on Portchester, but the fortress was not taken. In 508, a more determined onslaught was made, which resulted in the loss of five thousand Britons, amongst whom was their leader. In this expedition the Gewissas,

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[1] J. R. Green, *The Making of England*, from which I have freely drawn for the foregoing. I also desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. T. W. Shore, *Popular County Histories: Hampshire*; Mr. Reginald Smith, *Victoria County History*, vol. i.; Mr. W. Dale, Professor Hearnshaw, Mr. N. C. H. Nisbett, and others, who have kindly afforded me information.—L. K. S.

or West Saxons, were aided by Jutes from Kent and by South Saxons. The locality was then, as it is now, of very great strategic importance, since it commanded the approaches into the heart of the country. This accounts for the strenuous efforts made both in attack and defence. Once more, in 514, the West Saxons landed at Cerdices-ora and put the Britons to flight. With the battle of Charford (Cerdic's Ford), on the Lower Avon, in 519, the conquest was completed, and Cerdic and Cynric became kings of the West Saxons. In 530, they conquered the Isle of Wight, which was then occupied by their allies, the Jutes, under Stuf and Wihtgar.

Meanwhile, another body of the Jutes had either conquered for themselves, or had received as a reward for their assistance, the district between Southampton Water and Portsmouth Harbour, and, it is thought, part of the New Forest also, round Canterton. With regard to the former district, the line of their occupation is clearly defined by "a succession of townships along the Meon Valley from mouth to source. Meon, Titchfield, Wickham, Soberton, Droxford, Meon Stoke, Corhampton, Warnford, and Meon East and West were all existing in the eleventh century, and in all likelihood had then been founded nearly six hundred years."[1] In support of this, we have the well-known statement of Bede:—

> From the Jutes are descended the people of Kent and of the Isle of Wight and those also in the province of the West-Saxons, who are to this day called Jutes, seated opposite to the Isle of Wight.[2]

The district watered by the Meon river formed a natural domicile for the Jutish settlers. It is low-lying between confining ridges, and in this respect is somewhat like their native Jutland. There are also few traces of Roman occupation; and, as the Britons had adopted the better methods of cultivation introduced by the Romans, for

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1 Reginald Smith, *Victoria History*, i. p. 378.
2 *Ecclesiastical History*, i. 15.

which the Meon Valley was unsuited in pre-irrigation days, it is probable that the district was more or less unappropriated. The Jutes, on the other hand, depended for their sustenance chiefly upon their flocks and herds; and for these, in what are to-day "water-meadows," there would be abundance of pasture. In the surrounding forests, too, "the luxurious banquet of beech-mast and acorns," which Sir Walter Scott describes as being so appetising to Saxon swine,[1] would be found. These same forests would serve another purpose—that of acting as natural barriers to those who were hostile to the new inhabitants. In those days the great forest which stretched across Sussex (the Andreds-weald) reached as far west as Privett, possibly even to the walls of Winchester. This would, therefore, form the boundary on the east and north of the district appropriated by the Meonwara[2]; on the south there was the sea; on the south-west, the New Forest; on the west, the rolling downs. At the foot of Beacon Hill, the Saxons seem to have maintained an outpost, as though to overlook their Jutish neighbours, if the name Exton be (as it is thought) *Est-Saxon tune* (East-Saxon town). Protected thus on all sides, it is not to be wondered at that this Jutish settlement preserved its integrity for two hundred and fifty years. It would seem from the evidence we possess that the Jutes were the least ambitious, and, when once settled, the most peaceably-disposed of the three invading peoples. The facts that the Meonwara were content with so comparatively small a stretch of land, which was of poor quality, and that they lived in such close proximity with their neighbours, whilst preserving their integrity, are practical proof of this.

The Meonwara were left in quiet possession of the land they had made their own, and it is not until 661 that we hear of them again. The kingdom of Mercia, under Wulf-

[1] *Ivanhoe*, ch. i. Meonstoke hogs are historical; they are mentioned in the Domesday Survey.

[2] Meonwara—*i.e.*, the men of Meon.

THE MEON VALLEY.

(Taken from near the Jutish Burial Place, showing Beacon Hill in the distance.)

here, was bidding for supremacy over the other kingdoms, into which the country was then divided. In the year named, Ceanwalh, King of the West Saxons, was defeated by Wulfhere, and his territory was dismembered; while Æthelwalch (King of the South Saxons), who had recognized Wulfhere's authority, was rewarded for so doing by the gift of the Jutish settlements in the Isle of Wight and the Meon Valley. Thus, it has been said, "both the land of the Meonwaras and the Isle of Wight . . . came for the first time under the rule of a Christian king." From Mercia, Wulfhere's kingdom, came Wilfrid, who established himself first at Bosham and then at Selsey. To him, it would undoubtedly appear, the Meon Valley owes its Christianity. His name is definitely associated with the church at Warnford, which still bears the interesting inscription in its porch:—

Fratres, orate, prece vestra sanctificate
Templi factores, seniores ac juniores.
Wilfrid fundavit, bonus Adam renovavit.

Or, freely translated:—

Brethren, turn ye not away,
Ere ye earnestly do pray
For builders who in former days,
And of late, this house did raise.
That which holy Wilfrid made
Pious Adam hath remade.

It is highly probably that Corhampton[1] also, the oldest church in the county, owes its foundation to St. Wilfrid.

It was only to be expected that, with historical references so clear, interesting discoveries of relics of the Jutish occupation, similar to those brought to light in Kent and the Isle of Wight, would be made in the Meon Valley. But until quite recently, with, possibly, one exception, which cannot now be traced,[2] no such "finds" occurred. The reason for this was, possibly, that the

1 See the illustration.
2 *Hants. Notes and Queries*, ii. 11; quoted in *Victoria History*, i. 379.

Meonwara were a poor tribe, whose graves would have no mounds to mark them.

Some discoveries, however, have now been made, and very interesting and instructive they have proved. During the construction of the Meon Valley railway, which has opened up this lovely stretch of country, a cutting was made through a low-crowned hill at Brockbridge, close by Droxford Station. Here human remains and iron spear-heads were found. Subsequent investigation by Mr. W. Dale, F.S.A., and others, proved it to have been a Jutish burial-ground. Unfortunately, a "steam-navvy" was used to make the cutting, and much that would have been of interest was probably thus destroyed or lost. Nevertheless, much that was of archæological value was recovered, and the collection made by Mr. Dale has been presented by him to the British Museum. He has thus described his discoveries in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries:—

> Several swords were found; but shield-bosses and spear-heads were more frequent. With some only a single knife, or a knife and spear, had been laid. With one of the swords, however, two unusually large spears had been put. The beads, of which there was a considerable variety, were only found one or two at a time, never associated in such a number as to have formed a necklace. I conclude that the fibulæ, chatelaine-holders, tweezers, spindle-whorls of Kimmeridge shale, and a few other things of feminine use, indicate that it was not a place of sepulture for warriors only. Vessels are represented by a small rudely-made cup of black earthenware, fragments of two other pots of blackware, and part of a brown glass tumbler, as well as the remains of two small wooden vessels made tub-fashion, and hooped with bands of bronze. Roman coins occurred twice only; two are pierced. They have been identified for me as of Marcus Aurelius, Faustina, Crispus, Maximinus, and Constantine II. Amongst a quantity of much-corroded ironwork are probably some horse-trappings and several shoes, one quite perfect. I could not discover that any horse-bones were found. A large nodule of pyrites was laid by one of the swords, either as a weapon or a strike-a-light; and there was a small piece of whetstone by one of the spears.

One or two of these "finds" are of special interest. For instance, it had been stated on high authority that neither

Jutes nor Saxons shod their horses. The discovery of the horse-shoes, however, proves that the rule was, at any rate, not universal. The character of the coins found would seem to point to the early date of the burying-place, and that some of them were pierced tends to the conclusion that "keepsakes" were preserved even then. The discovery of the whetstone suggests that not only did our Jutish ancestors think that they would need their weapons after death, but that it would be useful to have the wherewithal to keep them bright. From this, and from the fact that the skeletons were discovered lying north and south, or in any direction, it may be concluded that the burial-place was used in pagan times. This is further evidence of its early date.

I have, fortunately, had the opportunity lately of examining a private collection of discoveries made at Brockbridge. In this collection was a beautiful example of the regular saucer-shaped Jutish brooch, on which the gilt-washing was as bright as though it had only been done a few years ago. Another item of interest was a small pair of shears, which had evidently been buried with the barber of the tribe. These were, of course, rusty, but the spring had yet a certain amount of strength left in it. The woodwork of a bronze-bound bucket was almost intact; and a lady's satchel when found still contained some Roman coins. One would judge from the state of the teeth in the skulls found, that their fare was very hard, for, though still magnificently sound, they were worn down flat all the way round. One skeleton of remarkable size, with a sword by the side to match, was unearthed. It proved on measurement to be over eight feet in length, but this was quite exceptional, as the rest were of ordinary dimensions. A fine specimen of chain was discovered. It was, possibly, of gold, but very likely of a peculiar white metal in common use, gold-washed. The finders probably thought that it was the former,

since it quickly disappeared, and has, unhappily, not been recovered.

The graves in which the remains were found were only about from two feet to two feet six inches in depth, and were covered in most cases with flints. Several of them may clearly be seen to-day, close by Droxford Station, and probably the ground to the eastward still contains many interments. It is much to be hoped, therefore, that certain difficulties which lie in the way of further excavations may be overcome, and that the work may be resumed under expert direction. If this be done, there is good ground for expectation that much more of interest will be found.

L. KNIGHTS SMITH.

SOUTHAMPTON

By Professor Hearnshaw

THE site at present occupied by the great town of Southampton has apparently been the abode of man from the earliest times which history records, and indeed from the remotest eras which archæology can trace. The gravel beds which cover the higher portions of the land within the borough boundaries are rich in flint implements of the Palæolithic period. These belong to an epoch before the time when the formation of the English Channel made Britain an island —the epoch during which streams from the uplands of Hampshire were carving out the valley which is now the basin of Southampton Water. The beds of peat which underlie and fringe Southampton Water contain many relics of the Neolithic Era, such as highly-polished axe-heads and arrow-heads, rounded hammer-stones, and needles—relics of an altogether more advanced civilisation than that of the older Stone Age. In close vicinity to these remains of the later Stone Age are some of the oldest Metal Age, the era of bronze implements. At Bassett, just outside the borough boundaries, and at Pear Tree Green, across the Itchen, interesting discoveries of considerable quantities of these have recently been made. Thus each of the three important eras of unrecorded history has left distinct and ample traces on this spot.

But as with the history of our country, so with the history of Southampton there is little precise and definite

information to be gained of any period anterior to that of the Romans. Legend, persistently repeated by the mediæval chroniclers, associates this neighbourhood with the very beginnings of the Roman occupation, A.D. 43, and actually traces the name of Hamton to a Roman warrior, Hamo, said to have been slain here in fierce fight by Arviragus, brother of the British King, Guiderius.[1]

When, however, we leave the chroniclers, and come to deal with actual Roman remains, we are on surer ground. That there was a very considerable Roman settlement on the east bank of the Itchen, where the modern Bittern Manor House now stands, is proved by many interesting relics. This settlement is usually considered to have been the "Clausentum" mentioned in Antonine's *Itinerary*. It consisted of a peninsula formed by the winding of the river. On its landward side, it was fortified by a double line of probably pre-historic earthworks. On its water sides there are traces of a strong defensive wall. Within the precincts of the settlement have been found great numbers of coins, and as they cover the whole period from Tiberius to Arcadius (A.D. 37-408), there is reason to believe that the establishment of this outpost was made very early in the period of the Roman occupation of the island, and that it was not till their final departure from Britain that the Romans evacuated it. No traces of buildings have as yet been found, and present evidence would seem to point to the view that it was merely a military station, whose object was to guard the river and protect the approaches to the important settlement of Venta Belgarum (Winchester).

On the peninsula between the Itchen and the Test, on which modern Southampton stands, coins and pottery have also been found, and in sufficient quantities to make it probable that there was a minor Roman settlement there.

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1 "*Portus autem ille ut illo tempore usque in hodiernum diem portus Hamonis ut est Hamtonia nuncupatur.*"—Matthew Paris (*Chronica Maiora*, A.D. 43).

But even apart from these direct evidences, it can hardly be supposed that a spot of such strategic and commercial importance was wholly neglected by so practical a people as the Romans.

Of the incidents attending the departure of the Romans from this neighbourhood we know nothing. But we are told that for some centuries before the end of the Roman occupation, the south coast of Britain had been infested by Saxon and Jutish wanderers—traders, pirates, invaders, and would-be settlers. The Romans had erected a line of fortifications extending from the Wash to Portchester to keep the country secure, and they had appointed a special and powerful official, the "Count of the Saxon Shore," to organise the defences of the threatened region. It would appear, however, that, in spite of these extraordinary precautions, bands of the wanderers—the more peaceable and mercantile Jutes—succeeded in establishing themselves, probably were *allowed* to establish themselves, along the low-lying coast-lands. Certain it is that when the Roman power was withdrawn from Britain, at the beginning of the fifth century, Saxons and Jutes began to pour into the country in numbers sufficient to make them, in course of time, the dominant race. Eventually, the scattered settlements of the new-comers coalesced into kingdoms, and of these kingdoms the one which, in the end, proved to be the strongest and the most enduring, was Wessex. The Kingdom of Wessex, in fact, became the Kingdom of England. Now, with this greatest of the early kingdoms, Southampton had a peculiarly intimate connexion. If the story based on the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* be accepted, it was on this spot, in A.D. 495, that Cerdic and Cynric, the founders of the West Saxon line, made their landing, and it was from this centre that they started on their career of conquest. There are archæological reasons for doubting this story, and for regarding the Thames valley, rather than the valley of

Southampton Water, as the original home of the West Saxons; but if the story be true, and if in this case, as in so many others, the veracity of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* be established, Southampton becomes one of the most notable historic places of the world. For, on the one hand, it received the first footprint on English soil of the ancestor of King Edward VII., and formed the first possession of that royal and imperial dominion which now comprises one quarter of the land-area of the globe—the British Empire; and, on the other hand, eleven and a quarter centuries later, it witnessed the departure of that small heroic band, the Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of the New England States of North America, the pioneers of that second mighty branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, in whose hands the future destiny of mankind seems so largely to rest. What other spot of earth, outside the Holy Land, can boast associations more magnificent?

But in the remote fifth century of which I am now speaking, there was little to forecast the greatness in store for the Saxon peoples or their settlements. The history which tells of their long conflicts with Britons, Jutes, and Angles, and of their gradual but steady expansion, says nothing of the fortunes of their "burh" at Hamton; but its importance is indicated by the fact that it gave its name to the shire, "Hamton-scire," first mentioned in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, A.D. 755. There is some uncertainty, even, as to the exact site of this early English town. An old tradition, recorded in the sixteenth century by both Leland and Camden, says that the walled borough of the Norman and Angevin Period did not occupy the site of the Saxon town, but was built considerably to the south-west of it. The fact that the mother church of the town, St. Mary's, lies nearly a quarter of a mile north-east of the walled area, coupled with the fact that round St. Mary's many Saxon remains have been found, while within the walls only a solitary coin of Offa has been unearthed, lends support to the tradition. But a good deal

more remains to be investigated and explained before this problem can be regarded as settled, and I must confess that I feel more disposed to lay stress on the evidence *against* the tradition of the removal.

Southampton emerges from obscurity into the light of recorded history only with the beginnings of the Danish invasions in the ninth century. The Scandinavian free-booters came to the town not only because it commanded the waterway to Winchester, whose royal palaces and rich ecclesiastical establishments drew them with an irresistible attraction, but also because it occupied one of those peninsular situations, so convenient alike for defence and for flight, which they were always disposed to select as a base for their raids. In 857, thirty-five vessels, laden with their fierce pirate crews, rowed up Southampton Water, and came to land near Hampton. But the whole countryside had been roused. The Ealdorman of the shire, Wulfheard himself, came down to organise the defence of his territory, and under his leadership, the English drove off their assailants with fearful and remorse-less slaughter. Twenty-three years elapsed before another serious attempt was made. Then, in 860, the Danish invaders succeeded in effecting their landing. On they pushed to Winchester, which, in spite of its strength, they captured and sacked. But as they were hastening back to their ships, laden with their booty, they were met by the men of the shire, under Ealdorman Osric, together with some men of Berkshire, who had come with their Ealdorman, Ethelwulf, to render help. A great defeat was inflicted on the Danes, and only a remnant of their host succeeded in making their escape by sea.

Southampton must in the following years have seen a good deal of the ship-building activity of King Alfred, and on its waters must have floated many of those vessels which helped the great monarch to establish the supremacy of the West Saxons over Danes and English alike.

The reign of King Alfred inaugurated a period of peaceful development, both for England as a whole and for its boroughs and villages individually. No recorded incident marked the uneventful history of Hampton, save that floods in 935 and lightning in 951 wrought much havoc.

But with the accession of the weak and shifty King Ethelred the Redeless troubles came thick and fast. The Danes renewed their invasions, and at this period they came, not merely as plundering pirates or as wandering emigrants, but as great national armies seeking for conquests and political aggrandisement. There was no organised force in this country able to withstand their sudden and terrible onslaught. In 980, they fell upon Hampton, captured it, and put most of its inhabitants to the sword. Next year they came again, and laid waste all the coast. Finally, in 994, Sweyn of Denmark and Olaf of Norway, after attacking London and raging Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, sat down at Hampton, and waited until such time as Ethelred should send them the £16,000 of Danegeld with which he had succeeded in purchasing from them a momentary cessation of attack. The story of the later renewal of the attacks, and of Ethelred's further expedients to ward them off, belongs to the history of England rather than to that of Southampton. All that has to be noted here is that when Ethelred's long career of failure and disgrace came to an end, and he was driven from his throne and his kingdom, it was from Southampton (1013) that he fled to the safe haven of Normandy, and that when, three years later (1016), the struggle of the English against the Danes was seen to be hopeless, it was at Southampton that the Witan assembled to offer to the conquering Canute the crown for which he had so resolutely and so unscrupulously contended. The connexion thus established between Southampton and the Danish king seems to have been maintained during his reign, and it is to Southampton that the celebrated legend of the

rebuking of the waves is assigned. At the present day, a road called "Canute's Road," and a building, apparently of twelfth century construction, called "Canute's Palace," commemorate the dealings of the great monarch with this borough.

The Danish conquest of England was not destined to be permanent; but it left results, both for the country and the borough, most momentous and enduring. Among the most important of these was the alliance between the English and the Normans, originally entered into by King Ethelred, in 1002, as one of his many expedients in his conflict with Sweyn and Olaf, but cemented and made closer in many ways, until, in 1066, it led to the succession of the Norman Duke, William, to the English Crown. The connexion thus established between England and Normandy had a profound influence upon the history of Southampton, which became the great port of arrival from and departure for the continental dominions of the new line of monarchs. All the kings came here and all the great men. A splendid palace was built, occupying most of the south-western quarter of the town, and containing extensive accommodation for long trains of nobles and attendants. Strong fortifications were erected, some of which—the inner portion of the Bargate, for example—remain to the present day. A massive castle was placed upon a lofty mound within the circuit of the walls. Churches were established, and (1124) the Priory of St. Denys, a house of Black (Augustinian) Canons, was founded. Not far from the precincts of the borough, the beautiful, but wild and little-tenanted expanse of the New Forest was set apart for the royal sport.

Altogether, the period from the Norman Conquest to the loss of the northern French possessions of the English Crown (1066-1205) must be looked upon as one of great activity in Southampton, of rapid development, and of marked prosperity. It is sufficient to mention two signs of this municipal progress—the founding of a merchant

guild and the gaining of a charter. The merchant guild was founded at least as early as the reign of Henry I. It contained all the important burgesses of the town, and in course of time it became (even if it was not from the beginning) the governing body within the borough. Its ordinances are fortunately extant in a beautifully-written manuscript of fourteenth century date. They give a most interesting picture of municipal organisation in the Middle Ages.

Probably in Southampton, as in other towns, it was the guild which obtained the charters. Several minor grants of privileges were secured from time to time from one king and another, but in 1199, John, just after his accession, was induced—no doubt by heavy payment—to concede to the burgesses the "farm" of the borough. For £200 per annum paid into the royal exchequer they were to be free from the pecuniary exactions of the sheriff, and independent of the financial organisation of the shire —a much-coveted privilege.

The next stage in the history of Southampton was inaugurated by an event which was also great with national importance. This event was the loss to the English king, in 1205, of his northern French possessions —Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Touraine. England ceased to be the mere appanage of a continental empire; Southampton fell from its position as the chief port of passage between the two shores of the Channel. But it speedily rose to a new place of even more commanding importance; for when Normandy passed into the hands of the French power, when the Channel became the scene of frequent hostilities, and when warlike expeditions continually came and went, Southampton became one of the great fortresses of the south coast, the guardian of the English seas, the gathering-place of armies, and the starting-point of fleets. For two and a half centuries—roughly, from 1205 to 1453—its dominant character was

that of the mediæval stronghold. Many times was it threatened by French fleets, several times actually attacked, once taken and almost destroyed. The great and fatal assault was made in 1337, on the morning of October 4th. Contemporary chroniclers are full in their accounts of it; even the Edwardian poet, Laurence Minot, devotes a section of his *Songs on King Edward's Wars* (1352) to a detailed description of it. It was one of the immediate inciting causes of the fierce and prolonged struggle between England and France known as the "Hundred Years' War." Perhaps the story as told by Stow, the Elizabethan antiquary, is as vivid as any version of it. It runs as follows:—

> The 4th of October fifty galleys, well manned and furnished, came to Southampton about nine of the clock, and sacked the town, the townsmen running away for feare. By the break of the next day they which fled by the help of the country thereabout came against the pyrates and fought with them, in the which skyrmish were slain to the number of three hundred pyrates together with their captain, the King of Sicilie's sonne. To this young man the French King had given whatsoever he got in the kingdom of England. But, he being beaten down by a certain man of the country, cried out, "Rançon, rançon," notwithstanding which the husbandman laid him on with his clubbe till he had slain him, speaking these words, "Yea," quoth he, "I know thee well enough: thou art a Françon, and therefore thou shalt die"; for he understood not his speech, neither had he any skill to take gentlemen prisoners and to keep them for their ransome. Wherefore the residue of these Genoways, after they had set the towne on fire and burned it up quite, fledde to their galleys, and in their flying certain of them were drowned. After this the inhabitants of the town encompassed it about with a great and strong wall.

This statement concerning the wall means that the fortifications, which had hitherto been strongest on the landward side, were completed on the seaward side, where, naturally, the main brunt of the French attack had been felt. The great "King's House," with its appurtenant buildings, had been almost wholly destroyed: little beyond its massive outer walls remained. It was decided not to rebuild it, but rather to use its ruins to strengthen the defences of the town. So over its western front was

erected, probably of the materials found in the ruined interior, that curious arcade work (see the photograph) which still remains as a relic of unique interest.

It took the town long to recover from this severe blow. The inhabitants feared to return, particularly when, only two years later, the French made another determined, though unsuccessful, attack upon the place. The Earl of Warwick (1339) and the Earl of Shrewsbury (1340) were appointed in succession guardians and governors of the borough, with orders to see that its defences were made secure.

But so long after as thirty-six years (1376) alarms were continual. The town was only half-inhabited. Two years' rent was due to the king, and the burgesses were fain to petition their sovereign to release them from the burden of maintaining the fortifications. But the need of the fortifications was never more forcibly demonstrated than it was immediately afterwards (1377), when the French made a desperate attack, which was beaten off only by the heroic bravery and masterly ability of Sir John Arundel, who for the brilliance of his achievement was at once made Marshal of England.

It was not to be expected that the English would remain passive under these and countless similar assaults. They, for their part, fitted out expeditions against their enemies, and when, as the result of the battle of Sluys (1340), they secured command of the sea, they inflicted a terrible retribution. In 1345, King Edward III. collected 32,000 troops at Southampton. With them he embarked in a fleet, towards which this town supplied twenty-one vessels and five hundred and seventy-six mariners. In a few months Europe rang with the news of the epoch-making victory of Creçy. Again, at a later stage of that same interminable war, another warrior-monarch, Shakespeare's perfect type of heroic kingship, gathered here another host destined for even more marvellous achievement. The date was 1415, and for five weeks in that year Henry V. was

THE ARCADES, SOUTHAMPTON.

in and about Southampton superintending the assembling and equipping of the thirty thousand men who were to vindicate his claim to the throne of France, and the one thousand five hundred ships that were to convey him and them to the fields of adventure and renown. It was from his "chastel de Hantonne au rivage de la mer" that Henry addressed his final letter to the French king before he embarked. It was in Southampton that was brought to light the dangerous conspiracy against his throne and life which has made the names of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope of Masham, and Sir Thomas Grey infamous in English history. The conspiracy was apparently hatched in this neighbourhood; for Grey in his letter of confession says that he and others coming from Hamble met the Earl of Cambridge "at the ferry called Ickkys"—almost certainly Itchen ferry. The conspirators were brought to trial (August 2nd) before the County Jury, and were condemned to death. Sir Thomas Grey was at once taken to execution outside the Bargate. The other two claimed privilege of peers, and a special council of nobles had to be summoned three days later (August 5th) to pass sentence upon them. Then they, too, were put to death, and, with their fellow-conspirator, were buried in the little chapel of the Hospital of St. Julian, or Maison Dieu.[1] Within a week after the execution of Cambridge and Scrope, Henry V. set sail for France, to experience the terrible hardships of the siege of Harfleur (in which he lost some two-thirds of his men) and to win the imperishable glory of the field of Agincourt.

Next year (1416), the French tried to gain their revenge by attacking Southampton and burning the shipping in its waters, and for some time they held the port under blockade. But the Duke of Bedford came to its relief, and gained a signal victory over the invading fleet. He captured eight of the enemy's vessels, drove one

[1] This building in Queen Elizabeth's day was lent for worship to a company of French Protestants, by whose successors it is still used.

on to the sandy shore, and forced another up Southampton Water, where in sight of the town it was sent to the bottom with all its eight hundred men.

In 1417 King Henry once more crossed from Southampton to France, this time with great pomp and amid much rejoicing. His ship had sails of purple silk, royally embroidered with the arms of the kingdom that he held and the kingdom that he sought to gain. Thus he said farewell to his great port, so intimately associated with his most deadly peril and his most brilliant victory; and soon (1422) in the midst of his triumphs, he was called upon to say farewell to his kingdom and his life.

During his son's long and troublous reign, Southampton more than once came into the main current of national affairs. It was here, for example, in 1445, when the great war was entering upon its last phase, full of humiliation for England, that Margaret of Anjou landed for her marriage with the king. She was lodged for four days at Maison Dieu, and thither the king came to greet her. They were married at Titchfield Abbey.

While Southampton was thus taking part in critical national events it was recovering from the blow of the French occupation, and was making considerable commercial and constitutional advance. Its wine trade with Gascony became very important; as early as 1215 it was second only to that of London.[1]

In the fourteenth century, the still more lucrative connection with Venice was established. Venice was one of the great emporia of Eastern goods—the spices, perfumes, and rich raiments of Persia, India, and Cathay. Every year, amid impressive ceremony, a fleet of galleys set forth with oar and sail for Northern Europe laden with the wealth of Asia. On their return, the Venetian merchants took with them the products of the cold lands

[1] In 1272, Southampton imported 3,147 tuns of wine as compared with London's 3,799 tuns.

which they visited, the wool and cloth and leather of England and the fine cambrics of Flanders. In 1378, a statute of Richard II. allowed the Venetians to make Southampton (*vice* Calais) their port of call; and from that time till the sixteenth century—when the Eastern trade passed out of Venetian hands—year by year, for some sixty days at a time, the great ships rode at anchor in Southampton Water, and the merchants did business. An interesting tomb in North Stoneham Church, four miles north of the town, bears record to one of these visits. It would appear that in 1491 an epidemic, or some other scourge, carried off a number of the Dalmatian oarsmen of the Venetian galleys. They were buried in the Church of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of seafaring men, and a stone slab was placed over their resting-place, with the inscription, "Sepultura de la Schola de Sclavoni, AÑO DÑI MCCCLXXXXI."[1] Within the town itself four annual fairs were established, and, in course of time, confirmed by royal charter.

As to the government of the town, it steadily increased in independence and dignity. A charter of 1400 (2 Henry IV.) gave judicial autonomy to the borough—cognisance of all pleas, claim to all fines and forfeitures. Another, of 1445 (23 Henry VI.) raised Southampton to the dignity of a Corporation, so that its mayor, bailiffs and burgesses became persons in law capable of holding lands and prosecuting pleas. A third, dated 1447 (25 Henry VI.), completed the emancipation of the borough by elevating it to the rank of a county with a sheriff of its own. These favours were conferred expressly and explicitly because of the burden of defence which fell upon the inhabitants of the town. Thus, the charter of 1400 states in its preamble that the additional privileges granted by the king were bestowed "pro melioratione et fortificatione villae praedictae in frontem inimicorum nostrum notoriae situatae." Honours and offices were heaped upon

[1] *Hants Field Club Papers*, ii. p. 357; *Archæologia*, liv. p. 131.

the mayor, until he became an official of national dignity and importance. He was made king's escheator, clerk of the market, mayor of the staple, steward and marshal of the king's household—but probably exercising this function only when the king was in the town—and an admiral of England within the wide limits of the port of Southampton —*i.e.*, from beyond Portsmouth on the east to beyond Lymington on the west.

Amid these strenuous duties, these heavy responsibilities, these lucrative activities, and these accumulating honours, Southampton came to the end of the Middle Ages, and passed out into the modern world—the world of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

At the close of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, geographical discovery and scientific revelation, intellectual conquest and religious revelation, political transformation and social transition, followed one another with bewildering rapidity. The old order, the order which had grown up through a thousand years of slow development, passed away with a completeness and swiftness unparalleled in history. But its passage was not from life to death, but rather from travail to birth. A fresh and glorious energy manifested itself throughout the Western world. New and vast fields of enterprise and adventure were opened up, alike in distant quarters of the globe and in unfamiliar regions of the human spirit. All kingdoms felt the change, and over their remotest hamlets a subtle transmutation passed.

Southampton was affected more than most English towns by the passing of the old order. Two of the features which marked the beginning of the modern era in English history were these. First, in the matter of foreign politics, the mediæval ambition of English kings and statesmen to possess French provinces and to acquire the French Crown gave place to a policy which combined two elements, the maintenance by diplomatic means of

the balance of power in Europe, and the extension of English influence and dominion in the newly-discovered lands beyond the seas. Secondly, in the matter of foreign commerce, the opening up of the Cape route to the East Indies moved the centre of gravity of the mercantile world from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. Venice and the other city-states of Italy fell from their high eminence: they ceased to "hold the gorgeous East in fee." Lisbon, Amsterdam, Antwerp, and London entered into their inheritance.

These two changes, the one political, the other commercial, had a profound effect upon the fortunes of Southampton. The change in foreign policy destroyed its importance as a fortress and a military port: its walls and its castle at once became mere antiquarian relics. The change in international trade, and particularly the cessation of the voyages of the Venetian fleet (which came for the last time in 1532), deprived the town of one of the great sources of its wealth.

Hence it was that the age which saw England advancing to the proud position of a first-rate European Power—the era in which the foundations of England's colonial and commercial supremacy were laid—was for Southampton a period of decline, struggle and distress. A statute of 1495 (11 Henry VII.), dealing with the fishing and navigation of Southampton Water, spoke of the town as "now lately greatly decayed." In 1530 the burgesses petitioned Henry VIII. for a reduction of their fee-farm (then £226 13s. 4d. a year), because of the falling-off of their trade, and, in response, the king by statute (22 Henry VIII.) remitted the £26 13s. 4d. per annum. Notwithstanding this reduction the payments of the burgesses fell hopelessly into arrears, and in 1549 no less a sum than £1,844 1s. 6d. was owed to the Exchequer. Edward VI. remitted £1,044 1s. 6d. of this heavy debt; but even that generous concession did not suffice to make matters straight, and in 1552 he, by charter,

permanently reduced (under certain conditions) the fee-farm to £50 per annum, at which sum it still stands. All this is eloquent of poverty and adversity, and it seems probable that in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" the town touched the bottom of its fortunes. But improvement was at hand. New trade was opened out, new industries established. Queen Mary, whose husband Philip had been well received here on his coming to England, had granted to the burgesses the monopoly of the import of sweet wines. When the Newfoundland fisheries were opened up, Southampton became the chief emporium for the fish and oil that were brought to England, and its vessels entered very largely into the new enterprise. Expeditions for colonisation and exploration were fitted up here, and such men as Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Lord Baltimore came hither to equip their fleets. The extremely interesting (but, unfortunately, unpublished) *Books of Examination and Depositions* of the early part of the seventeenth century give details of a vigorous maritime activity on the part of the townsmen. They also present vivid pictures of the perils of navigation in those days, for they tell of seas not only tossed with storms, but also swarming with pirates—French, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, Turkish, and even English—into whose merciless hands many a Southampton vessel fell. About the same time, too, the town became famous for its "Hampton serges," the manufacture and export of which gave occupation to a large number of people.

Thus gradually Southampton worked its way back to a moderate prosperity; and, although not again till the nineteenth century did it attain to that importance and distinction which it had at the close of the Middle Ages, yet it remained a delightful provincial town, full of interesting relics, rich in noble associations, pleasant in situation, and happy in the peaceful labours of its folk. For many generations it numbered some five thousand to six thousand inhabitants. They dwelt mainly

within the circuit of its ancient walls, beyond which lay sweet stretches of meadow, on which they sowed their seed and fed their flocks; or woodland, in which they wandered in the hours of their leisure. Now and again the pomp and circumstance of great events disturbed their quietude. In the year of his accession (1603), King James I. came to Southampton, and, strange to say, "by the majesty of his royal presence," so astonished the town clerk that he was compelled to break off suddenly his speech of welcome and adulation. In 1625 King Charles I. met some Dutch envoys in Southampton, and made with them a treaty, not without importance at the time. Most significant of the events of that period, however, though it made no stir at the moment, was the departure of the "Pilgrim Fathers" from this port to seek a home in the New World. After crossing from Holland, and having settled their affairs in different parts of England, they re-assembled at Southampton, and remained here nearly a fortnight before all was ready for their memorable voyage. When the preparations were completed, they put to sea in the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*. But the latter proved to be unseaworthy, and, after an attempt to patch her up had been made at Dartmouth, she was abandoned at Plymouth, and the whole of the little company finished their voyage in the famous ship, the *Mayflower*. Who among the men of Southampton, in whose midst that small heroic band sojourned for fourteen days, dreamed of the high destiny in store for that New England which was to be founded far in the unknown West by those lowly refugees?

The departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from England in 1620 marked the beginning of an emigration unique in the history of the world. Within the twenty following years twenty thousand Englishmen, many of them men of position and substance, went into voluntary exile in order that they might establish political institutions and a religious organisation which were unattainable in their

mother-country. The causes which led them to depart eventually led their fellows who remained behind into open war with the King and his ministers. In the great Civil War, Southampton did not take a very prominent part. At first its allegiance was divided, the authorities leaning to the Royalist side, the populace to the side of the Parliament. But before the struggle had lasted three months (November, 1642), the parliamentary party gained the ascendant, admitted a garrison, and kept the town faithful to the parliamentary cause till the end of the war. Romsey and Winchester were held by the Royalists, and within the triangle formed by these towns and Southampton incessant skirmishing took place. But the main course of the war was but little affected by these local brawls. It may be mentioned, however, that during the changes of these troublous times an interesting man was brought to the town in the person of one Nathaniel Robinson, who came as chaplain to Major Murford, the "infamous Brownisticall Governor of Southampton," as he was described. Robinson had the distinction of conducting the negotiations between Oliver Cromwell and Richard Major, of Hursley, which eventually led to the marriage of Richard Cromwell to Dorothy Major. Although lacking episcopal ordination, Robinson was "intruded" into the livings of All Saints' and St. Lawrence, and these he held until the Act of Uniformity (1662) necessitated his retirement. Then he became the first pastor of the Independent congregation, which began to assemble for worship in a meeting-house Above Bar, and as such he is to be regarded as the father of Nonconformity in the borough.

When one gets past the date of the Restoration, one feels that the limit of time is reached to which the title of this volume, *Memorials of Old Hampshire*, can be legitimately applied. But perhaps a few notes concerning more recent times may be admitted.

A new era of prosperity dawned for Southampton in the reign of George III., when the town became for sixty years or more a popular watering-place and health resort, rivalling Brighton on the one hand and Bath on the other. The place caught the fancy of the King's sons—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Cumberland—and they brought the fashionable world at their heels. The leaders of society bathed in the somewhat slimy waves of the western shore, and drank the innocuous waters of a little mineral spring which good fortune brought to light. The town began to grow with rapidity. New rows of Georgian mansions sprang up, named after the patron divinities of the time—Brunswick Place, York Buildings, Carlton Crescent, Cumberland Place. Coaches ran daily to London and other towns. The "Long Rooms," under a "Master of the Ceremonies," provided dancing and other delights for the gay and festive throng. But this heavy Hanoverian revelry brought but a transient profit and a fleeting notoriety to Southampton. About 1803 its modern prosperity was established on the surer basis of maritime enterprise and commerce. In that year a bill was passed through Parliament authorising the making of docks, and as an immediate result the Watergate and other venerable impediments to development were cleared away. The great war with Revolutionary France brought considerable naval and military activity. The marvellous expansion of English trade and industry, owing to what is known as the "Industrial Revolution," quickened Southampton's mercantile marine. A new population began to be drawn to the town, and new suburbs began to rise for the accommodation of the strangers. In 1774, there were but 705 houses in the town, and all but 120 of these were within the circuit of the walls; in 1824, the number of houses was 2,535. The census returns showed an almost equally rapid increase in the number of inhabitants: the 7,913 persons of 1801 had grown to 19,324 by 1831. As to the rates,

they mounted upward with an even more startling acceleration: in 1803 they stood at five shillings in the pound; in 1813 they had reached ten shillings.

Fresh developments came to Southampton with the successful application of steam to locomotion, when the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company in 1840, the Royal Mail Company in 1842, and the Union Company in 1853, in turn made Southampton their headquarters. The railway, begun in 1835 and finished in 1840, superseded the stage coach, and brought the town into closer touch with London and the new world of commerce in the north.

From that time Southampton's growth has been rapid and—except when the P. and O. Company moved their headquarters—uninterrupted. Its population is now about 108,000, and its rates as high as the most enthusiastic pioneer of progress could desire.

F. J. C. HEARNSHAW.

THE NEW FOREST[1]

By Willingham F. Rawnsley, M.A.

NO part of Hampshire is more interesting than the New Forest, full of curious, if not unique, customs, having a somewhat remarkable caste of inhabitants, and abounding, as the whole district does, in scenes of natural beauty, with a colouring at all times of the year richer than that of any other district in England. It is free and open to all comers, who may roam at will over the whole of what is practically an enormous park, without fear of trespass; with opportunities, geological, botanical, and entomological, which are quite exceptional, and a chance of seeing in their wild state a fair number of birds, and more different kinds of four-footed animals than any other open district in England can show.

The term *New* Forest, applied to this district as early as the reign of William I., shows that England was a land of forests existing before the Conquest. All over Hampshire, both on the Tertiaries and up to, if not on, the chalk Downs, there was one continuous stretch of forest, beech growing on the chalk, oak on the clay, and furze and heath on the sand. Indeed, the greater part of England was, not technically but practically, forest, and tenanted by herds of swine. These animals in early

[1] I have consulted for this chapter the *Victoria County History of Hampshire*, vol. ii.; Wise's *New Forest*; Manwood's *Treatise of the Laws of the Forest*, 3rd ed. 1665, and 4th ed. 1717; Mudie's *Hampshire*, 1838; *Transactions of the British Archæological Association*, 1845; various Blue-books from 1789 onwards; etc.

times were the universal food of our ancestors, beef being little used, and mutton still less, if at all; so it is obvious that swine would be kept wherever there was food for them. Hence the importance of woodlands for "pannage" was recognized by the Saxons, and penalties were imposed for the destruction of the trees, the value of a tree being estimated, not by the amount of timber it contained, but by the number of swine it would feed. In later times, the woods were used for hunting grounds. These were common to all, but the peasants' rights were gradually absorbed by the Thegns—the landed gentry of the time—and their rights, in turn, were over-ridden by the King, who appropriated the best of the woodlands to his own use, under the title of *Terra Regis*. This, under the Normans, became the *Foresta*, a title signifying a tract of land perambulated, but not fenced—though there might be enclosures in it to keep the deer together—and comprising heaths and cultivated bits as well as woodlands, in which the beasts of the chase were protected by stringent laws, and officers appointed to administer them.

Though William found plenty of woodland in the New Forest, it must be borne in mind that a *forest* is not necessarily wooded at all. A Scotch keeper, when asked by a Londoner where the trees were in the "Deer Forest" he had taken, exclaimed, "And wha ever thowt o' seeing a tree in a fawrest?" But when a tract had been perambulated and "afforested" as a sanctuary for wild beasts, not to be hunted without royal licence, it still remained only a "chase" until certain forest officers had been appointed and special laws made, with special courts for administering them. As these officers and courts could only be appointed by the King, it follows that only the King could make or possess a "forest."

In a "*chase*" offences were dealt with by common law. The animals of the chase did not include the stag or red deer, which was called a hart when full grown in his sixth year, but were the buck, doe, fox, marten, and roe;

A Glade in the New Forest.

and these animals were termed *campestres*, as distinguished from the *feræ silvestres* of the forest, who were supposed to lurk in the woods by day and only come into the fields by night. A *warren* was only for the smaller game, which were the same as would be found in a modern game covert to-day.

The term "chase" survives, as in "Cannock Chase," and "Waltham Chase." Neither chase nor warren was enclosed, but, though the woodlands sufficed for the swine, for cattle it was necessary to have pasture, and this had to be fenced to keep the deer out. So farming began in the forest, and pastures were formed, as in the backwoods now, by grubbing and ploughing any suitable bit of woodland.

Manwood speaks of a "*Charta de Foresta* of Canutus, a Dane and King of this realm, granted at a parliament holden at Winchester A.D. 1016, and called *Charta Canuti*," which gave the King sole and exclusive hunting rights. But we now know that this charter was simply a fraud on the part of William, who wished to shift on to Cnut's shoulders the odium which his own usurpation of all rights in the New Forest and curtailing of the existing privileges of the Earls and Thegns and other landowners was sure to excite. Still, that the *Charta Canuti* should have been considered authentic for centuries shows that there was nothing improbable in the tale that such a charter had been discovered by William; and this would tend to prove that forest laws did exist before the Conquest. Doubt was first thrown on the "*Charta Canuti*" by Lord Chief Justice Coke at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Having thus paved the way, William proceeded in 1079 to make his New Forest; and by the time that the Domesday Book Survey was made in 1086, he had, partly by confiscation of the lands of those who had opposed him, and partly by taking in village lands previously outside the Forest in various parts of England,

possessed himself of some 17,000 acres as his own property, in addition to the royal hunting-grounds of his predecessors. At the same time, he made laws of unparalleled severity to safeguard his royal beasts of the chase, and penalties of mutilation by loss of hand or eye were freely enforced against any who even distressed a stag or boar within a royal hunting-ground, though landholders might shoot the boar, wolf, or fox outside. If we follow up the history of the Forest, it will be seen that, whereas William I., starting from the forged *Charta Canuti*, substituted mutilation for fines in certain cases, his son Rufus went further, and not only exacted the death penalty, but enforced his savage laws with cruel severity against both peasant and peer.

Henry II., warned by his brother's death, published a new Code, called "*The assize of Woodstock*," 1184, which substituted fines again for death and mutilation, and in 1215 Magna Charta caused the repeal of the most oppressive of the forest laws.

In 1217, a *Charta de Foresta* in the name of Henry III., still a minor, set forth that in future no one should lose either life or limb for any forest offence; and in 1228 another *Charta Forestæ* disafforested all the lands in the kingdom which had been afforested since the death of Rufus.

Henry VIII. enacted laws against poachers, and made it felony to take hawks' eggs or kill rabbits.

In 1540, an Act, known as the "Drift of Forests," ordered all forests and commons to be driven each year at Michaelmas, in order to keep down the number of the cattle and ponies and kill the weaklings.

In Elizabeth's reign, a closer attention began to be paid to the *vert*, as distinguished from the *venison*, of the forest, and a law was passed to prevent the felling of trees for charcoal, which was still used for smelting the ironstone, though "sea coal" had largely superseded "bavins" and "fire-coal" (charcoal) for domestic use two

hundred years earlier in London: it was called "an Act that timber shall not be felled for burning of iron." This applied to all oak, beech, and ash growing within fourteen miles of the seaboard, and therefore handy for the dockyards. In her reign a system of enclosures to protect growing trees was in use in the Forest, and this was continued by James I. and William III. James's plan was to plough bits of land, gather acorns, and dibble them in; and William in 1698 began a systematic annual planting and enclosing, at the rate of two hundred acres a year.

In the early Hanoverian days, when a man was hung for stealing a sheep, it was but logical that the killing of a deer in a royal forest should be treated with equal severity. So we find that under George I. the penalty for killing a deer was seven years' transportation to America; while going into a forest armed and disguised, or maliciously destroying trees, was a felony, the punishment for which was death. Indeed, to such a pitch had deer-poaching and the destruction of forest trees increased in this reign, that a sanguinary statute, known as the "Black Act," was passed in 1722-3, to deal with the disguised poachers who particularly infested the forest of Bere, and, as Bishop's Waltham was their headquarters, were known as "The Waltham Blacks."[1] Even up to the nineteenth century, the belfry of Lymington Church is said to have been a recognised poachers' larder, where "New Forest Mutton" was hung till otherwise disposed of.

In Queen Victoria's reign the Forest had long ceased to be a royal hunting-ground, and its usefulness received a further blow from the invention of iron ships. Few very fine oaks now remain; the most notable one is "The Knightwood Oak." This has been pollarded, and has since sent up a very fine head. It is nearly nineteen feet round at four feet from the ground, and is probably

1 See Murray's *Handbook to Hampshire*; Bishop's Waltham.

seven hundred years old. But the peculiarity of the Forest oak was its angularity. This caused it to grow the very best "knees," which were used as brackets to support the deck timbers and keep the framework of a wooden ship together. Its proximity to the sea was also a great point; and at Buckler's Hard, on the Beaulieu river, as late as 1812, ships were built and launched for the British navy, among them three of Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar—the *Agamemnon*, the *Euryalus*, and the *Swiftsure.*

In this reign, too, the pheasant more and more takes the lead as the chief denizen of the game preserve; and the wild deer begin to be looked upon as an intolerable nuisance to farmers. Hence in 1851 Bere, on the Sussex border, and Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight, were disafforested; while in the New Forest the "Deer Removal Act" nominally and almost practically put an end to the deer, and changed the character of the Forest.

A Royal Commission appointed "to enquire into the state and condition of the Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues of the Crown," produced, between 1787 and 1792, seventeen reports.[1] To the New Forest Report, published July 22nd, 1789, is attached an excellent map by Driver. This is the only map which shows the boundaries of the "walks," a matter of no small importance, as many of them are now the boundaries of parishes or unions.

In lieu of the right to keep deer, which really was a considerable expense, the Government were, by the Deer Removal Act, 1852, empowered to enclose and plant 10,000 acres, and another 10,000 when that was thrown out, in addition to the 6,000 that had been assigned to them, with similar powers, by the Act of William III. The felling of fifty thousand pounds' worth of timber, in order to clear the ground for planting in likely spots, and

[1] No. v. deals with the New Forest; vi. with Alice Holt and Wolmer; xiii. with Bere Forest.

the introduction of the hideous plantations of Scotch pine, which is the only tree that the soil in the greater part of the Forest will support, produced so much local feeling that planting was stopped; and in 1877 an Act to amend the law for the administration of the Forest limited re-enclosure and planting, and provided that "in cutting timber, care should be taken to maintain the picturesque character of the ground, and to leave everywhere enough old timber of an ornamental kind." Thus the Forest came to be administered, for the most part, as a great national park, and all future legislation will doubtless look to this end rather than to that of making any profit out of it for the Crown. It is devoutly to be hoped that provision for the proper planting and protection of *deciduous* forest trees will be made, so that the New Forest may never cease to be what it now is—the delight of all who love natural beauty at its very best. In this connexion one thing admits of no doubt—namely, that in order to do this, and to prevent the character of the Forest from being grievously changed, a stop must be put to the alarming encroachment of the seedlings from the above-mentioned Scotch pines—a matter which has already been taken in hand by the Crown. The Scotch pine, when old, is a beautiful tree, whether single or in clumps, particularly when lit by the rosy glow of sunset. The earliest in the Forest are said to have been planted at Ocknell[1] Clump.

Domesday Book gives a minute account of the afforestation by William I., with every field, farm and estate afforested in *hides*, *carucates*, and *virgates*. A hide was from one hundred to one hundred and twenty acres; a carucate (*caruca*—plough) was as much as a plough-team could till in a year, and it varied from sixty to one hundred acres; a virgate, or yardland, was the fourth part of a hide. Naturally, most of the holdings were in

[1] *Hock (hoch) knoll*=the high mound.

Saxon hands, and so they remained. The usual remark in Domesday Book, after mentioning each holding, its tenant, and extent, is, "It *was* taxed for so much (*i.e.*, in the days of Edward the Confessor, about twenty years before the Conquest); now for nothing." Or, "Now it is in the Forest," showing that the tenants were not evicted, and that their rent was reduced or remitted altogether. Of Minstead Manor there is the following notice:—

The sons of Godfric Malf—[may we not here trace the true origin of the name *Malwood* which has puzzled so many, and which adjoins Malf's Manor, if indeed it was not part of it?]—have of the King Mintestede, their father held it of King Edward. Then it was taxed for three Hides and a half, now his sons have only half a Hide which was taxed for one Virgate, the other land lies in the forest. The arable land is one Carucate, and it is there in Demesne with 4 Bordars[1] and 3 slaves and 16 acres of meadow, woodland for 10 hogs, and in Wincestre one house of 12 pence rent. This land in the time of King Edward was worth £8, and afterwards 15 shillings, now 20 shillings.

The oldest existing perambulation of the New Forest, made in 1280, shows the bounds to be—east and west, the Southampton river and the Avon; south, the sea-coast; north, the line running east and west from Owerbridge to North Charford. This is preserved in the Chapter House of Westminster.

The next, made twenty-one years later and preserved in the Tower, gives limits which remained practically the same till the last perambulation made in 22nd of Charles II., 1681. This also is in the Westminster Chapter House. From this it appears that a line drawn straight through the Forest from north-west to south-east is twenty-one miles long; from east to west, sixteen miles; and from north to south, fourteen miles long; and that it contains 92,365 acres (Report v., 1789), thirty acres less than the present statistics make it. The New Forest exceeds in extent all the other forests of England put together.

1 A Bordar or Borderer *(bordarius)* was the tenant of a cottage *(borde)* with land attached, the owner of which was bound to work for his lord and supply his table.

The officers of the Forest ranged from the Lord Warden and his lieutenant to a verminer and sub-verminer, between whom came a riding forester, a bow-bearer, two rangers, two woodwards, four verderers, two stewards, twelve regarders, nine foresters or master-keepers, and thirteen (originally fifteen) under-foresters or groom-keepers. The latter had for stipend only £1 6*s.* 8*d.* a year, which in the 26th Elizabeth, 1584, was doubled. They depended mainly on perquisites, animal and vegetable —*e.g.*, fees for each deer killed, and the sale of rabbits and swine which they bred and fed all the year in the Forest; and wood—both "windfall and rootfall," and "browse wood"—which was cut and sold in excessive quantities. These perquisites had a very destructive effect on the Forest—so much so, that it was a great saving when ten pounds was allotted to each under-keeper in lieu of fees.

Besides the destruction of the woods caused by these perquisites, the Forest became, from the same cause, so overstocked with deer, that in the hard winter of 1787 three hundred died of starvation in one walk alone. There were then ten or twelve times that number in the Forest. We hear of seven hundred at Boldrewood, five hundred at Broomy, two hundred and fifty at Eyeworth, six hundred at Ladycross and Whitley Ridge, and so on, all in very poor condition for want of winter feeding. Three tons of hay was the estimate for feeding every hundred deer through the winter if no browse-wood were cut for them. The needs of the deer used to be partly provided for by hay grown in New Park, till Charles II. had the fence round it made good "for the preservation of our red deer now coming out of France," the native stock being apparently exhausted, or needing a cross. These are all gone, and the few now in the Forest were a later importation. The occasional sight of one or two of them is one of the best of the many surprises the Forest has for those who frequent it. The "present of Good Venison from the New

Forest," for which the Archbishop of Canterbury writes his thanks to Queen Eleanor in the latter half of the thirteenth century, preparatory to giving her a good sermon for being hard on her tenants and encouraging usury, was probably a Fallow buck. The Fallow deer, though quite wild for centuries, are of Asiatic origin, and were introduced, some say, by the Crusaders, but more probably by the Romans. The peculiarity of the New Forest breed is that, instead of being either dark or mottled all the year round, they are, without exception, dark in the winter, but with light dappled coats in the summer.

Besides the fact that many of the Forest officers had a direct interest in its mismanagement, one of the great difficulties in the proper management of the Forest was what Manwood calls the *Divisum Imperium.* The Lord Warden and his various officers looked after the vert and venison, and all that related to the *pleasure* of the King; and the Exchequer had the overlooking of the timber, and all that related to the *profit* of the King, and had few officers under them. The business side of the Forest, therefore, suffered. How much it suffered, may be seen from the following:—[1]

In the time of Elizabeth the chief fund at the disposal of the Government was derived from the land and property of the Crown, and, therefore, great attention was paid to it; hence in the survey of 1608 we find that in the New Forest at that time there was estimated to be the immense quantity of 315,477 loads of timber—viz.:

197,405 loads fit for the Navy,
118,072 „ of dotard and decayed timber.

But in the course of one century at the survey of 1707 there were only 19,873 loads all told. This was mainly the result of waste and mismanagement, though doubtless the need of money during the Civil War had much to do with it.

The best comment on the Forest administration is to be found in the concluding paragraph of the

[1] Report v., 1789.

Report of 1787-1792, before mentioned, in which the Commissioners say that they have found very judicious plans for the improvement of the Forest and the correcting of abuses in almost every reign, but that they all failed for one cause—that the execution had been left to officers whose interest it was to counteract them; and they have little hope of their own recommendations faring any better unless they can get rid of "the radical error of the present system of Government."

In a forest as old as the Conquest, there are, naturally, many terms which require explanation connected both with the forest itself, the hunting, the offences against forest laws, the officers who had to take note of them, their courts, etc. To begin with, everything in a forest was referable to one of two heads, *Vert* or *Venison*—the vegetable and animal products.

The head officer in the New Forest was Lord Warden, but the greatest personage was the *Justice in Eyre*—"*Justiciarius Itinerans*." There were two of these, and they went the circuit of all the forests of England, one north and one south of the Trent, each setting up his "Justice Seat" at the chief place near to any forest.

The *Rangers* had to drive the beasts back into the forest when they got out into the *purlieus*. These were the parts outside the Forest which had once been in it, but had been disafforested at a later perambulation. Note that the *pourallee* is not the purlieu, but the perambulation itself. Manwood, speaking of this term "purlieu," says:[1]

> It cometh of the French word *pur*, clear, entire, and exempt; and *lieu*, that is a place—*i.e.*, a place exempt from the forest; and the perambulation whereby the purlieu is disafforested is called in French *pourallee—i.e.*, a perambulation; so that the *purlieu* and the *pourallee* are two distinct things, and *purlieu* is the right name of the place disafforested.

The two *Woodwards* had to do exclusively with the *vert*, and carried bills or hatchets instead of bows and

[1] Ed. iii., p. 318.

arrows, but they were bound to report to the Court of *Swainmote* or to the Court of *Attachment* (called also *Woodmote*) any offence they were cognizant of against venison as well as vert.

The four *Verderers* (*viridarii*) saw to the enforcement of the laws, and acted as judges in the Court of Swainmote.

The twelve *Regarderers (regardatores)* were lesser officers, and had to move about over the Forest to see to the felling of timber, that the *lawing* or *expeditating* of "mastives" (to be explained further on) had been carried out, and to view and inquire into trespasses and encroachments, "*assarts*, *wastes*, *purpestures*, and all faults." The *Regard* of the Forest was made every third year.

The *Foresters (forestiarii)*, or "esquire" and "groom" keepers, had to be about in the Forest at all seasons looking after both vert and venison. There were at one time a great number of foresters, walkers, and under-keepers, and it is certain that many of them enriched themselves by extortions and exactions in a most oppressive manner. The *Charta de Foresta* (Henry III.) has a special clause "to avoid all manner of surcharging of the Forest with over many foresters, etc., to the end that, by reason of the diminishing of these officers, their extortion might also the easier be diminished."

The courts for trying offences were of three kinds. The *Woodmote*, or Court of *Attachment*, was so called because the Forest officers who reported an offence might attach a man's person if he were taken in the offence, or his goods if only suspected, and he had to appear before the court and clear himself to get his goods back. This court was held every forty days or oftener, and was only one of inquest; the offender, if a true bill was found, was committed for trial at the next *Swainmote*. This court, the frequent holdings of which became very oppressive, was eventually appointed to be held three times a year—viz., "Fifteen days before Michaelmas, to take *agistment;*

about St. Martin's Day (November 11th), to receive the *pannage;* and fifteen days before St. John's Day (June 24th), 'to fawn the deer'"—*i.e.*, to clear off all animals from the Forest except the deer when about to fawn in what was termed the *Fence-month.* At this court the Verderers presided, with a jury of "Swains," or freeholders of the Forest. It took cognizance of all kinds of forest offences, and convicted in minor cases; but the convictions had to be confirmed and the graver offences entirely dealt with by the Lord Chief Justice in Eyre, whose court was held once in three years, when all inhabitants of the Forest between twelve and fourteen years old had to appear to take the oath of allegiance to the King.

A court held in the Verderers' Hall, at Lyndhurst, still keeps the name of Swainmote. The *iter* or circuit of the Justice in Eyre was put an end to in 1640, but the office was only legally abolished in 1817. Charles II. tried to revive it, and Vere, Earl of Oxford, held the last justice-seat at Lyndhurst in 1669 and 1670, which was adjourned to Winchester, September 29th, 1670. The Royal Coat-of-Arms provided for the occasion still hangs in the Verderers' Hall.

The terms *agistment*, *pannage*, and *fence-month*, before used, need some explanation; as do also *expeditating* and the various Forest encroachments.

Pannage, or *pawnage*, Manwood says, is the gathering of money—"pawns"—for the profit made of the fruit of trees; but it is generally used, he admits, of "the mast of such trees only as bear fruit to feed hogs, or else of the money for the agistment of such mast." The term "pannage-month" is still used in the Forest to signify the time—about eight weeks—during which pigs may run in the Forest. Originally it was from fifteen days before Michaelmas to forty days after—that is, till Martinmas.

The *Fence-month*, which began fifteen days before and lasted till fifteen days after Midsummer Day, is called

in Latin *Tempus Vetitum*, or *Mensis Vetitus;* so clearly the word "fence" is the same as the French *défendu*. Previous to the commencement of the month there was a *drift* of the Forest, to get all the cattle and ponies out, and to see that only legitimate commoners were making use of the rights of common or pasture. The cattle were driven into pounds, whence the owners fetched them away, a "foreigner" (the term is still used in the Forest) paying a penalty, and on the third offence forfeiting his beasts to the Crown. Manwood says of this:

> And it seems very reasonable that the cattle of foreigners, who have no free land in the Forest, should have no manner of common there, because of right it belongeth unto the inhabitants, and to such as have lands and tenements in their tenure and occupation there; for they only are subject to the burthen and inconveniences of the Forest in their corn, meadows, and pastures, where the deer often feed; and for that cause they are to have the benefit of the common, for *qui sentit onus sentire debet et commodum.*

Since the removal of the deer, the use of the fence-month has departed, and the custom has lapsed; as also has the more serious exclusion of commoners from the use of the Forest in winter. Originally, after the end of the pannage-month (November 11th), the time called the *Winter Haining* began, and, in order to allow the deer to have all there was to eat during the winter, commoners' cattle were kept out from November 11th to April 23rd.

This closing of the Forest to horses in the winter enabled it to feed bigger animals, for whereas we now consider that the Forest herbage—taking it both in summer and winter—will not suffice for ponies of more than thirteen hands high, we find that by a statute of Henry VIII. no "stone horse" might run in the Forest who was not fifteen hands high, and any mare that was thought not able to bear "foles of reasonable stature," and any filly or gelding not likely to grow "to be able to do profitable labour," would be, at the discretion of the drivers, killed and buried. This was a very good law,

for in pack-horse days a small, weak beast was of little service.

The Forest was driven a second time at Michaelmas to take the *agistment*, or pay for herbage. This word came to have two meanings, just as pannage did—that is, both the herbage and the money taken for the same.

There were formerly two under officers in the New Forest termed *Agistors* (*Agistatores*), a word of very uncertain derivation, whose duty it was to collect the profit arising from the herbage and pannage for the King's use; but the herbage and pannage being granted to the Lord Warden these profits were collected by the Lord Warden's Steward, and the appointment of agistors has been discontinued for a century.[1]

It is odd that this obsolete office should be one of the two ancient terms which are still used in the Forest, where everyone is now familiar with the terms *Verderer* and *Agister*. Of these, the former was originally a judicial officer who looked after the King's interests, but is now elected to look after the rights of the commoners as against the Crown; while the name "Agister" has been for some time erroneously given to the marksmen, who are officers working under the verderers, and whose duty is to mark, with a special tailmark for each district (there are four of them) the commoners' cattle and ponies. The branding is a private affair of each individual owner. Their work has this much in common with that of the obsolete agister—that they collect the small fee which is paid to the verderers for each head of stock running in the open. Hence, perhaps, the usurpation of the name.

Expeditation was apparently introduced in the reign of Henry II. At that time, most farmers and freeholders kept a watchdog, who was generally a mastiff, and called simply *canis*—a greyhound being called *canis venaticus*, or *leporarius*, and a spaniel *canis fugax* (which looks as if the Normans had difficulties in getting their dogs in "to heel"), or *canis odoriferus*, the exact counterpart of

[1] Report v. 1789.

the American "smell dog."[1] In the *Charta de Foresta* of Edward I. we read: "No mower shall bring with him a great mastiff to drive away the deer of our Lord the King, but little dogs to look to things without the coverts"; and mastiffs were rendered harmless by the cruel method of cutting off three toes from the fore feet, the foot being placed on a block of wood of prescribed size, "eight inches thick and a foot square," and "a chizel of two inches" set on the claws, which were struck off "at one blow." If, after this, a dog could pull down a deer, he was free to do so without prejudice to his master.

A man was, however, allowed to pay a fine of three shillings to save his dog's claws, and a village might compound. Thus Lymington was allowed thirty-two dogs *unlawed*. If a man kept two dogs unlawed, he still only paid three shillings for the two, but if a dog was owned by two men each had to pay. Oddly enough, a greyhound was free, but might not be used for hunting. In later times a gauge was kept, through which if a dog could squeeze his body he was free of expeditation. One of these gauges hangs in the hall at Brousholme Park, Yorkshire; and in the Verderers' Hall at Lyndhurst is an old stirrup of the sixteenth century, which was at that time and onwards used for this purpose. It is called Rufus's stirrup, and is of a much better shape for the dog-gauge than that at Brousholme. The word "expeditate" seems to mean to cut joints *ex pede*, off the foot.

The Verderers' Hall at Lyndhurst was, until its destruction in 1852, a very interesting old building, but

[1] In the earliest treatise on hunting, a book called *The Maystre of the Game*, largely based on a French book of the chase by Gaston de Foix, we read that "Spanyell houndes" were so called "for the nature of them come first oute of spaigne." The author of this book was Edward, Duke of York, who was Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of the New Forest and all Forests south of the Trent in 1397. He fell at Agincourt, where he led the right wing. Leland says of him that "being a fatte man," in the heat and throng of the battle he was "smouldered to death" (*Memorials of Old Northamptonshire*, p. 179).

the only genuine antiquity in it now is the prisoners' dock, of solid dark oak entirely hewn with the axe, a good specimen of old English carpentry. Of the "stable for fortie horse" of King Charles I. a part of one wall remains, between the National School playground and the Crown Inn yard. It is of brick, massively built.

Besides hunting with dogs, the offences against *venison* in the New Forest were almost innumerable, and the penalties often very severe. But the most remarkable names are those of the offences against *vert*, such as *waste*, *assart*, and *purpresture*.

Waste was the illegal "felling or cutting down of the coverts, which might grow up again and become coverts in time."

Assart, from *assartir*, to make plain or grub up, was the grubbing up of the tree or copsewood roots, in order to turn woodland into arable or pasture.

Purpresture, from *pourpris*—taken, was the making of an illegal encroachment on the Forest, as by building a hut or fencing in a bit of forest and adding it to a holding.

Manwood grows quite eloquent on this subject, which he treats at great length. He says that—

> If every owner of lands in the Forest might build as many Houses as he pleased, it would in a short time be so full of People and Houses that the Wild Beasts would be frighted out of the Forest; and therefore at first Forests were made where there were few or no inhabitants, and afterwards by the special Licence and Favour of the King some few people were suffered to dwell there. . . . New erections and increasing dwelling houses in the Forests are—
>
> 1. *Ad terrorem ferarum*, for the sight of many Houses would terrify the Deer.
> 2. *Ad nocumentum Forestæ*, because the People and the Inhabitants would destroy the *Vert*.
> 3. *Ad superonerationem Forestæ*, for by the encrease of Houses and Inhabitants the Forest of necessity would be surcharged.
> 4. *Ad exilationem ferarum*, because the multitude of People and their Dogs would drive the Deer out of the Forest.
>
> Therefore, nothing can be more hurtful to a Forest than Purprestures.

The peculiar laws under which the natives of the New Forest lived for many centuries has tended to keep alive a number of traditions which are handed down as facts, and too readily accepted by the majority of visitors —and even many of the residents—as history. Foremost among these is the singularly persistent story of the destruction of villages and churches to make the New Forest. The statement was made by the monkish chroniclers, who had good reason to abuse the King; and each writer who copied the statement usually added to the enormity and embellished it with details, until the number of destroyed churches in the course of three centuries reached, in various accounts, the grand totals of twenty-two, thirty-six, or fifty-two, and in no less than sixty parishes. But the contemporary chronicler says nothing of it, and Domesday Book gives the total of the inhabitants "in and around the New Forest" as two hundred, and speaks of only two churches—Brockenhurst and Milford—both of which churches are still standing, and, by the Norman work in them, bear witness that they were standing about the time when the New Forest was made.

If the Forest before the perambulation of Edward I. extended north and west into Wilts and Dorset, and far beyond the limits then fixed, as some maintain, it is conceivable that in those counties evictions and even destruction of churches might have taken place, and that land was afforested which might have supplied corn for the use of man. But have we any traces, documentary or other, of such buildings having existed and having been swept away? It would seem to be impossible to find proof of this. But when the later chroniclers, as quoted by Knighton, say that William Rufus "levelled twenty-two Mother Churches with Villages, Chapels, Manors, and Mansions between Southampton and Twynham, which is now called Christchurch," of all of which the Saxon chronicler says nothing, then we know for certain that they are romancing.

Apart from the fact that no sign of any ruined church exists, any intelligent person who traverses what is now the forest can at once satisfy himself that this district, so far from "supplying the markets of Winchester with corn," as Vitalis, in his *Historia Ecclesiastica*, written about 1100, would apparently have us believe, is, and always has been, incapable of producing crops, or of supporting even a sparse population. And the geological testimony also is, on this point, positive and unmistakable. There are a few small streams with alluvial soil, and there is clay or marl full of small white river-shells on the tops of the rounded knolls; but the greater part of the present New Forest is a great bed of gravel with patches of sand, on which nothing would grow but heather, furze, and bracken, and a few stunted firs. The old name, also, of the New Forest, "Ytene," which means a furzy tract, bears excellent witness to its character. Previous quotations from Domesday Book have shown that even the few people who were living in the district when it was afforested were not evicted and not oppressed; for their rents were reduced, and common rights allowed to them for the loss of the "right to the woods" which belonged to their holdings.[1] In fact, what William I. probably did was to turn an open furzy district into a *Royal* Forest, to give it a very stringent set of laws, and appoint officers to carry them out; and we shall thus be justified in throwing overboard entirely the tradition of William's destruction of churches and parishes, and turning a dense population adrift.

Along with this, too, must go another and still more cherished tradition, which owed its origin to the same monkish detestation of William's successor. The making or possession of a forest always seems to have had a bad effect on a king's character, and certainly Rufus was rightly detested by all for his cruelty and rapacity, and by none

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1 *Victoria County History*, ii., pp. 419-421.

so deservedly as by the Church. He had brought in the death penalty for killing a deer, and he had made the Church, from the Pope downwards, his lasting enemy by refusing to pay Peter's Pence and declining to fill up bishoprics—notably that of Canterbury—and taking all their great revenues for his own private use year after year, while he had even put out the eyes of some who had ventured to side with the monks against him. These things being so, it was not to be wondered at that the same Forest which had witnessed the death of his brother and his nephew should have seen him also fall, struck by a perhaps well-aimed arrow, for which neither was any repentance likely to be expected nor any punishment awarded.

Below the hill which leads from Malwood to Canterton is "Rufus's Stone," a stone pillar standing near the road-side, now enclosed in a hideous triangular cast-iron case. On its three sides it bears the inscription:—

> Here stood the oak tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrell at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II., surnamed Rufus, on the breast; of which stroke he instantly died, on the 2nd of August, 1100. King William II., surnamed Rufus, being slain as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the Cathedral Church of that city. That the spot where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745.
>
> This stone having been much mutilated, and the inscription on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial [*the iron case*], with the original inscription, was erected in the year 1841 by William Sturges Bourne, Warden.

The bold assertions of this inscription would seem to admit of there being no doubt either as to the place or manner of the King's death; but if the reader will turn to Wise's book on the New Forest, he will find much to make him hesitate in accepting the tradition of

the glancing arrow. The Anglo-Saxon chronicler writing at the time simply says he was shot by one of his men. John of Brompton says, "by accident, *sagittam cervo incaute dirigens*"; and Stowe follows him. But the oldest writers, such as Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury, both of them contemporary, are by no means unanimous, even as to the spot, one speaking of it as happening at Brockenhurst, another at Chorengham, and another at Thorougham, now Fritham, near an old chapel which his father had pulled down. Fritham, like Minstead, was afforested, but was never taken possession of by the King as part of his own property. The stories of his prophetic dreams and warnings are obviously of monkish origin, and seem to have been manufactured in an attempt to throw upon Providence the onus which the writers did not like to place on ecclesiastical shoulders. Clearly, there would be many who would gladly assist Providence to get rid of a man whom they could only regard as a monster of cruelty and oppression. It sounded natural to say that it happened in the excitement of the chase, and it was not a bad idea to say that the hand that sped the arrow was Tyrell's, as there was no known cause of enmity between him and the King, so that if he shot him it must have been accidental. His flight gave colour to the accusation, and made it look as if he had more to do with it than he admitted. Tyrell himself always denied it, and probably with truth, for it is hardly to be doubted that the hand that drew the bow-string was under orders from a distance, and there were always plenty of men who could be hired to do the Church's bidding, and they would feel that those who gave them the task were quite able to protect them from any inconvenient consequences. Tyrell's flight may well have been prompted by an unwillingness to run any risk of having to play the part of scapegoat. He also knew, of course, that the news of the King's death would be eagerly looked for abroad, and in those days the only way for news to

travel was by special messenger, so he fled towards Ringwood. And here we come to another of the picturesque traditions which cluster so thickly round the Red King; for there, at Tyrell's Ford, over the Avon, a smithy long existed which has always been said to pay a yearly fine to the Crown because the blacksmith assisted Tyrell in his flight. But when, a few years ago, the Fane family, the owners of the property, redeemed their Forest Dues, great pains were taken to trace the supposed fine and its commutation, but in vain; nothing could be found about either one or the other, in the Fane papers or in the Land Record Office, where at least a note of the money paid for commutation must have been entered. So this story, also, has to be relegated, though not without regret, to the misty region of the picturesque, where foundations are not fact, but fancy.

That Rufus, however, was taken to Winchester in a forest cart and buried in the Cathedral without ceremony is certain, and the old track from Otterbourne to Shawford Down is still called King's Lane.

There are many of the name of Purkess still living not far from "Rufus's Stone." But when the name of Purkess first crept into the account as the man who carted the King's body to Winchester one cannot tell. It is obviously a corruption of Perkins, a name not found till the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Still, the family of the man, whatever he was called, may very well be still living in the Forest, and even the ruins of the cottage in which he is said to have lived not far off are very properly taken care of by the owner.

Finally, though in the Cathedral you are shown "Rufus's tomb," it is quite certain that this is another fable which will not abide enquiry. The tomb is a block of oolite, hollowed out for the head, six feet long and twenty-two inches deep, and covered by a fine dark brown Purbeck slab in the shape called *dos d'âne*. It stood under the tower, and later was moved to near the altar steps.

In his account of the opening of this tomb in 1868, Mr. Joyce says: "It is observable that Stowe, in his Annals, gives an almost literal version of the account of Rufus's death, as delivered by the Latin chroniclers, and then subjoins a description of the tomb in which the body once lay as it would seem from personal observation." He says:—

> King William, on the Morrow after Lammas day hunting in the New Forest of Hampshire in a place called Chorengham, where since a chapell was builded, Sir Walter Tyrell shooting at a Deere, unawares hit the King in the breast, that he fell down starke dead and never spake worde. . . . He dyed in the year of Christ 1100 in the 13 yeare of his raygne on the 2nd day of August, when he had raygned 12 years 11 moneths lacking eight days, and was buried at Winchester in the Cathedrall Church or Monastery of Saynt Swithen, under a playne flat marble stone before the lecterne in the queere, but long since his bones were translated and layd with King Cnute's bones.

This extract is from the fourth edition, printed in 1592.

We know that his bones were taken up, and put into a chest with Cnut's bones, in 1525, the year in which Bishop Fox completed his chancel screens, on the top of which the six fine Italian chests were placed, and where they still remain, and the inscription was placed at the time on the third or westernmost chest on the south side: *Hic jacent ossa Cnutonis et Willelmi Rufi.*" Some of these chests were violated in 1642, but the bones of Rufus were put back in the same chest in 1861, with the inscription: *In hac et altera e regione cista reliquiae sunt ossium Canuti et Rufi Regum, Emmae Reginae, Winae et Alwini Episcoporum.* The corresponding chest referred to, bears the inscription: *In hac cista* A.D. 1661 *promiscue recondita sunt ossa Principum et Prelatorum sacrilega barbarie dispersa* A.D. 1642. It has been ascertained that the chest on the southern screen contains only the bones of two skeletons, presumed to be those of Cnut and Rufus.

It is thus clear that Rufus's bones could not then be in the so-called "Rufus's tomb," nor, if he were buried, as William of Malmesbury, writing at the time, says he

was, under a plain flat marble stone, could he ever have been in it. Yet Clarendon, writing in 1683, speaks of it as Rufus's tomb, and evidently believes that his body was then in it, and Gale, in 1715, following Clarendon, says:—

> In the area at the ascent to the altar is a raised monument of greyish marble, in which lay interred William Rufus before it was broken open and rifled in the late rebellion.

Further on, he says:—

> In the tomb of William Rufus which was broken open by the rebels in the time of the Civil Wars was found the dust of that King, some relics of cloth of gold, a large gold ring, and a small silver chalice.

Now, a chalice is the peculiar mark of a priest's interment, and clearly points to the fact that the body in that tomb was not that of Rufus. Yet Milner, following Gale, called it Rufus's tomb, and supposed it to be empty. It was, therefore, rather a surprise when, on being opened in 1868, it was found to contain the bones of a man much displaced, and the largest bones violently broken, as would be likely to happen when the tomb was violated in 1642, together with bits of embroidered cloth, with fragments of linen, serge, and muslin, and seven different patterns of gold braid, also a small oval turquoise and a small carved ivory head, possibly of a knife-haft, with a socket-hole and a hole for a rivet, the whole stained green, as if by long contact with bronze. These are still to be seen; but there was also a weapon like a spear originally nine inches long, but broken in two, the socket having the tapered end of the shaft still in it, and several bits of the shaft, to the extent of three feet six inches in all, either clean cut, or half cut, half broken, into bits of two or three inches only; the section of the shaft which was oval, measuring one and a half inches by one inch diameter. This was put back with the bones, which sufficed to form nearly a complete skeleton, five feet nine inches high, and no drawing was taken of it. The ring and chalice were gone; bits of mortar which had dropped in showed that

the lid had been removed and refixed; and the chipped condition of the lower edge of the oolite showed that the whole tomb had been moved before. It was now again moved eastward, and placed in the retro-choir between the chantries of Bishop Waynflete and Cardinal Beaufort, and a few years later was again put back to what may be considered its original position under the great tower, and probably close to the spot where Rufus was originally buried; for Walkelyn's tower, which collapsed in 1107, was said to have fallen in disgust at having this blood-stained King interred beneath it. Who it was that occupied and still occupies the tomb it is impossible to say, but both the character of the tomb itself and of the patterns on the gold braid found in it would indicate an age somewhat earlier than that of Rufus.

The man who conveyed the body of Rufus to Winchester was said to be a charcoal burner, and there was originally a great deal of charcoal made in every forest in England for the purpose of smelting iron; and just as iron is now worked to the best advantage when found in the neighbourhood of coal, so it used to be a great thing to find iron where there was plenty of timber growing. Hence the ironworks at Sowley Pond. A good deal of coal began to be used in Elizabeth's reign, which explains her veto on felling timber "for the burning of iron." At this time all over Sussex the industry died out and fled to the North, leaving only in all directions the "hammer ponds" to attest its previous existence; though a few of these were in occasional use till near the end of the eighteenth century.

Until the last few years, three circles for charcoal burning remained in the Forest, with quaint turf-covered wigwams built after the manner of the early Britons, in which the charcoal burner lived whilst engaged in firing his pile. Now only one is in use, and that but seldom. But though timber is not now much used for charcoal, some is still required each year to satisfy the claims of

those houses which have "fuel-rights" attached to them. These rights at one time were very damaging to the Forest, and in the twenty-sixth of Elizabeth—1584—a law was passed, which said that no inhabitant of any house newly built since the beginning of the Queen's reign should be allowed any wood in the Forest to be spent in any such new-built house.

The rights which the inhabitants of the Forest claim are of three kinds, though comparatively few have all the three—rights of fuel ("Estovers"), rights of turf ("Turbary"), and rights of "common" or pasture. The right of "pannage," according to Manwood, goes with that of "common."

This is the difference between pawnage and agistment—the pawnage is the agistment of the mast of the trees or the profit that is made of it, and agistment is the herbage of the ground or the profit that is made of the same.

This agistment right is enjoyed by all natives of or dwellers in the Forest, who are mostly called commoners, and is a very valuable right indeed. The right of "Turbary," or of having turf cut from the Forest to be burnt in a cottage hearth or under a copper is less universal, and as the natives are not indigent, it is not now very valuable, but it is very hurtful to the Forest. The turf is not cut from a peat bog, the New Forest bogs being too watery to admit of this, as many a stranger following the hounds has found to his cost, but it is the matted roots of the heather with soil adhering which is cut in thin round cakes, fifteen inches across, with a broad, cross-handled, ace-of-spades shovel. The turves are pared off in chequers, growing bits being left between, and the heath land is thus deprived of half its top surface at each paring, and there is very little left but sand and gravel, so that the soil has no chance to improve. These turves will smoulder when lit, and give out warmth, and many little farms have each year a stack of some thousands.

The right of "estovers," or wood for fuel and fencing,

is not very common now, but a good deal of wood has to be found for it every year, and as wind-falls may not always suffice, it is also a right which may be very hurtful to the Forest—a fact which was recognised in the earliest times. Manwood instances the case of the Prior of Lancaster, who

> . . . Had by charter every day two cartloads of deadwood to be burnt in his Priory; but because he took *Viridem boscum pro mortuo* contrary to his grant, his Estovers were seized into the hands of the Lord of the Forest, and the Prior was fined *pro Estoveriis rehabendis* £3 6s. 8d., *et rehabuit Estoveria sua*.[1]

The derivation of the word is somewhat obscure, but probably it comes from the old French *estovoir*, and means "necessaries." In the Forest now it is translated into "timber rights," and these rights are attached to a messuage or tenement. Manwood says that "a man may have 'Estovers' appurtenant to a house," and "if the Estovers are spent in any other house, 'tis a good cause of seizure of the same Estovers, for this is an abuse which is a cause of Forfeiture. Even if the King grant a man as much firewood as he thinks fit to burn in another man's house, 'tis a void grant." Also the house in which the Estovers are to be burned must be "an antient house." The wood might not be sold, and "if he that hath Estovers in a Forest make hurdles of them, and sell those hurdles, he is punishable" In all this there is no mention of a hearth. But the current idea in the Forest is that these rights of fuel attached *to the hearth*, so if a house was taken or burnt down, the hearth was preserved as the proof of an existent right. In more than one orchard by the roadside you may still see heaps of brick rubbish piled up and left to mark the hearth-stone. There certainly are one or two cases in which the right is registered as attaching to "one chimney in an antient messuage," which may seem to give some support to the idea of "hearth-tenure," though it may also be only a limitation, and merely

[1] Itin. 10 Edw. III. fo. 65.

mean that the owner has a right to burn *estovers* only in one room in his house in which is an ancient chimney, the rest of the house being modern, and therefore without rights; for no doubt most of the houses which have timber rights now have been rebuilt since the days of Elizabeth, and yet have been allowed to retain their rights; and it is not unlikely that a chimney or hearth was either actually or nominally retained to secure the rights. But it was to the messuage or tenement in which the hearth was, not to the hearth, that the *estovers* were attached; a hearth without a house could have none. The idea that the hearth-stone could be moved from one house to another, conveying rights of *estovers* with it, is quite absurd. Whenever a house is destroyed by fire or pulled down, the rights which were attached to it, whether of *estovers* or *turbary*, perish with the house, and are *ipso facto* wiped out; nor has this decision ever been contested.

The claims for all Forest rights are to be found in the record of the proceedings of the last Justice Seat for the New Forest, held in 1670, and the final register of them was made in 1858 by a commission which sat under the presidency of Chief Justice Coleridge as a result of the Deer Removal Act. A great many claims were disallowed, some, no doubt, entailing hardship, where the holders had an honest claim but could produce no evidence for it; but the vast majority were claims which never ought to have existed.

One more Forest tradition may be mentioned. No native is ignorant of the old story of "Bishop's Ditch," which runs northward from the low marshy ground between Denny and Woodfidley, and is visible from the line soon after passing Beaulieu Road Station. The story (it is found also at Tichborne and elsewhere) is that the Bishop of Winchester obtained from the King a gift of as much land as he could crawl round on his hands and knees in a day, and he put in a very good day's work. Wise erroneously speaks of Bishop's Ditch as a manor belonging

to Winchester College. It really is a purlieu of the Bishop of Winchester, who probably either had or designed to have a fish-stew there.

So far, we have spoken only of the Forest since it became a Royal Forest in Norman times. But there are evidences of Roman and early British settlements in the district, the attraction always being the woods, which were ready to hand for heating the primitive kilns for the most ancient of all industries—the baking of pottery.

The many barrows which have been opened in the district have yielded little except some rude burial urns; but a pair of flint knives have been picked up on the surface at Eyeworth, and lately a small flint spear-head of the barbed kind was dug up in the allotment gardens near Lyndhurst. Of Roman pottery, a great deal was made in the extensive potteries at Sloden, Crock Hill, and Island Thorns, all lying together in the north-west corner of the Forest, just where the lower Bagshot sands crop out near a bed of very fine yellow clay. Two kinds of ware were made—the usual red "Samian," and a dark brown, almost black ware, the peculiarity of which is that it is always overbaked, and so made into stone ware. The shapes are good, and the ornamentation remarkable, consisting either of interlacing rings or criss-cross lines, surmounted by dots, conventional fern patterns, and curious geometrical figures of circles and triangles combined into a sort of Masonic figure. At Sloden, the pattern was made on both kinds of ware in a creamy "slip," which is white liquid clay, painted on the pottery before burning. This seems to have been imitated from that made at Castor, in Northamptonshire (*Durobrivae*). Sloden ware was widely used by the Romans. A rude imitation of leaves and ferns is not uncommon, but on none have I so far been able to discover any impressions made by pressing the real leaf or frond on the clay when soft, and so making the nature-printed pictures which have been said to be the distinctive mark of the New Forest pottery.

Of other Roman traces the Forest has not many. The large camp at Buckland Rings dominated Lymington, a town which in the fourteenth century used to contribute more sea-going ships for foreign invasion than Portsmouth; and on the Ordnance Map the words "Roman coins found here" are marked at Pond Head farm, near Lyndhurst. This makes it seem likely that a military post was placed on the sandy knoll at that spot, and that the road from Southampton to Lymington struck straight across the Forest from near Lyndhurst Road Station to Pond Head, and passed up the valley westwards to the great camp. Another Roman road went from the ford of the Test, at Nursling (Nutshalling), to the Solent, and apparently crossed from Lepe to Gurnard Bay, in the Isle of Wight.

The chief historic building was the magnificent Abbey of Beaulieu, which must have a separate chapter.

The Forests of Alice Holt, Wolmer, and Bere, on the east side of the county, being under the same administration as the New Forest, demand word here.

Alice Holt, Ayles Holt, or Aisholt, was first perambulated in 28 Edward I. (1300), and the record of the perambulation is preserved in the Tower. It had been enlarged by the four previous Kings, but was reduced by Edward I. In 1800, nearly half of the forest and Wolmer was in private hands. The amount held by the Crown is given somewhat differently in the 1790 Report and in the *Victoria History*. Returns made to the House of Commons in 1875 put it in round numbers as: Alice Holt, 2,000 acres; Wolmer, 6,000; Bere, 1,500. The stiff loam of the Holt produces very good oak, but mismanagement spoilt the timber, and in 1790 we find more than half the trees described as "scrubbed and unthrifty," others as "dotard and defective." Wolmer is separated from Alice Holt by a considerable slice of private property.

Alice Holt and Wolmer had officers like the New

Forest, who held Courts of "Swainmote" and "Attachment." The office of Lieutenant or Keeper of the Forest was usually granted on a lease of lives. He was entitled to all "windfalls and rootfalls" in the two Forests; to "house-bote and fire-bote" (timber for repairs and fuel) for himself and the Foresters and Keepers; to "all waifs and strays, honey and wax found there"; pasturage for two horses for himself and one for each Keeper; liberty of fishing in the King's waters; all fines levied in the Wood Court held every six weeks; "the entrails commonly called humbles and suets" of all deer killed there, and "one stag and one buck in summer, and one hind and one doe in winter for his own use"; and to have all these privileges "without any account to be rendered to his Majesty, his heirs, or successors, for the same." But he had to pay all salaries and wages, preserve the deer and timber, and keep the lodge and fences in repair at his own expense. A fee-farm rent of £31 2*s.* 11*d.* was allowed him towards this, and in 1701 the King added £150, afterwards reduced to £130. But the Lieutenant kept back the £20 allowed by Government as wages to each keeper, and allowed them, in lieu, to make what profit they could out of the Forest. He was also continually making fresh claims, *e.g.*, to have for his own a fifth of the value of all wood felled and sold, and the right to sell it by auction, instead of sending it to the dockyards; also the right to all the inclosed pasturage —some four hundred and fifty-six acres—for his own use and benefit. This example of rapacity was naturally followed; and we find that in 1789, the people of Frensham claimed the "top and lop" of the felled trees, and boldly carried off in waggons for their own use 6,365 faggots in one night! What the Forest suffered may be estimated from the fact that from a hundred to a hundred and forty loads of "cordwood" a year were assigned as "fire-bote" to the Great Lodge, sixteen loads to each keeper's cottage, and eighty loads of oak timber for "house-bote."

All this came from the Holt, for Wolmer, with its hungry soil, valued at three shillings an acre, produced no oak, and the sand was in places too poor even to grow Scotch firs, which throve in the red sand, but died in the white. An oak in the Holt, known as "The Grindstone Oak," is spoken of as one of the largest trees in England, measuring thirty-four-and-a-half feet in girth five feet from the ground, and containing twenty-seven loads of timber. Gilbert White speaks of the splendid oaks in the Holt, and says that the fallow deer never left them for Wolmer, whilst the red deer of Wolmer never haunted the thickets of the Holt. He also relates, on the word of a keeper whose father had been keeper at the time, that Queen Anne, when travelling on the Portsmouth Road, once turned aside, and taking up a position on a bank near Wolmer Pond, watched the whole herd of red deer driven past her in the valley. Forty years later, this herd had dwindled to seven or eight.

Bere, or *Beare*, north of Portsdown, is only about eight miles from Portsmouth, so that timber hauling from the Forest to the Dockyard only cost eight and sixpence a load. It was perambulated in 1300, and reduced in size. There are sixteen *purlieus*, *i.e.*, parcels of land which have been disafforested, belonging to different proprietors, and appurtenant to manors or lordships which extend into the Forest, the King's deer having a right to range and feed over them. But it is now disafforested, and there are no deer. There are two *Walks*, "East" and "West," and the King has a parcel of land of each. The soil is very good for oaks, but such was the mismanagement in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when poachers and squatters did practically what they pleased in the Forest and destroyed both vert and venison, that in 1783 there were on the whole fifteen hundred acres only two hundred and ten trees "of thirty feet and upwards, fit for the navy," while the net profit made by

the Crown from the timber in that century was only £45 2*s.* a year. The Crown had "an unlimited right of keeping deer, and to be supplied with venison without stint," but in 1792 there were only about two hundred and fifty head of deer, of which none were supplied for the use of the Royal Household. The Warden, who had "an antient cottage called the Goat-house" in Bere, also had a right to deer without stint. Winchester College also had a purlieu, and the right to be supplied with "two bucks, one for the purlieu and one as composition deer." This purlieu is described in 1792 as "two uninclosed coppices containing about eighty acres, full of large and fine timber, and also about forty or fifty acres in the open, with some small timber in the open parts. The officers were similar to those in the other Forests, with the curious additional title of "Howard" for Keeper.

The following facts show how great was the consumption of timber for ship-building in the eighteenth century.

An East Indiaman took eight months to build, and was held good for four voyages, or if she seemed worth repairing, she was allowed to go six voyages, after which she would be broken up or sold. These ships were usually of twelve hundred tons burden, and one-and-a-half loads of timber were reckoned to the ton. Repairing was almost as costly as re-making. An iron vessel will make a hundred voyages, and is of far greater tonnage. It is interesting to compare the cost of repairing ironclads, which we can do from a return issued by the Admiralty, March, 1905. The *Alexandra*, between 1889 and 1891, cost for repairs £90,414. The *Simoon* (late *Monarch*), between 1892 and 1896, cost £143,000. The *Tartar* cost £19,564 in 1904, and is now declared obsolete.

WILLINGHAM FRANKLIN RAWNSLEY.

OLD PORTSMOUTH

By the Rev. G. N. Godwin, B.D.

WAS there ever a time when there was not an "Old Portsmouth"? and was there ever a time when that same "Old Portsmouth" was not the very merriest place in all the world for "the jolly, jolly sailor-men, a-sweeping in from sea"? and did not "the Portsmouth girls always get hold of the towrope" long before the good ships touched soundings in the Channel? In the first century, Roman engineer officers of Claudius superintended the building of the walls of Portchester, whence it is said that Vespasian embarked for the dread siege of Jerusalem. But, according to the Rev. Henry Teonge, a naval chaplain in the days of Charles II., there was an "Old Portsmouth" long before Vespasian was born. Thus speaks he on September 1st, 1678:—

> After diner I went with our Captaine to Port Cæsar (Portchester), an old ruinous place built by Julius Cæsar; and was his dwelling house. The wall is very high, and built great part of it of flint. Tis 4 square, and contayns 7 akers of ground, in one part; and neare the wall stands an old castle, with dry moate about it.

Another veracious scribe says that "Old Portsmouth," at Portchester, was built by Paris, the second son of Sisel, the founder of Silchester, and goes back to the time of the building of Rome, in B.C. 753. After this, you may, of course, give it any antiquity you please.

At any rate, from early days Roman war-galleys and

traders in search of a general cargo of tin, lead, hides, hounds, and corn, came up the harbour, and cast anchor beneath the gray walls of Portchester, where now torpedoes are tested in the canal. It is even said that one of these ancient "tramps" brought in and landed below Portsdown Hill no less a person than St. Paul himself, whence the quay is called Paulsgrove. In the "Old Portsmouth" of the Roman empire dwelt the Count of the Saxon Shore, who was charged with the protection of the coast from the Solent to the Wash, and many a swift galley of Carausius put out to grapple and capture the Saxon or Frisian pirates of the Channel, causing thereby the spending of prize-money at Portchester. But the iron grip of Rome upon Britain at last relaxed, and in the year 501 two stout ships came to Portsmouth, from which sprang ashore a Saxon chief named Port, with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla. An alarm was raised, and the governor, "a British youth of very high rank," headed the whole population against the invaders. As each man came up, he rushed into the fight in headlong fashion. But the Saxons fought with steady bravery; the Britons were routed, and "the victory remained with Port and his sons. From him, the place was called Portsmouth" (Henry of Huntingdon). From "Old Portsmouth" out darted King Alfred's long ships, which "were both swifter and steadier, and also higher, than the others," as many a Dane found to his cost. In 1101, Earl Robert landed at Portsmouth "twelve nights before Lammas, and the king marched against him with all his forces." Twenty-two years later, Henry II. "proceeded to Portsmouth, and stayed there over Pentecost week, and as soon as he had a fair wind, he sailed for Normandy." In 1133, when the king had gathered a large fleet at Portsmouth, there was a terrible scare "when the ships were anchored on the shore, ready for the king's voyage, the sea being very calm, and little wind stirring, the great anchors of one of the ships were suddenly wrenched from their hold in the ground, as

though by some violent shock, and, the ship getting under weigh, to the surprise of numbers who tried in vain to stop her, set in motion the ship next to her, and thus eight ships fell foul of each other by some unknown force, so that they all received damage." August 1st, 1140, saw Robert of Gloucester and the Empress Maud at Portsmouth; and in May, 1194, the old town saw the final departure of Richard Lion Heart, who had granted it a fifteen days' fair; as it did, in later days, that of Lord Nelson. Archdeacons have done strange things in their time, but an archdeacon in charge of a dockyard is a novelty. On May 20th, 1213, King John, who used to embark packs of foxhounds from this harbour, ordered the Sheriff of Southampton with all speed "to cause our docks at Portsmouth to be inclosed with a good strong wall, in such a manner as our well-beloved and faithful William, Archdeacon of Taunton (William de Wrotham), will tell you for the preservation of our ships and galleys; and likewise to cause penthouses to be made to the said walls, as the same archdeacon will also tell you, in which all our ships' tackle may be safely kept." Edward IV. began the Round Towers at the mouth of the harbour. The brief reign of Richard III. saw progress made with them, and Henry VII. finished them, being urged thereto by Fox, Bishop of Winchester. Bishops and archdeacons used to play many parts.

In 1545, the French made a raid upon the Isle of Wight, and an English fleet mustered to oppose them. The ports of the huge *Mary Rose* were open, and she heeled over and sank, drowning seven hundred men in the sight of Henry VIII., who was standing on Southsea Common.

All over, and the cry of mun, and the screech of mun! Oh, sir! up to the very heavens! And the King he screeched right out like any maid, "Oh, my gentlemen! Oh, my gallant men!" And as she lay on her beam ends, Sirs, and just a-settling, the very last souls I seen was that man's father and that man's. Iss! Iss! Drowned like rattens! Drowned like rattens!

And Old Martin Cockrem added, speaking of King Hal:—

Oh, he was a King! the face o' mun like a rising sun, and the back o' mun! So broad as that there, and the voice o' mun! Oh, to hear mun swear if he was merry, oh, 'twas royal!

Five years previously, Leland, the King's Antiquary (a post that some of us would like to fill to-day), came to Portsmouth, and found the harbour defended by "a mighty chaine of yren, to draw from towre to towre"; as was also the case at Plymouth, Dartmouth and elsewhere, the ancestor of the great twentieth century booms.

About a quarter of a mile above this towne is a great dok for shippes and yn this dok lyeth part of the rybbes of the Henry, Grace of Dieu, one of the biggest shippes that hath been made *in hominum memoria*. There be above this dok crekes in this part of the haven . . . There is much vacant ground within the toune walle. There is one fair streate in the toune from west to north-east. . . . King Henry VIII., at his first warres into Fraunce, erected in the south part of the toune three great bruing houses with the implements, to serve his shippes at such tyme as they should go to the se in tyme of warre . . . The toune is bare, and little occupied in tyme of peace.

The whole navy of Edward VI., including galleys, pinnaces, and rowboats, lay at Portsmouth when he came to review them in 1552, with the exception of two at Deptford Strand, and one, the *Henry, Grace de Dieu*, at Woolwich. There were but fifty-three in all, manned by 7,780 seamen, marines, and gunners. On October 5th, 1623, all Portsmouth was *en fête*, for had not "Baby Prince Charles" and "Dog Steenie" Buckingham returned from their madcap expedition into Spain, "without the Infanta," as Carlyle says, and "there was the greatest applause of joy for his safety throughout this kingdom that ever was known or heard of." Charles's gilded leaden bust, with a wreath of oak and laurel, was put up at the bottom of High Street, and for many a long year no officer, soldier, or civilian was allowed to pass it without taking off his hat. Just five years later, there was a hue-and-cry in the

High Street when the Duke of Buckingham was stabbed by John Felton, "of a gentleman's family in Suffolk (Playford), of good carriage and reputation." The Duke was killed at the "Spotted Dog," a house in High Street, now known as Buckingham House. Felton was executed at Tyburn, and gibbeted on Southsea Common. When the Civil War broke out, Portsmouth was "the strongest and best-fortified town in the kingdom." Colonel Goring, the Governor, declared for the King, on August 2nd, 1642, and so hastened the raising of the Royal Standard at Nottingham (August 22nd). The town was promptly besieged by Sir William Waller and Colonel Norton; whilst the Earl of Warwick blockaded the harbour. The Parliamentarian guns thundered from Gosport beach, the tower of St. Thomas's being an especial target. The plundering of Portsea Island was cruel, and there was no heart in the defence. Desertions were frequent, and, in spite of the efforts of the Royalists of Chichester and the Isle of Wight, the besiegers made continual progress.[1] On Saturday, September 4th, one Challender, Governor of Southsea Castle, who had been at Portsmouth, "went home to the Castle, and his soldiers took horse-loads of provisions—biscuits, meal, and other necessaries—with them. They reported he had more drink in his head than was befitting such a time and service." An attack was made, and Southsea Castle, which Henry VIII. had built in 1539, surrendered to the Parliament at three o'clock next morning, Challender merrily drinking the health of his new friends. On September 7th, Goring surrendered Portsmouth on easy conditions, as the Parliament were afraid that he would blow up some 1,400 barrels of gunpowder within the town. Before leaving, he threw the town key into the harbour, from whence it was dredged up nearly two centuries later, and is now in the Portsmouth Museum. He began to raise Royalist recruits

1 For further details of this siege, see my *Civil War in Hampshire* (Gilbert and Son, Southampton, new ed., 1904).

in Holland, and left his garrison to effect a difficult and hazardous march to the King's quarters in the west. Clarendon says that "this blow struck the King to the very heart." There was a tumult at Portsmouth at the end of July, 1648, as might have been expected, for some three hundred seamen came ashore, protesting devotion to King Charles, "and certain persons well affected to His Majesty placed two hogsheads of beer in the Market Place," whereof the seamen partook. The whole party were turned out by the soldiers of the garrison. In December, 1659, Portsmouth declared for the Parliament, and Sir Arthur Haslerig's headquarters were at the "Red Lyon," on the site of No. 91, High Street. Charles II. was married to Catherine of Braganza at the present Garrison Church, on May 21st, 1662. Of course, Mr. Pepys was there. He "followed in the crowde of gallants," and duly inspected "the present they have for the Queene: which is a saltsellar of silver, the walls christall, with four eagles and four greyhounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish." He "lay at Wiard's the chyrurgeon's in Portsmouth." On August 6th, 1668, Pepys did his best to slip off to Portsmouth without his wife, saying nothing overnight; but Mrs. Pepys outwitted him. "Waked betimes, and my wife at an hour's warning is resolved to go with me; which pleases me, her readiness." He says that an important letter sent by the ordinary post took sixteen hours to reach Portsmouth, and tells a pitiful story. "Sylvester, of Gosport, is not able to get on with the chain he is making for the harbour-mouth from the men being unable to come to work on account of the plague; the plague very bad at ye point." He makes mention of some of the crew of the *Cambridge* on June 14th, 1667, as being "the most debauched, damning, swearing rogues that ever were in the Navy, just like their prophane commander."

We must here quote the historian of Portsmouth, that genial antiquary, Mr. William Saunders:—

Portsea may be said to have sprung into existence about the early part of the 18th century. Anne had always paid great attention to her fleet, and made great additions to the dockyard. Being on a visit to the Commissioner's house in the dockyard she was instrumental (in 1707), at the suggestion of her consort, in saving from destruction the houses in the west dock field which the workmen had built. They named the street Prince George's Street in compliment to Prince George of Denmark, their benefactor. Bonfire Corner commemorates rejoicing over their success. Perhaps Queen Street was named after Anne. "Pray can you tell me if Queen Anne is dead?" Most of those who use this phrase are unconscious of its origin, and our townspeople would, as a rule, take it to apply to one Alice Melville, better known as "Queen Anne," who for more than thirty years was notorious for her filthy habits, her falsehoods, and her abusive tongue.

In 1702, Sir John Gibson was Governor of Portsmouth, Anne was ruling England, and Marlborough's victories were making Britain triumphant. The deposed James was a pensioner on the bounty of a French king, and a bitter spirit of religious and political intolerance was rife. It was as dangerous to be a papist as it was to be a Jacobite. Portsmouth was at this time a garrison of great importance, great fleets coming and departing from it, the gallant Sir George Rooke its representative in Parliament. Now there was at this time in London a youth who was destined to rise to importance and honour in the place of his adoption. This young man resolved to turn his back on great cities, and to seek his fortune in the Hampshire seaport. Travelling by coach was in those days too expensive for his limited means, the road waggons were too slow, so with youth and a good pair of legs he started on his journey on foot. As he wended his way through London he was attracted by a great concourse of people, and the heralds were proclaiming in the usual form, "The Queen is dead; long live the King!" At the drawbridge outside Portsmouth the young man was questioned by the sentinels as to his purposes and intentions: and in proof of his having come from London, he tells them of the death of the Queen. This at once aroused suspicion, for they were unaware of the event, and he was marched off under escort to Gibson, the governor of the garrison. The governor raved furiously at what he believed to be a seditious report, for though outwardly professing attachment to the reigning power, causing the bands to play loyal tunes, and sporting the orange cockade ostentatiously, he was suspected of sympathy, not for the House of Hanover, but for a King "t'other side of the water." The stranger was ordered to be kept in military custody. This was scarcely done when a mounted messenger arrived, bringing with him official confirmation of the royal decease, and the prisoner was at once brought back and released by the governor with profuse apologies, and the youth whose first experience of Portsmouth was of this rough and uninviting character, rose to opulence, and became the founder of a great and respected family. This young traveller was Mr. Carter, afterwards Sir John Carter, and Mayor of Portsmouth.

Gibson had at this time become unpopular. His hard nature, harsh treatment of small offenders, and the cruel punishment of the picquet or wooden horse which he was so fond of administering to the soldiers under his command, caused him to be disliked. And though professing toleration in religious matters, and even going so far as to identify himself with denominational religionists in their deputations, he was suspected of being secretly their enemy. A political trimmer and unscrupulous partisan, he had at election times placed soldiers at the town gates to prevent burgesses who lived at common, and who were supposed to be adverse to his party, from entering to record their votes.

An opportunity had now come for resenting these acts, and the townsfolk would ask one another in the hearing of this Jacobitish governor, "Pray can you tell me if Queen Anne is dead?" The saying is common even now, and Portsmouth people may answer the question in the affirmative, as applying to Queen Anne, who died at St. James' Palace in 1714, or to the "Queen Anne" who died in Portsmouth Union House in 1868.

William III. greatly strengthened Southsea Castle, which Charles II. had surrounded with a star fort. In 1757, Admiral Byng was brought to Portsmouth, insulted and reviled in every town and village on the road, to be tried on board the *St. George*, and to be shot on board the *Monarque* on March 14th, 1757, "to encourage the others!" as Voltaire grimly said. Two years later some soldiers had been filling cartridges at Southsea Castle, and left a lot of powder lying about, which exploded next day and did considerable mischief. The dockyard had been growing by leaps and bounds, and George III. paid it a visit in 1773. Twelve ladies of Portsmouth asked the honour of rowing the King from the dockyard to a man-of-war; and he afterwards said that his barge had been *manned* by twelve of the finest women in Portsmouth. In 1776, the rope-house was set on fire by a man known as "Jack the Painter," a political fanatic. He was captured at the "Raven" Inn at Hook, near Basingstoke, as he was getting out of a window, and was hanged at the dockyard gates in 1777, upon the mizzen-mast of the famous *Saucy Arethusa*. His skeleton, which was gibbeted at Blockhouse Point, at the mouth of the harbour, was afterwards pledged for drink by some

sailors; and one of his fingers, mounted in silver for use as a tobacco stopper, is in the Portsmouth Museum. Mr. W. H. Saunders tells the story in *Who stole the Painter?*

Old Portsmouth seamen were wonderfully skilful.

When Sir Charles Napier was in command of the *Galatea*, 40-gun frigate, he told the dockyard authorities that if they would have the necessary masts, sails, rigging, etc., placed at the dock side, he would have the ship fully rigged and equipped within twelve hours by his own ship's company. He commenced one morning at six o'clock, and at half-past five the same afternoon she was ready for sea; one hour being allowed for dinner. Nor were the dockyard workmen one whit less smart. Once, when George III. was at Portsmouth, a frigate was coppered in twenty-four hours, to shew what the yard could do. The modern extension of the dockyard has banished the famous ghost of the "White Rabbit," but they can still do smart things. It is said that a policeman lately transfixed twelve rats at once whilst practising with a bow and arrow. But those policemen will say anything!

On Saturday, August 14th, 1782, David Tyrie, a clerk in the Navy Office, was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Southsea Common for trying to sell naval secrets to France. A free fight took place for portions of his body: "the blood spouting over the spectators; the miscreants cutting oft his fingers for tobacco-stoppers, and leaving the unburied remains exposed to the seafowl on the beach. His head was kept as a show for many years by 'Buck Adams,' the keeper of Gosport Bridewell, who publicly claimed it, placed it in a bag, and carried it home under his arm." Five days later the *Royal George*, a ship of 108 guns, whose poop lanterns were so large that the men used to get inside them to clean them, sank at her anchors at Spithead, whereby 650 seamen, 250 women, many officers, and Admiral Kempenfelt were drowned.

Luke Kent, who opened a Sadler's Wells at the "White Swan" Hotel, afterwards became the first guard ever appointed to a mail coach. He was buried at Farlington, and left an annual bequest to his successors in office, on the Chichester coach, on condition that they should always sound their horns as they passed his grave. "On July 30th, 1780, Mr. Bryan, executed for murder at Winchester, was brought in the afternoon of the same day, and hung in chains on Blockhouse Beach, near 'Jack the Painter,' in a new suit of black, new shoes, and ruffles."

On May Day, 1797, all Portsmouth was shaken as

if by an earthquake, when the *Boyne* blew up at Spithead after sending shot from her loaded guns in all directions amongst the ships, and even as far as Stokes Bay. What mighty fleets have brought up at Spithead! Anson came back from his voyage round the world, and Peter the Great said truly that an English Admiral at Spithead was happier than the Czar of Russia. Sir Edward Pellew brought in the *Cleopatra*, the first French prize captured in the "old war time"; and next year Lord Howe anchored at Spithead with his prizes after "the glorious 1st of June." Three years later, the very existence of the navy was imperilled by the great Spithead Mutiny. From this anchorage the *Bounty* and Captain Bligh sailed on their tragic voyage. Hawke, Keppel, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, and all the empire-makers of a hundred years agone, knew every foot of the anchorage; and Nelson, mightiest of them all, came hither many a time and oft, leaving Spithead for Trafalgar amid mingled cheers and sobs, and being brought back dead on board the stout old *Victory*. In the good old times, as hostile frigates or battleships hove in sight, it was a common saying, "How nice they'll look at Spithead!" The Allied Sovereigns held a grand review at Spithead on June 25th, 1814, and the Czar said that the men's grog was "very good." Many a grand sight has been seen in these waters of late years; but we must not go beyond "Old Portsmouth."

In 1784, "a blackguard horse" ran away with Nelson on Southsea Common and nearly killed him, in which case there might have been no Battle of the Nile or Trafalgar. On September 14th, 1805, embarked from Southsea beach for the last time "that one-eyed, one-armed, pale, shrunken invalid officer," as Mr. Saunders styles him. "I wish that I had two hands," said he, "and then I could accommodate more of you." "And so he passes away from us, never to return; but the memory of Nelson and of Trafalgar will never be forgotten while

the crisp blue sea lashes the shores of old England." Upon the Southsea Esplanade formerly stood one of the line of ten semaphores which connected London and Portsmouth. They were erected in 1795, and cost three thousand pounds per annum to maintain. This Southsea Common semaphore was generally at work from ten in the morning till sunset in fine weather. "Fog between the stations" was the obstacle most to be dreaded. The next station was on Portsdown Hill, and the seventy-four miles to London were often traversed in three and a half minutes. The last semaphore message sped from hill to hill on December 31st, 1847. The Portsea Volunteers often paraded on Southsea Common. "They wore a round black hat, surmounted by a band of bear fur. On the top of the hat was a white plume, but, lest they should be charged, even in jest, with showing the white feather, the top of the plume was dyed a brilliant red. They wore a black cockade and a black stock. After they had frizzed and powdered their hair to their liking, they manufactured it into a tail, and tied it up with a black ribbon behind. Their scarlet coats were miracles of tailoring. But the Portsea National Guard were not content to be merely scarlet runners—they added a gold wing to the body of the coat, adorned the top with a blue collar, and put a white fringe round the skirts, which had gold rosettes; a white waistcoat, frilled shirt, blue pantaloons, edged with scarlet cord, and short black gaiters, completed their outfit. The plumage of the Portsmouth Volunteers was so unspeakably magnificent as to obtain for them the name of the "Golden Goldfinches."

At the corner of the Governor's Green stands the Royal Garrison Church, dedicated to St. Nicholas and John the Baptist—all that is left of the "God's House" founded by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, in the thirteenth century. It has had an eventful history. In 1449, Bishop Adam de Moleyns, Bishop of Chichester, a great statesman, was seized by certain soldiers and seamen,

and after a dispute about "the abrygging of their wages, they fil on him and cruelli there kilde him." For a long time it was a store for arms! Here, as I said, Charles II. was married to Catherine of Braganza, May 21st, 1662. "They caused the ribbons Her Majesty wore to be cut into little pieces, and, as far as they would go, everyone had some." After long decay, the ancient Domus Dei was well and worthily restored in 1866, with numerous memorial windows and monuments, and stalls of carved oak, recalling the memory of many a gallant soldier. Archdeacon Wright, whose *Story of the Domus Dei of Portsmouth* should be read by everyone, says:—

> There is another and a very strong reason why the now Garrison Church of Portsmouth should be dear to the hearts of all Englishmen. It contains and overshadows the dust of England's gallant soldiers and sailors, the great Napier, the leader of a thousand battles, the conqueror of Scinde, lying close to the western door. It is, in good truth, a national monument, dedicated to the memory of the brave sons of a brave land of heroes, who under God have fought and conquered in all quarters, and among all nations.

The Governor's Green has witnessed many an inspection of troops who have done yeoman service for England, and Penny Street was the way by which Nelson left Portsmouth to embark for Trafalgar. Many stories could be told of the old Saluting Battery, and the neighbouring Hotwalls are eloquent of a hateful time, which God grant we may never see again, for they are so called because, in 1797, shot were heated there to fire upon the fleet then in open mutiny, not without reason, at Spithead. The York and Pier Hotel at the corner of the Grand Parade was in old days the Naval Captains' House, and England's best and bravest foregathered there full oft.

Of the bust of Charles I. at the foot of the High Street, cast by Hubert Le Sueur, the maker of the well-known equestrian statue of the same hapless monarch at Charing Cross, we have already spoken. The square tower against which it stands was full of powder in 1642, and

Lord Goring threatened to blow it up and ruin Portsmouth unless good terms of surrender were granted him. Of the embarkings from the "Sallyport" we could say much. Here it was that John Duncan, one of the ringleaders of the terrible *Hermione* mutiny, was arrested, to be shortly afterwards hanged on board the *Puissant*, on July 10th, 1800. King James's Gate, with its associations with "Johnny Gibson," stood hard by, and now forms the entrance to the Officers' Recreation Ground. The sign of the "Circe and Arethusa" recalls two dashing frigates, both of which made history; and the "Old Blue Posts," burnt down about forty years ago, was well-known to "Peter Simple." Bath Square is picturesque, and has recovered from the explosion in 1809, when a soldier's wife knocked the ashes out of her short "dudheen" on a barrel of powder, and considerably damaged everything hereabouts except herself. The "Star and Garter" has memories of Howe, St. Vincent, Sir John Franklin, and the Duke of Clarence. Louis Philippe, Dickens, and Thackeray are all familiar ghosts. In *Frank Mildmay* we read: "Captain G—— did not live at the 'George,' nor did he mess at the 'Crown'; he was not at the 'Fountain,' nor at the Parade Coffee House; and the 'Blue Posts' ignored him; but he was to be heard of at the 'Star and Garter' on the tip of Portsmouth Point." We must read such books as *Jack Ashore* and *Ben Brace* to know what the old "Point" days were like, with "fiddles and a dance at the 'Ship,' with oceans of flip and grog, and give the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half-a-crown for treading on his toe! '£5 14s. 0d.' for a day and a night at a 'public' does not err on the side of moderation." When sailors' wedding parties returned from church they used to "swab decks" by washing down the tables with quarts of ale, which they swabbed backwards as fast as the landlord could throw them. Who knows not the old song?:—

> I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates, a pigmy at Goree;
> An Orange Tawny in the Straits, and a Black at St. Lucie.

Every bar had straw laid down, which was carefully sifted every morning, as seamen usually pulled out handfuls of gold and notes, dropping some in the process. A "Point" landlady who wanted to show "marriage lines" insisted that one or other of three middies who could not pay their score should marry her. The poor boys "tossed" for the honour, and got on board as soon as they could. Studying a newspaper at Jamaica, the bridegroom exclaimed, "Thank God, my wife's hanged!" But the glories of the "Point" now only shine in "the light of other days."

Let us walk up High Street. What a crowd of ghosts is all around us! William the Conqueror, Robert of Normandy, the Empress Maud, Richard the Lion Heart, John Lackland, Henry II., John of Gaunt, Margaret of Anjou, and Catherine of Braganza are all here; as are also those two gossiping antiquaries, Leland and Sam Pepys. Goring, the Earl of Warwick, and Prince Charles are not far away; and we may note Charles Kean, tyrannical "Johnny Gibson," and cursing Judge Jeffreys. Prince George of Denmark made the old street re-echo to the sound of his five bells, given to St. Thomas's Church from Dover Castle, at the request of brave old Sir George Rooke. Admirals Byng and Kempenfelt, Charles Dickens, all the great admirals, Wellington, Blucher, the Allied Sovereigns—everyone has known this Portsmouth High Street. Here, from 1191 down till 1846, "Free Mart Fair" was held for fifteen days every year, and whilst the glove which legalized the fair remained upon its pole, no one could be arrested within its area. This custom still survives at Totnes. Of the York and Pier Hotel, Mr. Saunders says:—

The Parade Coffee House at the Corner of the Parade was the Naval Captains' House, and in the olden time when Captains wore red breeches, three-cornered hats, buckles, and pig-tails, it was not uncommon to see Captains of the Royal Navy sitting outside this house on forms, smoking long pipes. "The Early Club" was held here. The man who arrived first after four a.m. used to boil the kettle, after which coffee and politics were discussed.

The noble Soldiers' Institute was the well-known "Fountain" Hotel. The Museum should be seen by all lovers of "Old Portsmouth." Opposite to it stood the "Three Tuns," where the delegates of the Spithead mutineers kept Lord Howe ("Black Dick") waiting upon the stairs whilst they deliberated. Portsmouth Church (dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury) is full of interest. It was built about 1180, having been appropriated to Southwick Priory in 1110. The monument to the Duke of Buckingham is said to contain his heart; the register of the marriage of Charles II. is here, and colours of those gorgeous beings, the old Portsmouth Volunteers. Prince George of Denmark gave the gilt ship weathercock and five bells in 1703; and the organ is by Father Schmidt or one of his pupils. In the churchyard there is a stone in memory of Samuel Langtrey and Charity Jolliffe, who were murdered on March 1st, 1829. The old "Crown" is gone, but the "George" still flourishes. In No. 15 Nelson lodged the night before he sailed for Trafalgar, and the tobacco in the smoke-room made the Duke of Wellington beat a hurried retreat. Peter Simple's captain, we read, lodged here; and Lord Howe's secretary here left all his friends "under the table."

In Highbury Street lived John Pounds, the founder of ragged schools, who died January 1st, 1839, and is buried in the Unitarian Chapel, High Street. Sir Frederick Madden, the antiquary, Sir Walter Besant, Charles Dickens, George Cole, Vicat Cole, Isambard Brunel, and Sir Conan Doyle are a brilliant Portsmouth galaxy. Mr. Vincent Crummles, we may remember, lodged in St. Thomas Street. The Cambridge Barracks stand on the site of the old Portsmouth theatre, of which Kemble was manager, and where Nicholas Nickleby and Smike trod the boards. Garrick and the elder Kean knew it well; and it may be noted that Catherington, on the other side of Portsdown Hill, has memories of the Keans, Edmund Kean's wife resting in the churchyard. Kemble

and his company once played *Richard III.* in this theatre to an audience of one—a sailor, who said that he had not seen a play for a long time, and would not visit a theatre for some time to come. He paid five guineas, on condition that no one else should be present. Mr. Folair was probably one Billy Floyer. Portsmouth servant-girls used to bargain for holidays when Folair held the stage. The ancient Landport Gate gives access to the Recreation Ground that occupies the site of the old mill and the dam, which, ebbing with the tide, worked the King's mill, but was filled up in 1876. Oh! the charm of the old ramparts, where big guns peered at you everywhere, with their delightful walnut-trees! Are they not written of in *By 'Celia's Arbour?* Colewort Barracks tell of the colewort or cabbage garden of a small alien Franciscan friary; and Warblington Street, formerly known as the Hog Market, is said to have been built with the stones of Warblington Castle near Havant.

Much might be said about the Gun Wharf. "The old Gun Wharf was begun in 1662. The contractor was William Shakespeare, and the 'Shakespeare's Head,' in Bishop Street, was so called, not from the poet, but from the workmen being paid there." The new Gun Wharf, divided from the old by a small creek, and the Armoury date from 1797, and the Great Storehouse from 1811. A gun from the *Mary Rose*, sunk at Spithead in 1545; one from the *Edgar*, blown up at Spithead in 1711; another from the *Royal George*, sunk at Spithead in 1782; and yet another from the oft-sought-for treasure-frigate, *Lutine*, off the Dutch coast, are to be seen. Thousands of magazine rifles, "with ancient mail and plate armour; the armed buff leather coat; the helmet and gauntlet of the cavalier; muskets with fixed bayonets ranged in rows; pikes and halberds grouped into iron pillars. Pistols form elaborate cornices; and swords, cutlasses, boarding pikes, and small arms gleam in various fantastic devices." The Gun Wharf should not be missed.

Hard by is St. George's Church, built in 1754, the "St. Faith's" of *By Celia's Arbour*. The old Captain of the story was a good old Captain White, who lived in St. George's Square, and was very kind to lads. Within living memory there were but few houses between St. George's Square and Kingston Church. The retiring congregation could be seen from the Square, and family dinners were then promptly dished up. "Portsea streets are most of them very narrow and quaint, named after great admirals and sea battles, with old-world, red-tiled roofs, and interiors almost like the cabins of ships, with the far-off scent of the sea coming from the harbour, and every now and then the boom of a cannon or the shriek of a siren."

At No. 387, Commercial Road, Landport, Charles Dickens was born. His old home is now made a Dickens Museum, belonging to the Corporation. At Landport, then known as "Half-way Houses," just complaint was made in 1704 "that the anointing of ratts, and putting fire to them, is of dangerous consequence, especially in this Towne, where there are Magazeens of Powder, and tends to setting the dwelling-houses of the inhabitants on fire."

For seven hundred years a church has stood on the site of the great modern church of St. Mary, Kingston. Its predecessor, in the font of which Charles Dickens was baptized, was a mean building, but in the churchyard are monuments to the crews of the *Royal George* and *Hero*, and to one who sailed round the world with Anson.

Brief indeed must be our reference to Gosport, which is said to mean "God's Port," and to have been so named by Bishop Henry of Blois, when his brother, King Stephen, landed there after heavy weather in 1144. On the beach are remains of "Charles Fort," a relic of the siege of 1642. In 1645, we hear of "Gosport, a village near Portsmouth, where were two inns, and some other pretty convenient houses for a little village town." In the High Street the

"India Arms" reminds us of the days when the West Indiamen used to lie at the Mother Bank, off Ryde. Haslar Hospital, begun in 1746, the Clarence Victualling Yard, and "Gillkicker," all clamour for notice; but in a place like Portsmouth we must be hard-hearted. We will say nothing about the "hulks," which held by turns Royalists, clergy, and convicts; we will say no more of the *Victory;* the French prisoners shall be left in oblivion.

Back once more to the "Common Hard," which means "the landing-place on the Common." It has been styled a "kind of inland quarter-deck." Hither was brought the body of General Wolfe; here were washed ashore the victims of the *Royal George.* It is quiet enough now, but stories of the good old times still linger around the Common Hard. "The shops here have each and all of them a strong flavour of salt sea and service, and many a curiosity is exhibited in their windows. Looking across the harbour, you see the roofs and chimneys of Gosport, softened in a mellowing haze. . . . The romance of the past is symbolised by the stately hulk of the grand old *Victory.* The 'Keppel's Head,' *alias* the 'Nut,' recalls a famous admiral and a great court-martial. The 'Ship Anson,' the 'Bedford-in-Chase,' and the 'Row-barge,' all tell heroic stories; whilst the 'Sheer Hulk' speaks of Charles Dibdin and of his brother, the original 'Tom Bowling.' Long may the Common Hard retain its pleasant nautical, old-world flavour."

Not a tithe has been told; but from no better place than the Hard can we reluctantly bid farewell to the fascinating theme of "Old Portsmouth."

G. N. GODWIN.

THE CHURCHES OF HAMPSHIRE

By the Editor

HAMPSHIRE, as regards the comparative rank of its church architecture, differs from all other counties. Those who, like many tourists, have seen none but the four great churches—the venerable Cathedral, which stands unquestionably in the front rank of English minsters; the beautiful Norman work of Romsey and St. Cross; and Christchurch Priory, which combines some of the best work of four centuries—might naturally imagine it to be one of the richest in its churches. But the gap below these is much wider than usual. There is hardly a single parish church, in town or village, which would call for much attention as to its architecture in Lincolnshire, or Norfolk, or Northamptonshire. Of course, there are many charming and valuable churches dotted about, and still more that are found to be of considerable interest when examined. But it is difficult to name any that stand out as even approaching the second rank of parish churches for size or stateliness. Basing, East Meon, and Kingsclere are, perhaps, the best the county can show in this line.

One marked reason for this is the almost total absence of conspicuous towers or spires, without which it is extremely difficult for any church to present the appearance of a thought-out whole. The parish churches seem as if they had been afraid to break the example of humility set them by their overpowering Cathedral. A wooden

belfry, or a squat broach-spire, or a wooden *flèche* is the common feature, and true spires of any considerable height do not exist. The tallest is St. Michael's, at Southampton, which, as if it were not already ill-proportioned enough to its tower when built in the eighteenth century, was even further heightened in the nineteenth.

In this volume it has been thought advisable, owing to the multitude of subjects connected with the county calling for room, to omit any detailed notice of the Cathedral, as being fully treated of already in many works. Romsey, St. Cross, and Christchurch will receive special notice in following papers. These four, therefore, I shall merely instance so far as they are necessary to illustrate the degree in which the successive stages of English church architecture affected the county as a whole. Hampshire, it must be admitted, is sadly wanting in the older county histories that have amassed such a store of learning about many counties of far inferior rank. Certain places, such as Southampton, Portsmouth, Basingstoke, and St. Mary Bourne, besides the Cathedral city, have had pretty full separate treatment. Every church, also, will be fully described in the *Victoria County History*, but at present only those in the Alton Hundred, which is far from the most important, have appeared. An excellent series of popular descriptions of churches—but in the whole diocese, not Hampshire only—has been appearing monthly for the last three years or more in the *Winchester Diocesan Chronicle*.

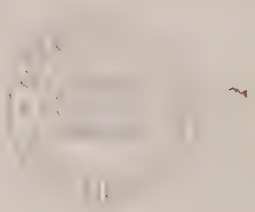
It is very difficult in most cases to prove the existence of any large part of a still surviving church before the Norman Conquest. Moreover, it is certain that the style often called "Saxon," that is, the more primitive form of Romanesque, lingered in country places for a considerable time after the Norman invasion, and continued to be employed with an increasing admixture of Norman features, in buildings erected by native workmen.

The best-known of these early churches in the county is Corhampton, in the Meon Valley.[1] It has a Saxon nave and chancel, and shows the characteristic stone ribs on both in excellent preservation, besides the ordinary "long and short" work in the quoins. It is also noted for its ancient stone chair, possibly a *frith stool* or seat of sanctuary, like that of Hexham. But even more important to a student is Breamore, which shows a Saxon church, of more than average size, and with a central tower, still practically complete. Its extremely interesting inscription will be mentioned directly. Boarhunt Church, under Portsdown Hill, though a little later, much resembles Corhampton, but it was largely re-built in later Norman times. It preserves, however, its old external pilaster strips and probably the old chancel arch. This nave seems once to have had a western division or narthex. Similar early work is to be found in portions of Hambledon, Headbourne Worthy, Hinton Ampner, Little Somborne, Tichborne, and Warblington. There are a keyhole light and a very early arch in Eling Church which seem to be Saxon, and the chancel arch of Brockenhurst may belong to the church which is named in Domesday. Hambledon is a very interesting example of the way in which early churches were gradually enlarged. The very small Saxon tower of Warblington, with doorways in three places, is exceedingly curious, and well worth attention.

Headbourne Worthy—a pleasant walk of only two miles from Winchester—is also well known for its extremely interesting and very early "rood" (rather, a painted relief of the Crucifixion, for it is not a rood in the proper sense) on the original west wall, above a Saxon doorway, and enclosed by a later annexe built to protect it. There is a somewhat similar, but apparently rather later one, on the south wall of Breamore Church. This has been protected by adding an upper story to the porch.

[1] The photograph is by the Rev. G. Sampson, of Sheet.

Corhampton Church.



Another early rood is that at Romsey, described in Mr. Yarborough's paper. There is also a small stone crucifixion, apparently of early date, built high into the west face of the tower of New Alresford Church.

Saxon sun-dials exist at Corhampton, Warnford, and St. Michael's, Winchester, but as Warnford was re-built about 1200, and St. Michael's in 1822, only the first can be *in situ*, and this is doubtful. One of the most interesting remains of this period was found at Breamore Church, already noted for its rood, in 1897. It is over the only one—the southern—of the four central tower-arches still remaining, and reads (in archaic characters): "*Her swutelath seo gecwydrædnes the*" ("Here the covenant becomes manifest to thee"). From a fragment still existing, it would seem that the inscription was carried round the tower. It is assigned from the lettering to the middle of the eleventh century.

Another probable and very interesting relic of the period is a disused font in South Hayling Church. This was dredged up on the neighbouring coast, and probably belonged to the earlier church on the site; it has a ring of interlaced knot-work.

The headstone of Frithburga at Whitchurch was found in the wall of the north aisle in 1868, and then used for a ringer to stand on! It has a figure of the Lord with a cruciform nimbus, and the inscription: "*Hic corpus Frithburgae requiescit in pace sepultum.*" It is evident that the carver was ignorant of Latin verse, since *hic* is redundant, and *in* must be read by accent, but the hexameter is unmistakable; so I think that Mr. Romilly Allen is hardly justified in doubting whether *pacem* should be read for *pace*, nor is there any need to suggest *requiescat* for *requiescit*.[1] It is a statement, not a prayer, just as it is in the common *hic jacet*. This stone has, with some probability, been supposed to be that of a nun

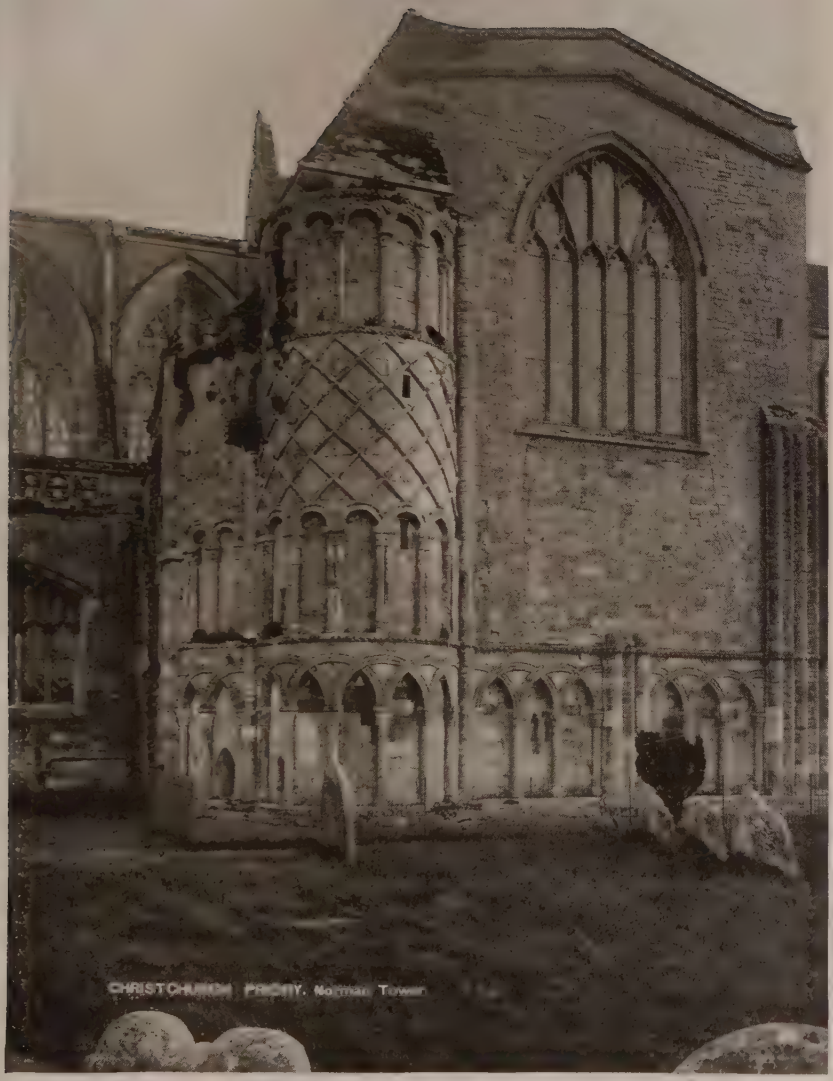
1 *Victoria County History*, ii., p. 237.

from the neighbouring abbey of Wherwell, which was founded in 986; but Mr. Minns would assign it to an earlier date.[1]

With the Norman Conquest there came a flood of the new architecture into the county, including before the period ended some of the very finest examples in England. Everyone who knows anything of architecture knows at least the pre-Norman work of the stern and profoundly impressive transepts of the Cathedral, the immense arches of its central tower, and perhaps the dark and massive crypts. Some twenty years later, and next in importance, is the nave of Christchurch, attributed to Bishop Flambard of Durham, the rapacious minister of William Rufus, and the exquisite turret of the north transept.

From Winchester the Norman style of building soon spread over the whole county, so that quite a large proportion of the churches have at least a Norman doorway or perhaps a chancel-arch remaining. The most complete Norman church is that of Portchester, originally the church of an Augustinian priory, which, though not begun till 1133, can scarcely be classed as Transitional work. It has a striking west front, with a very rich and characteristic doorway. Winchfield Church is also of considerable interest, especially for the peculiar cusping of its chancel-arch. Chilcombe Church is of a very early and primitive type, though its date is known to be that of Walkelin. The central part of the fine church of East Meon is also attributed to Bishop Walkelin, the great cathedral builder. Other churches with more or less important Norman remains (these lists are not exhaustive) are Ashley, Bishop's Sutton, Brockenhurst, Compton (very attractive), Droxford, Fawley, Hamble, Hartley Mauditt (notable chancel-arch), Hinton Ampner, Monk's Sherborne, Mottisfont, Nately Scures, Newnham, Tichborne,

[1] *Hants. Field Club Papers*, iv., p. 171.



Norman Tower, Christchurch Priory.

Tithfield, Warnford (tower), and Wootton St. Lawrence. A Norman doorway of the old church at Andover still forms an entrance to the churchyard. The very curious bisected chancel-arch at Upper Clatford is now found to be an invention of the last century, made by using a pier and two arches from the destroyed arcade. The tower of St. Michael's, Southampton, curiously left standing amid Perpendicular work, is well worth notice.

The glorious abbey church of Romsey, which is of exceptional interest to an architectural student, combines the varieties of Norman, the choir, transepts, and tower being of the purest style, while the nave is of Transitional work, passing gradually into Early English. The interesting church of Kingsclere is also of both periods. The beautiful church of St. Cross, on the other hand, is almost wholly of Transitional date, having been built by Bishop Henry of Blois.[1] The chancel arch of Petersfield with three tall slender openings above it is remarkable, and from a springer on the south side discovered in the wall it looks as if a central tower had been projected. There are several important remains of later Norman work about the county, as for example in the churches of Alton, Ashley, Binsted, Crondall (nave), Easton, Goodworth Clatford, Hambledon, Milford, Mottisfont, Warnford; and St. Bartholomew, St. Peter, and St. John at Winchester. The chapel of God's House at Southampton, one of the earliest hospitals in England, is of this date.

A feature more specially characteristic, however, of the county is to be found in the remarkable series of *black fonts*. There are four of these—in the Cathedral, and at St. Mary Bourne, East Meon, and St. Michael's, Southampton, while there are only three others in all England—at Lincoln Minster, Thornton Curtis, Lincolnshire, and St. Peter's, Ipswich. There are also a few instances

1 See for his work the Introductory Sketch p. 14, and Mr. Nisbett's papers on "Wolvesey" and "St. Cross."

in churches in Belgium and France, and one from a French church is in the Musée Cluny at Paris. From the extreme rudeness of the carving of figures, due not so much to the date as to the intractable hardness of the material, they used formerly to be supposed to be very early, and all the old guide-books call them "Saxon." The first real inquiry into them was made by Dean Kitchin,[1] who established the facts that the peculiar black limestone of which they are made is Belgian, from quarries in the neighbourhood of Tournai, on the banks of the Scheldt, and that the legends of St. Nicholas did not become current till the middle of the twelfth century. These fonts, therefore, belong to the episcopate either of Henry of Blois (1129-1171) or Richard Toclive (1174-1188). The one in the Cathedral is the most interesting, from its quaint representations of the Nicholas legends—saving a nobleman's only son from drowning, portioning a poor noble's three daughters, and reviving three murdered boys out of an innkeeper's sausage tub. It is from this last story that St. Nicholas, under the curious corruption of "Santa Claus," has become the patron saint of children. The font at East Meon has scenes from the beginning of Genesis—the Creation, the Fall, and the Expulsion from Paradise. St. Mary Bourne font, the largest of the series, has only clusters of grapes and two doves drinking. The one in St. Michael's has three of the Evangelistic symbols and some fearsome griffins. There are also black fonts at Meon Stoke (painted over), Leckford, Stockbridge, and Warnford. A fine late Norman font of a different kind is at Portchester, but only the upper part is ancient.

Apart from the Belgian series, Hampshire would be very undistinguished in fonts. In Van Voorst's volume not a single illustration is drawn from this county, though the black fonts should have been represented. While on

[1] *Journal of British Archæological Association*, I. i. The Hampshire ones are fully described and illustrated by Mr. Romilly Allen in *Victoria County History*, vol. ii.

THE FONT, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

the subject, I had better mention the few other fonts that seem to require special notice. The Transitional one at King's Somborne has triangular shafts round the stem. At Barton Stacey, Littleton, and Sherborne St. John there are Transitional or Early English fonts of Purbeck, with plain arcading. At Odiham, the late Decorated font has a projection, with holes in it, for letting the water after Baptism by affusion fall through. Of this there is only one other in England—at Youlgreave, in Derbyshire.[1]

The Early English style also greatly affected the county. The whole of the eastern portion of the Cathedral, except the east bay and the vaulting of the Lady Chapel, is by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy (1189-1204), and is consequently a very early as well as a very fine example. St. Cross, though a good deal of it really falls within the recognised Early English period, is rather valuable as showing the transition from Norman. The same is true also of Romsey, but the latter is almost equally valuable as showing the transition from Early English (First Pointed) to Early Decorated (Middle Pointed) in its eastern terminations. But Christchurch has one of the most beautiful specimens of pure Early English work to be found in all England in its grand north porch, one of the largest existing, and almost inviting comparison with even the famous Galilee of Lincoln.

In the early thirteenth century there seems to have been such extensive building or re-building of churches all over the county, that there are comparatively few old ones which have not some considerable remains of Early English work, especially in the arcades. Early English windows were often enlarged or rebuilt in the later styles, but the arcades did not so easily invite a change. Barton Stacey and East Meon are good specimens of cruciform

1 *Hants. Field Club Papers*, i. iv. 84, by the Rev. G. W. Minns, F.S.A.

churches mainly in this style, and the way in which in the former four arches are made to spring from the pier of the chancel arch is unusual and singularly light. Ringwood Church has been almost rebuilt from a very dilapidated state, but the tower, transepts, and chancel still externally preserve much of their original appearance. The eastern portion of Portsmouth parish church is of considerable interest, among other things, as having been dedicated about 1180 to the Martyr of Canterbury by Bishop Toclive, who had been one of Becket's strongest opponents in his lifetime, and thus testified his repentance. The church now used for the garrison at Portsmouth is a beautiful Early English building, once the hall and chapel of the Hospital of St. Nicholas. It has suffered much in interest by a drastic restoration under Street, but it must be borne in mind that this had been made necessary by the grossest ill-treatment before. Cheriton, a village with other claims to notice from its rather important conflict in the Civil War,[1] has a fine large Early English chancel. The church at Beaulieu, which was the refectory of the abbey, is really a noble hall, belonging to the very latest part of this period, and is well known for its exquisite stone pulpit in the wall.[2]

The churches with Early English portions are too frequent for enumeration, but, besides those named, the eastern portion of the Cathedral, and parts of Ellingham, Fareham (the old chancel, now made a side chapel), Grateley, Hambledon, Havant, and South Hayling, may be mentioned.

The later Pointed periods—the so-called Decorated and Perpendicular—had far less effect on the Cathedral (with one reservation as to this) and the parish churches. The four great churches, indeed, have but little that is structural of the Decorated period, except the presbytery

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[1] See p. 15. [2] See the Beaulieu Abbey for illustration.

of the Cathedral and the windows of the south aisle of Christchurch; while in parish churches the style is quite rare. Almost all that seem to call for mention are Thruxton (early in the style), Meon Stoke (chancel), Fordingbridge, Amport St. Mary (late), the aisleless nave of Wickham, the south chantry chapel of Titchfield, and the beautiful Flowing Decorated windows of Penton Mewsey. But the superb choir stalls of the Cathedral, dating from about 1300, are a grand memorial of what is in some other counties the most perfect period of English architecture.

The singular absence of important Perpendicular work is even more surprising to visitors fresh from the architecture of either the eastern or the south-western counties. Of course there are but few churches that have not had a window or two inserted or rebuilt, when the desire sprang up for more light and more stained-glass memorials. But there are few Perpendicular churches, and, as I have already said, hardly any of the characteristic towers and spires. The western tower of Christchurch Priory would have been a very good one at the west end, say, of Basingstoke church, and, indeed, it looks well even here as seen from the south-west, when much of the church is hidden in trees; but for that grand building, seen at its full length, it is hopelessly inadequate. It would have been not unsuitable, indeed, had there been a massive central one, as there was at its smaller neighbour, Wimborne Minster.

Perhaps the most interesting tower in the county is the very late flint one (about 1525) at Soberton, on the Meon, which is said to have been built by a legacy from a butler and a housekeeper of the Anson family. Barton Stacey and Micheldever have fairly good west towers. The wooden belfries, however, that often take the place of towers are far from uninteresting, and show a good deal of variety in shape. Sometimes, as at Hartley Wespall

and Mattingley—a chapel which belonged to Merton Priory—the whole shell of the church itself was of wood.

The Cathedral, however, as is well-known, can show one of the finest memorials of the Perpendicular period in existence; its magnificent nave, transformed—not rebuilt—by the great William of Wykeham. The immense superiority of this nave to that of Canterbury, which was being rebuilt at the very same time by Prior Chillenden, is better testimony than even his two Colleges to Wykeham's surpassing genius. The commonplace west front and the western part of the nave (marked by the deep-splayed windows) had already been rebuilt by Wykeham's predecessor, Bishop Edyngdon, and it is fortunate that death removed him before he proceeded further. The rood-screen, choir, and Lady Chapel of Christchurch are noble works of the date; and the grand reredos screens at Christchurch and in the Cathedral belong respectively to the beginning and the end of this period.

The fifteenth century parish churches are of little importance as a whole. Basingstoke has what would be a good town church, if it could only borrow a tower from Suffolk or Somerset. The outer shell of Basing Church, hard by, is spacious and warm-looking with its red tiles; and the picturesque ruin of the very late Holy Ghost Chapel, just above the north-west platform of the station, catches the eye of even hurried travellers. The churches later than this are hardly worth mention, but the cruciform red-brick one at Wolverton, near Basingstoke, may be mentioned as attributed to Wren himself.

We may pass on now to notice more briefly the furniture, etc., of the churches, though this has already been partly touched upon. Here, again, Hampshire can claim but little distinction. There are no stone screens, as in Devon and Somerset; hardly any fine woodwork, as in Norfolk and Suffolk; little stained glass, as at York. The wall-paintings, which are of some interest, will

Reredos Screen, Winchester Cathedral.

be described further on by our greatest expert, Mr. Keyser.

The churches that are richest in monuments—apart, of course, from the magnificent chantry chapels of the Cathedral and Christchurch Priory—are Basing, Stoke Charity, Titchfield, and Thruxton. Basing has the tombs of the Paulets, including the first two Marquises of Winchester, but not the famous Marquis of the siege, who is buried at Englefield, in Berkshire, and tablets (uninteresting) to the six Dukes of Bolton. It is seldom that a village church serves as the resting-place of two great houses. Those at Titchfield—a church exhibiting almost every style of architecture—are much finer, and the great tomb of the second Earl of Southampton and his father and mother (1581) is one of the finest in the kingdom. The little church of Stoke Charity, near Sutton Scotney Station, is almost filled with monuments, including the fine tomb of Thomas Hampton (1483), John Waller (1527), and several seventeenth century ones of the Phelips family; besides two brasses, a fourteenth century tomb without a name, and what was perhaps a sepulchral memorial—an extremely interesting piece of sculpture, representing "St. Gregory's Mass" or "*Pity*" (*i.e.*, Piety). The monument in Portsmouth Church of the Duke of Buckingham, who was murdered by Felton, is well known, but only notable for the trumpet-blowing cherubs. Less known, but more interesting, is the plain tomb of Lady Alice Lisle, the victim of the fright and fury of James II., outside the south wall of Ellingham Church. It merely says, with striking reticence, that she "*dyed the 2nd of Sept.*, 1685." The burial slab of the Slavonian Sailors' Guild at Southampton, 1481, in North Stoneham Church, is a monument of quite unique interest.[1]

The earliest effigy remaining is of William Briwere, 1186, at King's Somborne. A curious little slab, with a

[1] *Archæologia*, liv., p. 131 (Dean Kitchin); *Hants. Field Club Papers*, ii., p. 357 (Rev. G. W. Minns); "Southampton," in this volume, p. 59.

peculiar cross, at Farlington, is probably a heart shrine, said to be of a Knight Templar. There are early effigies at Binsted, Droxford, Michelmersh, North Baddesley (see Dr. Bourne's paper), St. Mary Bourne, Sherborne St. John, Sopley, and Thruxton, the last of which is the most important. Sixteenth or seventeenth century effigies of some interest are to be found at Andover, Catherington (Sir Nicholas Hyde), Chawton, East Tisted (a curious series of busts), Farley Chamberlayne, Hurstbourne Priors, Kingsclere, Laverstoke, North Stoneham, Nursling, Soberton, St. Michael's at Southampton, Stratfieldsaye, Tichborne, Warnford, Wickham (the last two injured), and Wield (a fine alabaster one of William Wallop). A monument of Thomas White, 1720, in the porch of Milton Church, has a sixteenth century sword and a Tudor tilting helmet!

The brasses of the county are tolerably numerous, but only a few are of any importance. They have been further diminished, also, by the carelessness of the Winchester College authorities, who, during the restoration of the chapel in 1877, allowed the whole of theirs to disappear! Haines enumerates no less than twenty-eight, ranging from 1413 to 1658, and their loss is a downright national disaster. Two of them, at least, Robert Therburn, the second Warden, 1450, and John White, Warden, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, *c.* 1548, were large and fine, and several others were interesting. What makes the loss greater is that the Cathedral and the parish churches of Winchester have not saved a single brass.

There are not many of the brasses that it seems worth while to describe in detail. The oldest is a fine but mutilated one of a priest at Crondall. Next is the very large one of John of Campden at St. Cross, of which he was Warden about 1400. Not much later are Thomas Aylward, 1413, at Havant, who was Rector of Havant, and also chaplain and biographer of the great Bishop William

of Wykeham; a fine but mutilated one of John Prophete (if that be the correct form of the name), Dean of York, at Ringwood, 1416; and John Lisle, with a fine canopy of about the same date, at Thruxton. At Headbourne Worthy there is a touching one of a boy—John Kent, of Reading, a scholar of Winchester College, about 1430. This is very valuable for the dress, and it is most fortunate that it was not set up in the College cloisters, when it would have been lost. Why it is at Headbourne Worthy does not appear. The father may have left Reading to be near a son intended for the priesthood. The brass at Church Oakley of Robert Warham and his family, 1487, is interesting, because the eldest son, William, a priest, afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury. A small brass at Week (or Wyke), just outside of Winchester, to William Complyn, 1498, is noticeable for a figure of St. Christopher bearing the Saviour; and a large and remarkable cross to Richard Pendilton, in the service of Lord Daubney, Chamberlain of Henry VII., is in the church of Eversley, best known to most people as Charles Kingsley's rectory. Other brasses with effigies are to be found in Alton, Basingstoke, Bishop's Sutton, Bramley, Brown Candover, Heckfield, Itchen Stoke, Kimpton, Kingsclere, King's Somborne, Monkston (the spelling "Monxton" is beyond bearing), Odiham, St. Cross (several), Preston Candover, Sherborne St. John (several), South Warnborough, Southwick (very interesting, set on a tomb brought from the Priory), Stoke Charity, Whitchurch, and Yateley (several). There are incised slabs also at Nether Wallop, Sherborne St. John, Warblington, and Warnford.

Old stained glass is sadly to seek. By far the largest remainder is the great kaleidoscope west window of the Cathedral, which is said to be made up of the fragments swept up after Cromwell's destruction. Most of it is, however, of the same date (*c.* 1360) as the window, and

probably a not inconsiderable part of it is in its right place. The east window of the choir and the heads of some of the aisle windows have some later Perpendicular glass, of the time of Bishop Fox. The west window at St. Cross is also partly made up of fragments, but there were not enough to fill the whole window. The glass in the College Chapel is curious, as having been made in 1824, one of the worst of all possible periods, but from the old designs, and therefore very interesting. At Grateley, on the Exeter main line, there are a few good pieces of Early English glass, saved somehow from the wreck, in 1790, of Salisbury Cathedral by Wyatt, who is recorded to have flung cartloads of glass into the city ditch. At Mottisfont, besides some remains of its own glass, there is a beautiful east window of the early sixteenth century, which came from the Holy Ghost Chapel at Basingstoke. In Deane Church there is an old Belgian window representing the Crucifixion. This is all, save a few fragments in window heads, that the county can boast.

It is remarkable that there are not more and better rood screens and other examples of woodwork in a county where wood is so abundant. I have already mentioned the great stone reredos-screens at Christchurch and in the Cathedral, and the grand Cathedral stalls. The Cathedral rood-screen is modern. The screens of the eastern chapels are rich, but very late work, about 1500. There are some good screens in St. John's, Winchester, and a canopied pew, belonging to Moyles Court, in Ellingham Church, which deserves notice. The screen at Baughurst is said to have been given by Archbishop Warham, who was born at Oakley, in the neighbourhood. There is a Jacobean screen with a Restoration cornice at Warnford. Some fine late stalls in Holy Rood Church, Southampton, as well as the brass eagle lectern, are said to have come from the priory church of St. Denys, but this seems hardly possible.

Lastly, one cannot but mention the churchyard yews, because they are neither so numerous nor so large in any other county. It would need a special commission to classify the oldest and largest. The finest is perhaps at South Hayling, and there are good examples at Boarhunt, Breamore, Corhampton, Hound, Hurstbourne Priors, St. Mary Bourne, and Twyford, as well as the one at Selborne described by dear old Gilbert White.

This detailed examination will probably be held by those few who may care to verify it to justify the general verdict on the ecclesiastical architecture of the county which was stated at the beginning of this chapter. Four superb churches force it almost up to the first rank. Without them, it could hardly aspire even to third-rate honours. Yet in every part of the county, except the north-western strip which belonged to the central forest reclaimed later than almost any part of England, there is, or was, a church in the great majority of villages fit to repay the notice of any intelligent observer.

G. E. JEANS.

WALL-PAINTINGS IN HAMPSHIRE CHURCHES[1]

By Charles E. Keyser, M.A., F.S.A.

THE most interesting examples of painted mural decoration still or till recently remaining in Hampshire, are in the Cathedral; at St. Cross, the Chapel of Magdalen Hospital, and the Church of St. John, at Winchester; the Abbey Church of Romsey; and the Churches of Ashmansworth, Bramley, Breamore, Catherington, Corhampton, Durley, Farnborough, Hurstbourne Tarrant, Idsworth, Tufton, Wellow, and Winchfield. This list is sufficiently comprehensive to establish the assertion that even in the humblest and most out of the way churches, it was the universal custom to embellish the walls, and even the architectural details, with colour, not only for the beautifying of the edifice, but for the dissemination of the religious doctrines which were so vigorously expounded during the middle ages. To an uneducated audience, these paintings would appeal more

[1] The most complete authority for general reference on Wall-paintings in Churches is *A List of Buildings in Great Britain and Ireland having Mural and other Painted Decorations*, etc., published by the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, 1883, and sold at the South Kensington Museum (price 2s. 3d.). An elaborate introduction by the author of this article furnishes an exhaustive treatise on this subject up to the date of the publication, and supplementary articles by him in the 53rd and 58th vols. of the *Archæological Journal* bring the record up to 1901. Numerous examples have been found since, but no important ones in Hampshire have been noted. For all general information as to the decoration of our churches, the nature of the material used in the colouring, and the best method of preserving the painting when brought to light, the reader may be referred to this work.

forcibly than the language of the preacher, and many of them, if properly interpreted, would convey to the more cultured congregations of the present day, lessons in religion, as instructive and appropriate now as when, centuries ago, they were executed. Such a subject, for instance, as that of St. Christopher, which we so commonly find, if simply treated as one of the religious moralities, contains many impressive lessons when so explained.

The chief idea intended to be conveyed by the representation of the various subjects, seems to have been to keep constantly in view the eternal future, to emphasise the reverence due to the Almighty Creator, and to exhibit the self-sacrifice, purity, and humility of those who had been adopted as saints and ensamples to the church. Even the introduction of so much colour into the churches implied that nothing could be too costly or magnificent in connection with the worship of God in the temples consecrated to His service. Thus it may be asserted that it is from mistaken ideas and motives that so many of these mural paintings have been discovered and destroyed, since they convey many lessons in full accordance with the doctrines of a Reformed Church.

As regards the beauty of our churches, it cannot seriously be argued that layers of whitewash or coloured plaster are the most fitting methods of adorning the walls. It is astonishing to find this practice still persevered in by many architects in preference to simple masonry and decorative patterns, which could be used almost as cheaply, and would remove the barn-like appearance of too many of our ancient edifices.

Of course, in applying colour, taste and care should be displayed, and the glaring and brilliant decoration so much in vogue in foreign churches should be studiously avoided. An unhappy instance of this is undoubtedly the restoration of the old colouring at St. Cross; but this was probably due to the difference in the composition of the pigments

employed, and the substitution of oil for the subdued and delicate earth-colours of earlier times. Such extremes can easily be avoided, and it is hoped that by the preservation of any ancient decoration, or by a judicious application of the old method of distemper, a warmer and pleasanter appearance may be given to the interior of our churches, in lieu of the whitewashing which the majority of churchwardens delight in.[1]

In a county like Hampshire, teeming with interesting churches, and not behindhand in the tide of restoration which has swept through the country with such violence in the past fifty years, it is impossible to assert that all the discoveries of mural paintings have been recorded; indeed, the compilation of only forty-nine separate buildings in the Mural Paintings List of 1883, supplemented by some twenty-six more examples now, is necessarily incomplete.[2]

Amongst the earliest are the decorations in the north transept of Winchester Cathedral. The plain early Norman arch has been richly embellished, and we find round the arches and on the soffits various decorative designs, such as the beaded lozenge or scroll, as well as medallions containing roses, etc.

In the Priory Church at Christchurch remains of early decoration are still visible on the vault of the crypt, and on the arch opening to an apsidal chapel in the south transept, and there are traces of red colouring near the east end of the south side of the nave, and on parts of the triforium.

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[1] Great difficulty is often experienced by those who are anxious to uncover and preserve the paintings, in removing the various washes without destroying the pictures themselves, and in preventing the subjects from fading, or more properly speaking, the coloured surface from disintegrating. Valuable hints on these points are given in two supplementary portions of the introduction to the *List of Buildings, etc.*, by Mr. J. G Waller, F.S.A., and Prof. Church, and in a paper by Mr. P. H. Newman, F.S.A., in *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries*, xx., p. 41.

[2] One or two instances have been noted about which information has been carefully withheld or suppressed, and it will not be possible to refer to them in this article.

At Monks Sherborne, the original colouring still remains on the capitals of the Norman chancel-arch, and a consecration cross has also been noted. The tympanum of the fine Norman north doorway is decorated with red lines forming a trellis pattern.

On the exterior west wall of the tower of Winchfield is a faint representation of a dragon, or salamander, with a label moulding below, said to be of about 1160.

An early painting at Compton Church is mentioned:—

> On the interior splay of one of the Norman arches discovered behind the monuments in the north wall was a fresco of an ecclesiastic with a crozier in one hand and a book in the other.[1]

In the north aisle of St. John's, Winchester, two consecration crosses were discovered on the north and one on the east wall. They are of the usual Maltese type, in red, within a circular border; and as remains of Norman windows were also found in these walls, the crosses no doubt belong to the church erected in the twelfth century. On the jambs of the Norman chancel-arch at Newnham is a bold scroll pattern, and colouring was also found above the Norman chancel-arch at Brockenhurst.

The Abbey Church at Romsey has also preserved some of its early painting. On the west arch of the south side of the choir is some late twelfth century decorative colouring, and in an apsidal chapel east of the north transept is a cable pattern of red and white spiral bands on the responds of the arch opening to the transept, and red colouring on the capitals, and masonry patterns on the jambs. There is a powdering of four-leaved roses on the vault, and colouring on the splay of the window. On one of the piers opening to the Lady chapel are various subjects within medallions. They seem to represent the seven sacraments; the Holy Eucharist, Baptism, Marriage, and the Consecration of a Bishop can perhaps be identified. Below are the folds of a curtain, similar to other late

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1 *Winchester Diocesan Kalendar*, 1881, p. 94.

examples of the Norman period of the latter part of the twelfth century.

A painting on a nave pier, north side, of St. Bartholomew's, Winchester, has been noted as "A full length painting of a bishop *in pontificalibus*, with the low pointed mitre of late Norman times." [1]

At Corhampton some early painting has just been brought to light. On the north nave wall are the outlines of two consecration crosses, and there are traces of colouring in several places. The chief decoration has been in the chancel, and probably the vault and walls were embellished with some important subject, such as at Kempley, Gloucestershire, and Copford, Essex. Unfortunately the old roof has been destroyed, and only a portion of the decoration on the walls remains. There has clearly been a series of figures or subjects in the upper tier, but it is not possible to identify them. The most distinct portion is on the south wall, where a figure reverently beholding another holding a pastoral staff, and at least two more, one rather peculiarly vested, can be discerned, but there is nothing to give a clue to the design. Below the figures is a good border in red and yellow, with two intersecting zigzag lines on the south, and a series of half diamond-shaped figures in red and yellow alternately on the north side. Below these, and on the west wall on either side of the massive Saxon chancel-arch, are depicted the folds of a curtain. On the north and south side is a large circular medallion surrounded by lattice work in red, breaking the continuity of the curtain decoration. Some wings (of two angels?) can be made out on the south wall. The date appears to be late twelfth century.

At St. Cross very considerable remains of early decoration were found on the arches and walls of the choir. This was unfortunately mainly renewed in a brilliant colouring

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1860.

which does not harmonise with the severe architectural character of this most interesting building. In the north choir aisle, the ceiling between the groining ribs, and on a cross arch, are remains of foliage and decorative colouring of late twelfth century date. Several consecration crosses have also been found.

At the old chapel of Magdalen Hospital, Winchester, which was pulled down in 1778, a most interesting series of paintings was found. Fortunately drawings of them are preserved in the Society of Antiquaries' Library, and illustrations have been published in *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. iii., plates 1, 2, 3. They mostly date about 1300, and will be described later on; but there were considerable remains of the end of the twelfth century. Several consecration crosses in blue were noted on various portions of the walls, and the mouldings of the arches were decorated with a variety of patterns in black and brown, such as running sprigs, flowers, stars, birds, quatrefoils, and zigzags, mainly of this early date.

In the very ancient church of Little Somborne, traces of decorative colour were found on the chancel-arch and other additions made to the church in the transitional Norman period. Remains of decoration still exist on the great western tower-arch and on another fine arch also of transitional Norman date, opening out of the former south transept of Mottisfont Priory Church. Some were also found on the chancel-arch of Bramdean of about the same date.

At Ashmansworth numerous paintings were brought to light in 1899.[1] Some early painting had been previously found on the west splay of the Norman window north of the chancel. The subject appears to portray an ecclesiastic stooping down towards a figure of the Blessed Virgin. There were the outlines of two consecration crosses on the south wall of the nave, and one more on the

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1 See *Hants. Field Club Papers*, Vol. iv., pt. 3.

north. But the most interesting subjects are those on the east wall of the nave, above and on either side of the chancel-arch. On and above the arch is a trellis pattern, formed by pale red intersecting lines, and there have been two tiers of subjects divided by a deep red border enclosing scroll foliage. Above has been a similar border mixed up with later paintings. On the lower tier, separated by a red groundwork, are four circular medallions. The subject within the northern one is obliterated, but in the next is a very spirited representation of the Descent into Limbus, or the Harrowing of Hell, as it is often designated. Within the next the subject is somewhat uncertain, but probably depicts the women at the sepulchre, while that on the south side represents the Day of Pentecost—a dove with extended wings hovering above several nimbed figures. This is the earliest representation in England of the subject. On the tier above are several large figures, those in the centre nimbed. They appear to have formed part of the subject of the Doom, a later fifteenth century representation of which has been painted over the upper part. There are traces of the earlier decoration on the north wall of the nave. The principal pictures were probably executed quite at the end of the twelfth century.

Of thirteenth century paintings there are several examples. The earliest and most interesting are those in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre in the Cathedral, which have been fully described and illustrated by Mr. J. G. Waller, F.S.A.[1] Here, on the vault, we find a demi-figure of Christ, and within medallions the Annunciation, Nativity, Raising of Lazarus, Triumphal entry into Jerusalem, Descent from the Cross, Lamentation over the Tomb, Descent into Limbus, and the appearance to Mary Magdalene. There are also traces of the Crucifixion and the murder of Abel below.

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[1] *British Archæolog. Assoc., Winchester vol.*, p. 264.

On the north wall is probably a representation of the Last Judgment and some of the apocalyptic visions, and there are also the scanty remains of a composition, apparently the sufferings of martyrs and saints. Three scenes seem to refer to St. Catherine, viz., her being fastened to wheels attached to several horses, decapitation, and entombment by angels. Although these paintings are nearly coeval with the chapel, they have been executed over an earlier series, which must, in Mr. Waller's opinion, have been of inferior workmanship, and therefore condemned as unworthy of the chapel. Mr. Waller writes thus more than sixty years ago, in praise of the existing paintings:—

> The whole arrangement is effectively contrived. The subjects are told forcibly, evincing a vivid perception of the story in the mind of the artist. There is appropriate action in the figures; an earnest attempt at expression, in some instances, by no means unsuccessful, and only controlled by the want of technical skill.

The Chapel of the Guardian Angels, or Bishop Orleton's chapel, "presents us with a very perfect example of the application of polychromy to architecture; the colour being introduced to give effect to the mouldings and hollows."[1] This also dates from the thirteenth century. There was formerly a painting of St. Christopher in the north transept, and in one corner a boldly-outlined figure of a king remains, of late thirteenth century work.

In the fine hall of Winchester Castle, traces of the original early English decoration are still decipherable on the west wall.

St. Cross seems to have been embellished with a great variety of pictorial subjects, many apparently of the thirteenth century, but almost all have been destroyed. Some pretty decorative designs of this period still remain. On the east wall of the north transept, within an arched recess, a painting of the Crucifixion was found, and above, under a series of trefoil-headed arches, the life and martyrdom

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[1] Mr. Waller.

of St. Thomas of Canterbury. On the east wall of the south choir aisle was the Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John, while in the north choir aisle was a figure of St. John the Evangelist in the splay of the east window, St. Simeon in the south-east corner, the Crucifixion with four other subjects on the east wall, and round the walls, figures of saints and bishops under canopies. Drawings of some of these subjects have been preserved.

At Winchfield some very interesting paintings were discovered about fifty-five years ago, but no longer exist. Those on the north and south walls of the nave were of thirteenth century date; on the north the subject is described as Christ walking on the sea, while on the south, in several scenes, was the parable of Lazarus and Dives. Both are uncommon subjects in England, and their loss is regrettable.

At East Meon are faint remains of paintings. A crowned head on the east pier of the south tower-arch, and the Crucifixion under a trefoil-headed canopy on the east pier of the north tower-arch, are of thirteenth century date. A St. Christopher, discovered and whitewashed over again, is probably later.

In the nave of Titchfield Abbey Church (now Place House) the remains of the original decoration, namely, a masonry pattern in double red lines, are still visible on various portions of the walls. At Bramdean some diaper patterns were found in the chancel of a very rich design, which have unfortunately been renovated.

At Colmer thirteenth century decoration was found in the splays of the east window and piers of transept arch. At Upton Grey, on the north side of the west face of the east tower-arch, is a pattern of cinquefoils in red within a masonry pattern, and on the east wall of the nave is an inscription in capital letters, also in red. All this is probably of the thirteenth century. At Silchester is some decoration of a similar character within the splay of a lancet window on either side of the chancel.

At Havant a painting was found in the south transept with some decorative colouring of the thirteenth century. It represented a nimbed figure in a cauldron with flames beneath—no doubt St. John the Evangelist cast into the cauldron of boiling oil. This unique subject has unfortunately been destroyed.

In the beautiful early English chancel of Sherborne Priory, now called Pamber Church, there is some painting on the north wall, viz., a consecration cross and a series of angels with outspread wings.

At Wellow, two crowned heads and some scroll ornament in red were found some time ago in the splays of the east window, and during the restoration in 1895 further discoveries were made. On the south splay of the east window is a figure of St. Thomas of Canterbury, rather faint, but with the name plainly discernible above. On the east wall is a masonry pattern with five-leaved roses on stems in red, and two very fine crosses of the Maltese type, also with red colouring. On the south chancel wall near the east end is the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury. On the east splay of the east window on the north of the chancel is a crowned head, and on the east splay of the west window on the same side a figure with the name of St. Edmund of Pontigny, Archbishop of Canterbury. His only other portraiture in England is at Frindsbury in Kent. On this wall is another consecration cross, and in the nave are others—two on the north, one on the west, and one on the south. A very pretty decorative pattern with roses and lilies on the north wall seems also to be of the thirteenth century.

At Bramley, a considerable amount of decoration remains, chiefly of the thirteenth century. On the east chancel wall is a bold foliated design, and the masonry pattern with double red lines enclosing roses on the east and north walls. A scroll runs along on the level of the former reredos, and on it are several small figures under trefoil-headed arches. A hand raised in benediction

indicates the Lord in glory, and there seem to be other small figures in adoration. On either side of the east window are large figures—the Virgin and Child and St. James the Greater. Copies of the originals on paper have been pasted over these. On the south wall of the nave is the martyrdom of Becket; the four knights with swords and shields attacking the archbishop, while the deacon holding the cross stands behind. East of this are two other scenes mixed up with later paintings. All these seem to have been executed in the thirteenth century. There are two consecration crosses, which may be earlier, and paintings of St. Christopher and St. Michael of later date.

At St. John's, Winchester, a most interesting series of paintings uncovered in 1852 is mostly of the late thirteenth century.[1] The first revealed were those on the north wall of the north aisle, and are of the highest interest. Two blocked-up lancet windows were found in the wall with broad curved lines in yellow on the chamfer of the arch, and alternate leaves in red on the flat soffit. The first painting from the west is an elaborate representation of the Doom, and is divided by yellow bands into three compartments. In the centre of the upper one is our Lord seated and showing the wounds, while the Blessed Virgin kneels at His right hand in intercession. On either side is an angel holding two of the implements of the Passion. Six saints or elders are seated on each side, and a large angel blowing a trumpet flanks this portion. The eastern part of the next compartment has been destroyed, but St. Michael weighing souls occupies the centre; on the west a Franciscan Monk (St. Peter?) is conducting a company of nude figures of the saved to the gate of heaven, while on the east, a huge demon is dragging the damned, whose feet only are visible, to the jaws of hell. In the lower tier a

[1] *Journ. Brit. Archæolog. Assoc.*, vols. ix., x. (fully illustrated).

Bramley: Martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

number of figures, three crowned and one with a mitre, are in the act of rising from their coffins. Adjoining the Doom, within the centre medallion, is the figure of our Lord seated, giving the benediction and holding in His left hand the book of the Gospels. Within smaller medallions are the Evangelistic symbols. A censing angel fills up the lower part of the picture. Next to this, within a yellow border, with sprigs of foliage at the upper corners, is the Crucifixion, with blood streaming from the wounds. On the right stands a monk holding a large scroll, and on the left another monk, nimbed and holding an open book, with the text Gal. vi. 14. Apparently the blood from Christ's left hand is being poured upon his hands, and the figure is therefore alleged to be St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata. The figure on the other side has been interpreted as Isaiah, and the scroll to have referred to the sacrifice of the Messiah foretold in his work. Above the border are the sun and moon. Immediately east of this is the martyrdom of St. Andrew, a large figure of the saint extended on the saltire cross, a somewhat rare subject in mural painting in England. Over the eastern lancet is an angel rising from a cloud and holding a crown in either hand. Next is a Virgin and Child, and beyond to the east a large angel swinging a censer. This seems to have been the termination of this most interesting series. There is a diaper of the cross fleury in red on various portions of the wall. The date of the paintings is stated to be late thirteenth century.

In 1853 another series was uncovered on the south wall of the same aisle. These were not so perfect as those already described, and one of great interest had been concealed by a later series of saints painted over it early in the fifteenth century. This was a representation of the once popular subject of the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury on the eastern portion of the south wall, between the eastern arch of the arcade and the east wall, displaying the four knights in link mail, with armorial

bearings on their surcoats and shields, and having drawn swords, in the act of murdering the archbishop, who, with the upper part of his head cut off, is falling forward, his right hand extended, his left grasping the book. His faithful attendant Grim stands behind him, holding the archiepiscopal cross in his right hand, and warding off one of the blows with his left. Above is an angel waiting to receive the expiring soul. The door to the Cathedral, forced open by the conspirators, and the roof of the building, with gables of Norman character, are well represented. The subject to the west of this was the Seven Acts of Mercy, but much has been destroyed, and only portions of visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, and "harbouring the harbourless," remained.[1] Remains of a masonry pattern were also found on the south wall of the north aisle, and the north wall of the nave, of thirteenth century date.

Of fourteenth century paintings we have some important remains, and records of examples which have ceased to exist, in the county. At Magdalen Hospital, Winchester, on the north side of the altar were St. Peter in pontifical robes holding a church, and two other figures, one in pontificals, the other in mail; on the south, St. Paul and an archbishop. The date 1300 is assigned to these. On the south side of the nave of Winchfield was the head of a queen of early fourteenth century date, and some good decoration of this period still remains at Silchester. At Farnborough three figures of female saints were uncovered on the north wall of the nave. They had their names above them—Eugenia, who does not appear elsewhere in England, Agnes, and Mary Magdalene, and seem to have formed part of a procession. Their date is about 1300. Two consecration crosses on the north and west walls are probably earlier.

At Warblington an interesting series was brought to light in 1852 and again whitewashed over. They illustrated

[1] Admirably illustrated, together with later ones to be mentioned further, in *Journ. of Brit. Archæolog. Assoc.*, vol. x.

a number of our Lord's miracles, one His intervention on behalf of the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace. He is also twice depicted bearing the Cross. There was a powdering of crimson stars and a coat of arms, all stated to have been of fourteenth century work. At Yately were a royal figure whitewashed over and some rude paintings of the fourteenth century, "too mutilated to be preserved."

In Prior Silkstede's Chapel, in the south transept of the Cathedral, a very interesting subject with a series of figures under canopies of the time of Edward III. was uncovered in 1847, and found to portray Christ walking upon the sea and St. Peter leaving the ship to meet Him.

At Hurstbourne Tarrant two paintings of the same period were discovered on the north wall of the north aisle, viz., the popular "morality" of the three kings living and the three kings dead (an early example of this subject), and the wheel of the seven deadly sins. There is a good scroll border, and on the east wall a considerable amount of decoration. At Idsworth Chapel the walls were found to be covered with paintings of about the middle of the fourteenth century. On the splays of the east window are large figures of SS. Peter and Paul. On the north wall of the chancel is a subject in two tiers. On the lower is what has been described as the Conversion of St. Hubert, though this interpretation is more than doubtful. There is a hunter on horseback with horn and hounds, and three nimbed figures, one of whom has his hand on the back of an animal with human head, apparently performing a miracle. A rich zigzag border in red and white on a yellow ground separates this from the upper tier, on which in three scenes is portrayed the decollation of St. John the Baptist. At the east end a king and queen are seated at a table, while the daughter of Herodias is here, as in other instances, in the act of turning a somersault. In the next scene two ladies and another figure are seated at a table, and a servant is presenting the head of John the Baptist on a charger. The third scene shows indistinct forms of the

saint kneeling, and the executioner in the prison. Close by, at Catherington, some paintings were discovered and brought under the notice of the Society of Antiquaries in 1884. One on the north wall of the nave, probably of fourteenth century date, is vigorously treated and the painting of unusual merit. It represents St. Michael weighing souls and the Blessed Virgin interceding on their behalf.

St. Michael, with outspread wings, is habited in a long tunic powdered with crosses down to his ankles. He grasps a sword in the right hand, while the left is held over the balance on the condemned side of the scales, which are suspended from a girdle round the waist. To the west is the blessed Virgin crowned and interceding in a practical way on the soul's behalf. She holds the beam in the left hand, while with the right she has unhooked the scale containing the soul. In the other scale are several demons, and one is crawling along the beam.[1]

At Rowner Church much decoration of the time of Edward III. was discovered and destroyed. Within the splay of the east window was perhaps the subject of the Ascension, and a portion of another picture alleged to portray the offerings of the Magi was on the north chancel wall. Traces of diaper patterns were also found in the chancel, and some lettering over the chancel-arch.

On the north wall of the nave of Bramley Church is a very large representation of the popular subject of St. Christopher. It has all the usual accessories to this legendary morality. A large figure of the saint with red cloak and bare legs is crossing the river from west to east. He holds a tree with several branches at the top in his hand, and supports the Infant Saviour behind his head. Our Lord is giving the Benediction, and holds a large orb and cross in the left hand. On the east bank is a chapel, and a hermit holding a lantern. A youth is seated on the east bank angling with rod and line, and apparently has hooked by the tail a mermaid who is disporting herself in the water, another mermaid being

[1] *Archæol. Journ.*, liii., 170.

BRAMLEY : ST. CHRISTOPHER.

also portrayed behind the saint. Numerous very quaint fishes of remarkable shapes are swimming about, and the masts and spars of several ships are also represented.

A very similar example was uncovered in the south aisle of St. John's, Winchester. Both these are of the fourteenth century, and are somewhat early instances of a legend which in the fifteenth century was depicted in almost every Church in England.

The remains of paintings of the fifteenth century are, with one or two exceptions, of no great importance. At St. John's, Winchester, on the south wall of the north aisle, several figures of saints were painted over the earlier series. Two of these are identified as St. Walburge, who does not occur elsewhere in England (but may it be St. Mary Magdalene?), and St. John the Evangelist. They are said to belong to the early part of the fifteenth century. At St. Cross, in the north transept, was a very interesting representation of St. Nicholas restoring the three children to life.[1] At Alton we have a record of a series with scenes in the life of Christ and portraits of King Henry VI., and several bishops. At Ashmansworth, over the chancel-arch is part of a picture of the Doom, painted over a much earlier one of the same subject, and on the north wall is part of a fifteenth century St. Christopher. At Headbourne Worthy, within the Galilee at the west end of the church, is preserved the very ancient Rood, with Our Lord on the Cross and the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side. These are in a mutilated condition, but remains of colour could be discerned upon them, and the wall between and above them had been decorated with the sacred monograms: "I.H.C." "X.P.C.," no doubt in the fifteenth century.[2] The same thing occurs at Breamore, where the ancient Rood has been placed over the south doorway within the porch. The intervening wall spaces have been decorated with a church, trees, etc., and

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[1] See p. 124. [2] p. 120.

the sacred monogram and other decoration is introduced on the east and west walls.[1] A similar diaper of the sacred monogram of fifteenth century date was found at St. Swithin's, Winchester. At Ellingham, on a plaster partition over the chancel-screen, are two angels, parts of a large subject, perhaps the Doom, as at Wenhaston in Suffolk, Dauntsey in Wiltshire, etc., and various remains of paintings were found elsewhere in the Church.

At Catherington, on the east wall of the north chantry chapel, has been a very beautiful representation of the Holy Trinity, now much faded. As in other fifteenth century examples, the Almighty holds the crucified Saviour between His knees, but here the Holy Dove is not discernible. There are two censing angels above, and two others above them, one playing a harp, the other (effaced) a lyre. The surface of the wall is diapered with cinquefoils; only two shades of red are used to decorate the picture.

On the panels of a tomb in the north chantry chapel at Stoke Charity are a beautifully designed figure of an archbishop holding the cross and a sword, said to be St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the Virgin and Child, or St. John the Evangelist. But the most remarkable late fifteenth century paintings are in the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral, representing the miracles of the Blessed Virgin Mary.[2] They were painted for Prior Silkstede about 1489. A similar series, of which drawings have been made, was found on the walls of Eton College Chapel. On the south wall is a portrait of Bishop Langton (1493-1500), and within a piscina recess a portrait of Prior Silkstede, the donor.

Numerous other paintings have been noted in the county where no details are available as to the probable

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1 See p. 121.

2 These are fully described and illustrated in the Winchester vol. (1845) of the British Archæolog. Assoc., and in Carter's *Specimens of Ancient Sculpture and Painting.*

CATHERINGTON: ST. MICHAEL WEIGHING SOULS.

date of their execution. On the walls of the north transept of the Cathedral were two male figures, probably prophets, SS. Catherine, Agatha, and other saints, and on the east wall St. Christopher, with the Adoration of the Magi above. At St. Cross, on the south side of the choir, was St. Anne instructing the Virgin; on the west face of the N.W. pier of the tower, Christ with the Doctors; on the south wall of the transept, a Pieta; in the nave clerestory, in the splay of a south window, the Virgin and St. John, and on one on the north, SS. Swithin and Catherine. At St. Lawrence's, Winchester, a St. Christopher was discovered and destroyed. On the north wall of the nave of Tufton a good picture of the same saint has been carefully preserved. Early mention is made of another St. Christopher on the north wall of Tichborne Church. At Ibsley a painting is recorded of Heaven and Hell, parts of a Doom. At Kingsclere some interesting decorations were found in the clerestory windows of the nave, and at the old Church at Burghclere numerous paintings were discovered and whitewashed over; one is said to have been the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, but may have been St. Christopher. At Durley considerable remains were brought to light, but most of them were re-covered with whitewash before notes could be taken. Only two figures within the splays of windows on the north of the chancel and in the north transept were visible in April, 1888, but information was obtained as to the existence of numerous figures of saints, masonry patterns, etc., on various portions of the walls, and a Doom on the south side of the nave.

We read in *Collectanea Archæologica*, ii., 91, that "when the walls are damp the traces of ancient paintings appear" at Hound Church; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1829, "a series of ancient paintings" (since whitewashed over) at Upham are referred to. At Netley Abbey, in various portions of the ruins, traces of decoration can still be discerned.

In *The Ecclesiologist*, ii. 25, mention is made of wall

paintings of figures under canopies, since covered up, at Hartley Wintney, and discoveries are said to have been made at Mattingley, Kimpton, and elsewhere. At Basing a black letter inscription on one of the Poulet monuments is dated 1488, and at Basingstoke decorative patterns and mottoes of the Elizabethan period were found, and copies are still preserved. Remains of later texts need not be enumerated.

Of decorated sculpture we have a few remains. In Winchester Cathedral, above the "Holy Hole," are fragments of a stone on which was painted the Coronation of the Virgin, of thirteenth century date. At Stoke Charity is a richly-coloured sculpture representing St. Gregory's Mass. The great stone altar-screens at Winchester Cathedral and Christchurch retain traces of their polychrome, and that at the College Chapel, Winchester, was similarly decorated.

At Amport is preserved one of the stone movable altars called *St. John's Heads*.[1] On it is the sculptured head of St. John the Baptist in a charger with inscription, "*caput sancte istorie*"; above are two angels holding a napkin enclosing a soul, and below the Saviour rising from the tomb, with, on either side, St. Peter and St. Margaret, and an archbishop and St. Catherine, all richly painted and gilt, of about 1500. At Micheldever part of a large stone reredos is enriched with colour and gold. In the Cathedral, on the reredos of Bishop Langton's Chapel, on the south side of the Lady Chapel, are paintings of saints and remains of colour and gilding, and on the east wall of the south transept of St. Cross are fragments of a richly-painted reredos of the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century. Here is also a stone screen on the north side of the choir with outlines of figures on the panels. On the fine stone chests containing the remains of the early Saxon kings, placed on the top of the side-screens of the choir of the Cathedral are remains of the original gilding, *c.* 1520.

[1] See *Archæologia*, lii., p. 669.

Remains of decoration of various dates have been noted, too, on the stone roofs of the Cathedral, St. Cross, Christchurch, and Romsey. In the Countess of Salisbury's Chantry at Christchurch are three very richly-sculptured and coloured bosses, the central one having a representation of the Coronation of the Virgin. At Ellingham are some large bosses from the former nave roof, with the heraldic bearings of the Lisles emblazoned in their proper colours. In Bishop Fox's Chantry in the Cathedral are the arms of Tudor and the bishop properly blazoned.

Of decoration on stone monuments the list is very meagre. In the Cathedral the effigies of Bishop Waynflete and Cardinal Beaufort have been re-painted. At Christchurch, in a chapel east of the north choir aisle, the effigies of Sir John Chydioke and his Lady retain traces of their original early fifteenth century colouring. At Stoke Charity, on the cresting and spandrils of a monument in the north chantry, is the original gilding, and on two panels of the tomb already referred to are figures of St. Thomas of Canterbury and the Virgin and Child. On the back of a monumental recess in the south wall of Silchester are remains of a picture of the lady whose effigy is below. At Sherborne St. John there is colouring on the shields, etc., of the tomb of Sir Ralph Pexsall and his Lady in the chancel, of early sixteenth century date. On the monument of Sir Richard Lyster, 1567, in St. Michael's, Southampton, are remains of colouring; and on the magnificent monument of the Countess of Southampton, *c.* 1581, in the south chapel of Titchfield Church, the effigies, shields, and other details have recently been re-coloured and gilded.

Of painted woodwork the remains in the County are remarkably few and far between. There is not a single rood-screen on which the original colouring is now to be seen, or has been noted as existing in recent times. Of

painted roofs there are few records. On the east beam of the nave roof at Fordingbridge are chevrons in several colours. A chantry chapel on the north side of the choir of Christchurch has a flat wooden roof with panels painted blue, and on the alternate ones large red and white roses, the mouldings dividing the panels being gilded. In the Cathedral is preserved

A panelled piece of wood (?) a retable, on which are depicted SS. George, Peter, James (Major), a Bishop, a Majesty with the four Evangelists, four angels holding the instruments of the Passion, the Virgin and Child, the Coronation of the Virgin, Crucifixion, St. John the Baptist, kneeling figures of knight and lady, and several armorial shields. 13th century.[1]

In Romsey Abbey is a panel with the figure of a Benedictine monk kneeling, and a number of small golden objects, perhaps fiery tongues, around him; on a scroll is the inscription, "*Ihu fili dei miserere mei*," of fifteenth century date. There is also part of a large wooden panel, which was discovered behind the high altar. On this are SS. Jerome, Francis, Sebastian, a bishop, (?) St. Augustine, a nun, (?) St. Scholastica, a black monk, (?) St. Benedict, SS. Roche, Anthony, and Ambrose. Below is the Resurrection, our Lord holding the Cross and Banner, with a soldier on either side, and a censing angel. In the left-hand corner is a kneeling figure of an abbess, no doubt the donor, with a scroll from the mouth: "*surrecssit dominus de sepulchro.*" Some Italian ornamentation between the saints proves this to be not earlier than 1500. There were formerly two tiers of paintings above these, with the Almighty or Christ in Majesty seated in the upper, and the choir of angels in the lower.

Such is a brief description of the mural and decorative painting still or till recently remaining in Hampshire. The record must inspire feeling of regret that so much has been destroyed, so little allowed to remain. But it is

[1] *A List of Buildings, etc.*, p. 280.

probable that a more tolerant and sensible view with regard to these methods of early education and reverence now prevails, and that the custodians of our venerable churches are glad to preserve and not to obliterate the evidences of the system of imparting religious knowledge which prevailed throughout the Middle Ages in all the Christian countries of the world.

CHARLES E. KEYSER.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.—Of the saints mentioned at Alton (p. 149) three still remain on the north face of one of the pillars of the nave. They are painted one above the other on red and grey grounds, and under flat canopies. Each figure is about two feet high, has a red nimbus and is richly vested, and has had the name inscribed on a scroll below. The upper one exhibits a pope with scarlet vestments and the papal tiara. He holds the patriarchal cross in the right and a book in the left hand. No emblem is visible, but the name "Sac̄ cornelius" is plainly depicted on the scroll below. He is a rare saint, and seldom portrayed in our English churches. The next figure is crowned, with ermine cloak and red robe. He holds a sceptre in the right and book in the left hand. The name on the scroll is nearly obliterated, but looks like "Henric V.," and therefore is probably for "Henricus VI.," as previously recorded. The lower figure is an archbishop, with rich mitre, red chasuble, and alb, holding a jewelled cross. No emblem is visible, nor is the name discernible, so that it is impossible to establish his identity. The pavement on which he is standing is clearly represented. The date of these paintings is of the time of King Henry VII.

CHARLES E. KEYSER.

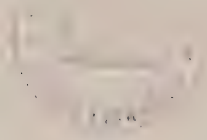
ROMSEY ABBEY

By the Rev. J. Cooke Yarborough

IF you want to see Romsey Abbey at its best, you should visit it some bright afternoon in autumn, and, if possible, approach it by the road from Salisbury. As you near the town, the road, which has hitherto been fairly level, suddenly dips down towards the valley of the Test. Just as it begins to descend, you will see a gateway on your right hand. Stand in the gateway, and look across the green slope below, and you will certainly see one of the fairest sights in Hampshire. The valley of the Test at this point is about a couple of miles across. Northward, a silver streak, visible here and there among the deep pastures and misty meadows, marks where the river flows. Beyond the valley, low hills, crowned with woods, rise gradually to the distant downs, while in the level plain between, half hidden by trees, stand the gray abbey church and the red-roofed town.

The church itself crowns a gentle eminence beside the stream. Its walls are backed with lime trees, now dressed in their autumn hues, and dark yews and holm-oaks nestle close in to the southern side, while catching the glow of the already sinking sun, the lofty battlements and massive tower stand out against the wreaths of smoke and the dusky roof-tops of the town. It is a view homely and England-like. Side by side are the busy little town—mills and shops of yesterday—and old gray walls that have seen many centuries pass by. Shorn of much of its ancient splendour, the passing years have touched the abbey church with a beauty that even its noble architecture cannot give

Romsey Abbey.



by itself. It stands as the expression of a venerable past, which breathes its living charm upon us still. It has had its trials, it has survived them all. Like the belfry of Bruges:—

> Thrice destroyed and thrice rebuilded,
> Still it watches o'er the town.

The road then makes a sharp turn at the foot of the hill, and crosses the river. Here we begin to tread historic ground. You catch a glimpse from the bridge of Broadlands, once the home of the great Lord Palmerston. Along this street, which leads into the town, once went a straggling fight of Roundheads and Cavaliers, when Colonel Norton's troopers beat in the Royalist guard at the bridge by a night attack, and roused the sleeping townsmen with shouts and pistol shots. For a moment, the Cavaliers rallied in the Market Place, then broke again and fled, leaving the town in the hands of the Parliament, and many dead all along the street. The names are given in the abbey register, December 12th, 1643, as "Slain at the Routing of the King's force at Romsey." The tradition of the town is that they were all carousing, when the Roundheads took them by surprise.

Along this road, too, only some six years after, came the pathetic figure of a discrowned King, escorted by grim Puritan soldiers, on his way to the last scene at Whitehall. Up it, too, centuries before, rolled heavily the charcoal-burner's cart which brought the body of another King, for whom "no bell was tolled, no prayer was said, no alms were given," on its way to burial in the Old Minster at Winchester.[1]

So, amid memories that meet us at every corner, we come to the Market Place, but the old houses that once stood round the square are gone. A statue of Lord Palmerston occupies the central space. All is modernised, except one old hostelry, now the Conservative Club, whose sign-board still swings on an ancient twisted

[1] See p. 88.

bracket of hammered iron, on which, as the Parish Register again records, disorderly soldiers of the Parliament were hanged "when General Fairfax was in ye towne."

Where the line of shops now stands, on the west side of the Market Place, was a stream. Across it rose the convent wall; the gateway of the Congregational Chapel, on the left, now marks the site of the abbey gate. Behind the wall, from among the trees and shrubs of the abbey garden, once rose the roofs and gables of the nunnery buildings, and beyond them, sheltering them by its solid mass, was the abbey church. The conventual buildings are all gone, except the refectory, which, though almost indistinguishable among the other buildings, and now forming two dwelling-houses, can still be traced.

A turn to the left now brings us to the abbey. You may be disappointed at the first sight. The exterior gives rather an impression of strength and solidity than of beauty. "The city lieth foursquare." Its tower is low, its transepts rise sheer, with shallow buttresses. There is comparatively little attempt at ornament, only simple mouldings to the windows, and some fantastic forms and faces which peer out from under the corbel-table. Externally, it is like a big cruciform parish church; and it has lost three features which must have added greatly to its beauty. The Dedication Chapels[1] at the east end, and the Chapel of St. George on the north side of the nave, were all pulled down after the Reformation; and the old belfry tower of St. Laurence, which stood near the church on the north-east side, is gone too. It was pulled down in 1624.

But on entering the church, you will be surprised at the grandeur and nobleness within. Those old builders built for all time, and with a keen sense of proportion and effect. It is a perfect Norman church, with

[1] Romsey had, instead of the usual Lady Chapel, a building at the east end with two altars side by side, apparently dedicated to St. Mary and St. Æthelflæda, its patron Saints.

only the two east windows and the three western bays added by later hands (thirteenth century). The massive piers of the nave arches remind one of Durham, the lofty triforium rather of Norwich; the perfect Norman clerestory has nothing quite like it in England. There is just enough of ornamentation to give richness without decreasing the feeling of breadth and stateliness; while the great height and fine proportions convey the impression of a far larger building than it really is. Go eastward to the chancel aisles, and notice the carving of the Norman capitals, the curious "classical treatment," the quaint variety of the mouldings, some of them (those in the ambulatory) recalling Norman work in the mosques of the tenth century at Cairo; and then go back again, and contrast the exquisite delicacy of the Early English capitals near the north-west corner. The stone is of a soft dove colour. It came from Binstead, in the Isle of Wight, brought, as the general tradition tells, in carts across the Solent at low tide, by a causeway which ran from Yarmouth to near Lymington.

The church, to give more precise details, is 263 feet long, and at the transept 131 feet wide; the width of the nave is 86 feet, and the height of the chancel arch about 55 feet. The Dedication Chapel, now pulled down, extended about 40 feet further to the east.

Now that we have taken in some of the general character of the building, we may begin to trace out its history. How deep these ancient foundations drive their roots into the history of our land! Under our feet, as we stand in the centre of the nave, lie the remains of a Roman villa, ruined and forgotten before ever the first stone of the abbey was placed here. Possibly one other relic of that time is preserved in the church. In 1839 a grave was being dug in the side aisle, near the Abbess's door; at four feet deep, the sexton came upon masses of masonry which were believed to be the foundations of an earlier church than the present Norman Abbey. *Underneath* these again was a leaden coffin, apparently

of extreme antiquity, lying north and south. It contained the skeleton of a girl which the first breath of air crumbled into dust, leaving only a heavy plait of brilliant auburn hair (still preserved in the church) almost as bright and shining as when the body was first laid to rest, perhaps 1,500 years ago. A coffin lying north and south points to pre-Christian burial. Did the girl live in that Roman house?

When the floor was relaid a few years ago the foundations of most of a previous Saxon church were found, evidently left by the Norman builders to secure a solid base for their columns in the gravel bed on which the abbey stands. You can still see, by lifting a trap-door in the floor near the pulpit, a part of the apse which formed the east end of the Saxon church. The earliest Christian building was, no doubt, a wooden one, built, as the chronicler tells us, by King Edward the Elder. This was replaced in 967 by the first stone church, and this church in its turn was pulled down about 1130, to make way for the Norman building in which we stand. Happily, those Norman builders did not destroy all that they found.

In the east wall of the south chancel aisle, over the side altar, is a Saxon carving in white stone representing the Crucifixion, and done in high relief. There are many indications of an early date for this. The figure of our Lord has a beardless face; the limbs are unbent; two attendant angels are placed on the limbs of the Cross; below are the Virgin and St. John, the soldier with the sponge and vessel of vinegar, and Longinus the centurion with the spear. We are told that King Edgar gave a gilt crucifix to the abbey. It may be this one, despoiled of its jewels, of which some of the lead sockets remain; and, if so, we still have that crucifix in wonderful preservation. There is yet another memorial of those Saxon times. Go out by the Abbess's door in the south wall of the church, and you will be standing where once the nuns' dormitory looked

out upon the cloister-garth. There you will find, built into the west wall of the transept, an almost life-sized figure of our Lord upon the Cross. The exact date is uncertain, but the treatment is distinctly Byzantine in character, resembling the roods of Headbourne Worthy and Breamore, and no example of a crucifix treated exactly in this style is found later than the eleventh century.[1] It is worth while to notice here the difference between the earlier and later types of crucifixes. The modern type presents us with the figure of the Saviour dead or dying. It is an appeal to our pity, our gratitude. "Behold and see," it seems to say, "if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow." This represents *the living Christ.* The head is erect, the eyes are open. There are no nails, only wounds in hands and feet. The arms are outspread to call the wanderers home. Still there is the Cross, and from above the Father's hand is outstretched from the cloud as if to point—"This is My beloved Son." It is Christ risen and glorified, yet "reigning from the Tree."

Let us go back a thousand years. It is in the year of grace 907. Romsey is as yet, what its name implies, "the island among the marshes,"[2] the gravelly soil among the streams and marshes of the Test. There are but the ruins of the Roman villa, perhaps a few huts of half-wild tribesmen, and all around the thick woods and open downs. Here the Princess Æthelflæda, the eldest grand-daughter of the great Alfred, comes with her twelve companions to devote herself to the worship of God, and the care of His poor. And so her father, King Edward the Elder, builds for her a church; and here she lived, and lies somewhere close beside us, though in an unknown grave. The years roll on, and once again a king is at work here, this time rebuilding Romsey. Edgar the Peaceful restores the church which his grandfather had built. It is consecrated

1 See p. 120, and *Victoria County History*, ii., p. 240. The Hand coming from the cloud is found on coins of Ethelred II., 990.

2 *Ruimne* (Celtic), marsh; *eye*, island.

with great state on Christmas Day, 974, in the presence of the King and many of the chief nobles. Peter de Langtoft sings his praise in somewhat uncouth verses:—

> Mikille he worschiped God and served our Lady,
> The Abbey of Rumsege he feffed richly;
> With rentes full gode, and kirkes of pris,
> He did [place] therin of nonnes a hundred ladies.

But only thirty years later all the labours and promise of that re-foundation are swept away. It is a time of misery and fear, by reason of the invasion of the Danes. Elwina, the abbess, is praying at the High Altar. To her there comes a Divine voice, which warns her that the sea-wolves are on their march from Southampton to burn and destroy, so she gathers her frightened nuns, and seeks refuge within the walls of Winchester. The next night Swegen, over whose brow the crown of England is already hovering, and with him King Olaf, in after years the Evangelist-Saint of Norway, swoop down from their camp on Toot-hill, and the abbey goes up in flames to the wintry sky, while Ethelred of Ill-rede and his troops camp in cowardly indecision twenty miles away at Andover.

Twenty years more and the church rises again from her ashes. Cnut, Swegen's son, has become a Christian, and is busy building again the shrines his father burnt. His Queen, Emma Ælfgifu (the fairies' gift), gives benefactions to the church at Romsey.

It is almost a new England which meets us when we look at Romsey again. Only seventy years have passed, but the Norman holds the land, and the royal race of the Saxon line is scattered far and wide. The Ætheling has gone with his two hundred knights into voluntary exile in Apulia. Margaret, the saintly maid of Norway, has become the wife of Malcolm III. of Scotland. Her sister, Christina, is either the abbess or a nun of high degree at Romsey. To her care St. Margaret sends her two fair daughters, Eadgyth, whom we are to hear of afterwards as Matilda the Good, and Mary. And so Romsey becomes

the home of the last hopes of the Saxon race.[1] So Romsey becomes a place of interest to the great Norman barons. The man who should wed Matilda would secure a strong position in the realm, for the King seems unlikely to marry, and his brothers are provided for under the Conqueror's will. Good Abbess Christina has much ado to keep these suitors off from her fair ward, who in the meantime, the old chronicler (William of Malmesbury) says, "*exercised her female breast with scholarship of every kind.*" One day, however, Aunt Christina has genuine cause for alarm. The cloisters resound to the rattle of arms and the ring of spurs upon the stone; the King himself has come to see Eadgyth. Did the Abbess know that she was already in love with Henry Beauclerc, the Red King's brother? In any case, every effort must be made to keep her from the eyes of Rufus. One chronicler in his account even hints at fear of the Red King's violence. The abbess is equal to the occasion. Into the church with the dark robed nuns, clothed like them in conventional garb, Eadgyth goes, and the day Office is begun. "The Princess is at her devotions; she cannot see you," says the brave abbess, quaking, no doubt, inwardly the while. "Come into the cloister, and I will show you my roses." So the evil King goes on to his sudden death in the forest, only eight miles away, and a few months later, the joy bells ring out at Westminster for the marriage of Matilda and King Henry I.

> Henry wedded Dame Molde, that kyng was and sire,
> Saint Anselme, men tolde, corouned hym and hire,
> The corounyng of Henry, and of Molde that may-
> den at London was solemply, on Seynt Martyn's Day.
>
> —*Langtoft.*

And now a pathetic figure flits across the scene. Mary, daughter of King Stephen, becomes Abbess of

[1] This accounts for the late Norman of the architecture. Other cathedrals and abbeys were by this time in full process of re-building, but Romsey, with its Saxon sympathies, would be passed by. The rising tide only reaches it after the marriage of Matilda.

Romsey in 1160, and many a busy month goes by while the new abbey rises in place of the old Saxon church, under the superintendence of her uncle, the great Prince, Bishop, and Architect, Henry of Blois.[1] She is abbess for just five years, and then disappears. Her name is blotted out of the abbey register. She has renounced her vows, and, perhaps swayed more by the political aims of Henry II. than by her own inclinations, has married her cousin, Matthew of Alsace. Ten years of stormy married life appear to have been her lot, and then once more the cloister receives her, and she dies in the abbey of Montreuil.

So the years roll on, and round the abbey grows up the town. Domesday Book pictures it for us as a little settlement, comprising some two thousand acres of cultivated land, and inhabited by about a hundred people, and "the abbey of Romesyg holds the whole township in which the church is placed." By the thirteenth century, it has grown to a good-sized town, and the life of the abbess of Romsey is indeed a busy one. She has some twelve estates to manage, and the patronage of many churches. She practically owns the town of Romsey and its trades. She dispenses justice through her courts of law. She has the right of hanging criminals in the market place, and, perhaps greatest of all, the task of order and discipline among her hundred nuns, her singing priests, her servants and retainers, and the many guests who found shelter and hospitality within her walls.

The fifteenth century draws on apace. The story of the great abbey gets dark and sad. One abbess quickly succeeds another. The Black Death takes its awful toll alike of nuns and clergy and people. The Bishop comes from time to time to hold enquiries as to scandals, and to preach the blessings of a holy life. Bishop Orlton, of Winchester, for instance, comes in state, and preaches

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1 For more about Henry of Blois, see p. 13, and the papers on "Wolvesey" and "St. Cross."

in the Chapter House to the nuns upon the text: "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut." Reforms are carried through, matters are righted for another fifty years, but the clouds darken over it again. Evil deeds and loose ways creep within the sacred precincts. In the reign of Henry VII., 1502, an enquiry is held into the state of the abbey under Elizabeth Brooke. It is a miserable and sordid story that the Bishop's registers unfold. One by one the nuns are examined, touching the scandals which are said to have arisen. Their evidence is a strange mixture of godly sorrow on the part of some that such things can be, and paltry back-stairs gossip and malice from the rest. The abbess had fallen under the evil influence of a certain Master Bryce, chaplain of the infirmary. Large sums are not accounted for; repairs to the church are neglected; the rain comes in upon the nuns in their dormitory; while the abbess drinks with Master Bryce in her private rooms. There are rumours of even worse things going on. Out of it all comes a conviction that the spirit of holiness has passed away; the doom of such a convent cannot be long withheld. The abbess is deposed indeed, but her successor is no better; and when at last a vigorous reform sets in under Abbess Ryprose, it is too late. A wider Reformation is at work. One after another, the Acts for the Dissolution of the Monasteries are passed. Nothing, indeed, by fair means or foul, can now be alleged against Romsey, but envious eyes are cast upon its rich possessions. Men beside whose evil lives the sins of the abbess and her nuns are small indeed cringe and toady to the King for a share of the plunder. The very people whom the abbey employs are the first to suggest its spoliation. "First you shall onderstande," writes John Foster, of Baddesley, the convent steward, to Lord High Admiral Seymour, one of the greediest of them all, "that the house is out of dette; also the plate and jewells is worth 300 *li.* and

better; VI. belles be worth c. *li.* at the least; also the church is a great sumptuous Thynge, all of freestone, and covered with lede, which as I esteme it is worth iij. or iiij. *cli.* or rather myche better."

So the convent of St. Æthelflæda of Romsey, after six hundred years of chequered history, comes to an end. Let us not judge it harshly. It had done its work; "the old order changeth, giving place to new"; and its closing chapter was unhappily a miserable ending to a noble history. But the faults of their declining years ought not to blind our judgment to the splendid work and noble lives of the monastic bodies throughout the greater part of their history. Romsey is still reaping some at least of the good which they achieved. The provision for religious ministrations to the parish was made by one of the abbesses, and still remains, and a large portion of the abbey estates has passed into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and is administered for the Church's good. Above all, the great church which they built for the glory of God still stands as of old. By an act of public spirit somewhat rare in those days, the parishioners came forward, and saved it from the fate which befel so many. A royal deed, still preserved in the vestry, records how they bought it from the King for their parish church. And the town which we have seen grow up under the easy and beneficent rule of the abbesses of Romsey had been through all these later years gradually learning the art of self-government. The reins of authority drop from the hands of the last abbess, only to be immediately taken up by the municipal officers. Even while Henry VIII. is still reigning, we begin to hear of a mayor and councillors.

Our last thought of the abbey shall be one of gladness and promise. The church is filled with an enthusiastic people, who now claim it as their own. They are gathered to welcome King James I., who comes to listen to a sermon

from the saintly Bishop Andrewes, and to grant a charter of incorporation to the ancient borough of Romsey.

So the memories of the past go trooping by, while we have been sitting here, dreaming of other days. The shadows have been creeping up from aisle to vault, and the great piers and arches seem vaster in the gathering gloom. Then softly comes a murmur of chiming bells, and lights begin to gleam as the candles are lit for Evensong; and soon we hear sweet voices in the choir singing the evening Psalms. This is a true type indeed of the immemorial part which the Church has played. One by one, the generations come and go. Here, for a little while, they bring their hopes and fears, their passions and regrets, and then they pass on into the silences beyond. But amid all the changes and all the failures, the Church still lifts her perpetual round of worship and intercession:

> The voice of prayer is never silent,
> Nor dies the strain of praise away.

J. COOKE YARBOROUGH.

CHRISTCHURCH TWYNHAM

By George Brownen

THE ancient borough of Christchurch—or, to give it its name in full, Christchurch Twynham—is situated near the extreme western border of the Hampshire coast. The most populous part of the borough is between the rivers Avon and Stour, which unite below the Priory to fall into the sea. The Avon is sixty-one miles in length. It rises near Roundaway Down, drains the chalk of Salisbury Plain, the green sands of the Vale of Pewsey, and the tertiaries from Fordingbridge to the sea, and flows within sight of Old Sarum and Stonehenge. The Stour rises in Somerset, quickly enters Dorset, and after a flow of fifty-four miles unites with the Avon at Christchurch to form an estuary.

From this physiographic position we might expect to find the locality of great importance in prehistoric times, when rivers were roadways; and our expectations are supported by the huge earthworks on hill and cliff, while the numerous tumuli of the Stone and Bronze Ages in the neighbourhood indicate that the locality was early appreciated, though how early none can now tell. Guarding the estuary, and near the headland now known as Hengisbury or Hengistbury Head, but called in the eleventh and twelfth century charters "Hedenes buria," are huge earthworks called "the double dykes," connecting the rivers and the sea, and forming an inner line or landward defence; but the seaward complement of these entrenchments has long ago fallen into the sea. The double dykes are twenty

or thirty feet high, and could still screen a large military force, if necessary.

A mile or more north of Christchurch is Katterns —usually called St. Katherine's—Hill (*Kader Ryn*—the fort of the run or rivers). On this elevated plateau there are traces of a British hill town, with its outlying ramparts and watch towers, a Roman exploratory camp, and the foundations of a mediæval chapel of St. Katherine. The view from this hill (about a hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea) extends for miles up the valley; and tumuli, camps, and other relics of bygone ages are in sight. To this we may add the names of *Danestream*, *Derrit Lane*, etc., and fragmentary folklore, all indicative that Saxon, Viking, and other piratical adventurers must often have found and raided the district.

In the *Saxon Chronicle*, after the record of King Alfred's death in 901, it is stated that Ethelwold the Ætheling disputed the succession and choice of Edward the Elder by the Witan, for which revolt Ethelwold seized Wimborne and Tweoxna or Twynham. The revolt speedily collapsed, and the peace of Yttingaford, in 906, was probably made a little way south of the town, where hostile camps face each other across the estuary of the two rivers. The name *Tweoxna* or *Twinham* was modified by the Norman into Thuinam, and later still Twynham, which means the two towns, that is to say, either the towns on the head and hill, with a common pasturage valley between them, or the King's Town and the Monks' Town, as they appear in the Domesday Record. From the ecclesiastical re-arrangements in the twelfth century, the name Christchurch was associated with that of Twynham, and then supplanted it, so that nowadays, except by antiquaries, Twynham is a discarded name.

The town is in the form of a capital L, and in the centre, near the angle, are the ruins of a mediæval castle built by the De Redvers, Earls of Devon. The castellan's house, roofless, and partly destroyed, stands by its moat-

stream, supplied by the Avon. The house is rectangular, with the base of a square tower, formerly commanding a drawbridge, and a wall containing round-headed windows and a circular chimney, said to be the earliest domestic chimney now existent in England. Across the castle yard, now laid out as a bowling green, on the western side of the enclosure, is an artificial mound, about twenty feet in height, of prehistoric date, and upon this mound are the east and west walls of a massive stone keep, about twenty feet high by ten feet thick, roughly but strongly built of uncut stones. It was a previous keep that was seized by the revolter, Ethelwold, since the present castle was erected by Richard De Redvers at the beginning of the twelfth century. King John, on two occasions at least, visited this castle, and held his court within its walls, but most of his royal successors who have visited the town have preferred the hospitality of the prior to that of the castellan.

This castle is not directly connected with important events in our national history. It was the scene of a dispute and massacre in the reign of King Stephen, and of a slight skirmish of an indecisive character in the Civil War of 1645, but as the castle is not on any of the great roads of the country, the earlier troubles of the Barons and the Roses seem to have passed it by.

The chief attraction in Christchurch is its noble priory church, visible for miles up the valleys and far out to sea. This church (or, rather, churches, as we shall presently see that it is), with its adjacent monastery, lies directly south of the castle, and between it and the estuary. In point of fact, the castle was no defence for the church and monastery. Clearly, therefore, when the ecclesiastical settlement was made, no raiders from the sea of the Viking type were anticipated. When this settlement was first made, and the first church erected, we have no record. Our oldest reference is the Domesday Book, which records a monastery in existence, and holding estates in Hampshire

CHRISTCHURCH: CHURCH AND CASTLE.

and the Isle of Wight, during the reign of Edward the Confessor (1042-66). As regards the manors in the Isle of Wight, Domesday Book states that this property "always belonged" to the Twynham monastery. Clearly, therefore, in 1086 the exact year of the grant was lost, and at a distance of more than eight centuries we cannot hope to recover it.

But we may, perhaps, find a clue in the fact that the Isle of Wight was conquered and in part assigned to ecclesiastical foundations by Caedwalla and Ina, Kings of Wessex in the seventh and eighth centuries. In fact, it was a sister of the last-named King who became associated with the Wimborne nunnery, only twelve miles off, and upon the same river Stour. At any rate, from the liability to Viking raids down to the time of the Confessor, when we find a flourishing monastic institution at Twynham, we might reasonably expect the positions of castle and monastery to be the reverse of what we find as existent. Further, as Professor Freeman[1] points out, the Twynham convent was a monastic settlement, having a central church or minster, with "nine others in the churchyard, as well as houses for the canons." Twynham must then have "looked more like Glendalough or Clonmacnois than like anything else we are used to in England." From the days of the Confessor to the Red King, the monks were secular, not regular, Austin Canons. They are styled "honest and virtuous," and as fulfilling the requirements of a missionary church to the villages around, from Lymington to Poole, and as far inland as Ringwood.

From the cartulary of the monastery—now in the British Museum—which was written in the fourteenth century, and from which we derive most of our older information, and from royal examinations and amplifications of the ancient charters by the Plantagenet Kings, we find that William Rufus gave the monastery to his Chancellor, the famous Ralph Flambard. This charter is witnessed

[1] *English Towns and Districts*, p. 169.

by Walkelyn, Bishop of Winchester, and Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury. Clearly, therefore, this must have taken place between the years 1093 and 1097, since after this Walkelyn was dead and Anselm abroad, and the year of gift was probably nearer to the earlier than the later date. Whether Flambard became the religious head as well as owner of the monastery, is doubtful. He knew the place, however, for Domesday shows him to be one of the ejected landholders from the New Forest in 1086, and from a place within the ministrations of the monastery. It was, however, in the turbulent reign of Rufus that Flambard became the all-powerful political agent and chancellor, and it was at this time that he formed the idea of remodelling and rebuilding the monastery, which is expressly stated to be "old and dilapidated." It is quite possible that the project was upon strategic or political grounds rather than religious, or as an ecclesiastical defence of the coast-line of the Forest from foreign foes like Robert. At any rate, from Lymington to Poole, "all is the parish of Christchurch, and all the churches . . . to Dorset pertain with their tithes to the church of Christchurch" (*Cartul. i.*, 199).

The exact methods of reconstruction at this period are somewhat obscure, and have been made more so by modern confusion of dates. Keeping the necessary limitations of particular events in mind, the outline seems somewhat as follows:—The connexion of Flambard with the monastery, if it really occurred, must be placed in the reign of the Conqueror, before 1086, and it is quite possible that Flambard may have become reconciled to his losses by the more congenial tasks and profits in the making of the Domesday record which paved his way to the chancellery. Next, at an uncertain date, but certainly before the one commonly assigned (1099), "Father" Godric became the Twynhamite monastic head. In the reign of Rufus, the Chancellor Flambard, between the years 1093-7, obtains the monastery *in commendam*. Flambard now comes into

conflict with Godric, for he wishes to rebuild the monastery by withholding appointments and by appropriation of local funds. The expenditure was to be cut down to a minimum. The funds were to be pooled for a fabric fund, and a mint made in the town. Of course, Father Godric protested and resisted, but the all-powerful Flambard ejected him, though he reinstated him upon subsequent submission. In a short time, Godric and nine other monks were dead, and their perquisites were assigned to the building fund. There is no suggestion that Flambard had personally appropriated this money. All this happened before August, 1100, and the premature death of Rufus in the New Forest; for within a month—in September, 1100—Flambard was a prisoner in the Tower of London. Soon afterwards, Henry I. sacrilegiously seized and appropriated the Twynhamite building funds, and appointed a new monastic chief, named Gilbert de Dousgunels, a feeble court puppet. Nine more death vacancies occurred, and the monastery was reduced to five canons. This was its lowest point. From the cartulary, it would seem as if all the old building, except such as was absolutely necessary for life and worship, had been demolished, and very little new erections even begun. This stagnation lasted a few years. Father Gilbert went abroad to beg and died, so the way became open for a stronger man.

Somewhere between 1104-8, Henry I. gave the lordship to Richard de Redvers, one of his great barons. Flambard also had made his peace with Henry, and gone to his Durham bishopric, and it is a curious fact that Flambard and De Redvers appear together as witnesses to a royal charter, though not to Twynham. Although Henry was unable or unwilling to refund, yet Redvers seemed willing to endow, and Flambard, no doubt, to co-operate. The way was, therefore, re-opened for Twynhamite re-erections. Earl Richard de Redvers placed his chaplain, Peter de Oglander, as head over the monks, and under his rule and that of his successor, Ralph, parts of the church and convent

were roofed over. The arrangements seem to have been that as much of the monastic revenues as possible was appropriated to the fabric fund, and that this was supplemented by Earl Richard's gifts of rentals, lands, and fees. In point of fact, this may be considered as the commencement of the new era of endowments, while Flambard, until his death in 1128, supplied the architectural genius, and probably improved or modified his older designs, and so experimented and safeguarded his greater works at Durham.

The turbulent reign of King Stephen saw another important change at Twynham. Hitherto, the monastery had been in the hands of seculars, but from this period it became a house of canons regular, under the rule of a prior. To effect this, Hilary, the senior canon at Twynham, was made Bishop of Chichester. He had previously been chaplain to Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and so, during this vacancy, with royal, baronial, and ecclesiastical consent, the convent was brought under the regular Augustinian rule. Its first prior, Reginald, was remembered as a benefactor, and he lies buried in the central passage of the nave, just in front of Prior Draper II., the twenty-sixth and last prior of Christchurch. The priory, therefore, existed for three hundred and eight-nine years, from 1150 to 1539.

These twenty-six priors were no doubt important local men in their day, but none of them became eminent theologians or statesmen. Several of them are represented by sepulchral slabs in the church, as Priors Maury (1286), Wodenham (1397), Borard (1398), Talbot (1420), Eyre (1520), and Draper II. (1552). Prior Quinton, in 1293, was an executor of the will of Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albemarle, and last of the house of De Redvers. Prior Busthorne was deposed by Bishop Orlton within four months of his nomination in 1337. Prior Henry Eyre, in 1367, became blind, and was allowed a coadjutor in John de Wodenham, who succeeded Eyre

in 1375. Wodenham and seven of his monks were charged with heresy and other crimes in the time when Lollardy and Wickliffism were strong in the land. John Draper II. resigned the monastery to the commissioners of Henry VIII. in 1539, and improved his pecuniary position as being "a very honest and conformable person." Henry VIII., after realising what he could, gave the living to the newly-constituted Dean and Chapter of Winchester. The records and keys were given to a member of the Powlett family. The first man put in possession was William Avery; a little later Stephen Kirton, goldsmith, of London, owned it; and so the priory became divorced from its associate church—a condition of things lasting until the present time.

One of the ejected Twynhamite Canons named Thomas Hancock, M.A., Oxon, was known to Cranmer and Knox, and became a famous gospeller of the time. His autobiography is among the Fox MSS. in the British Museum, and is typical of the Reformation epoch. Hancock has been styled "The Luther of the West of England." The Dean and Chapter of Winchester sold the living in 1799 to the Earl of Malmesbury.

As regards the literary memorials of the monastic house of Twynham, the fabric rolls and most of the work of the monkish copyists are lost. The cartulary of the priory in two large folio volumes is fortunately preserved in the British Museum. It was nearly lost in the fire at Ashburnham House, but its scorched pages have been admirably restored. The date of its compilation is given (vol. ii., p. 134) as follows:—

Anno millesimo tricenteno duodeno
Et sexageno Domini dictamine pleno,
Ad laudem Christi finis libro datur isti
Sp̄s (*spiritus*) *auctoris hinc gaudeat omnibus horis.*

It is a fine calligraphic work awaiting translation. A copy of the chronicle of Robert of Torigni has recently been recognised in the Cambridge University library as coming

from Twynham. Thomas Cromwell "borrowed" Bede and another volume from the Twynham Library in 1535. Cromwell "wanted" also the works of William of Malmesbury, and Prior Draper promised to send them shortly, and no doubt did so. Where are these copies? This gives quite another colour to the tradition that the monks were illiterate, and only had one book in the library at the dissolution. Transcription was an employment in most, if not all ancient monasteries, but in the sixteenth century most of these works were destroyed or lost. Of post-reformation time, the earliest known local work is Hancock's, of 1562 and 1582; still later is Vicar Warner's *Diatriba Justificantis*, printed at Oxford in 1647, which we believe heads the list of local modern authors.

The vicarage of Christchurch was created in 1150, and Prior H. Eyre informed the Bishop in 1359 that the vicariate had been re-arranged and augmented in 1312. The vicar then was under the control of the prior, and lived near the church court. His annual stipend in cash, food, and other matters for himself, servant, and house was equivalent to £28 2*s*. 10*d*. This was altered by Henry VIII. in his 1541 arrangements to £16 a year for the vicar, and £8 a year for a curate to help him in the services. The names of fifteen vicars from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the Reformation are known, and eighteen vicars in succession have held the preferment since that date.

As a parish church the buildings now form one of the largest, if not really *the* largest, in England, and they are of peculiar interest, as exhibiting all styles of architecture, from the rough horse-shoe arcading in the crypts to the sixteenth century work in the chantries. Viewed from without the church seems somewhat disappointing and incomplete, in consequence of its great length, unrelieved by a central tower at the union of the gable and flat roofs. But it must be remembered that the long building is really

three churches—the western being the parochial, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the central the monastic, dedicated to Christ, and the eastern, or Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, a manorial church. It is also a fact that the stump of a central tower still exists, uniting the Norman nave with the older choir and monastic church. It is well seen at the intersection of the nave and transepts where the rounded massive Norman arches rise high above the early English clerestory of the nave. The tradition is that the central tower fell early in the thirteenth century, and destroyed in its fall the existent monastic church containing the Redvers chantry. A little later, this monastic church was rebuilt as the present choir, and it actually contains the crypt and tombs of the earlier erection. The eastern end was originally an apse, but a little later the Lady chapel was added through the interests of the Montacutes and Wests, the manorial lords. This most easterly portion of the church was squared off at its eastern end, and connected with the nave by the north and south choir-aisles, which are outside of the monastic choir. About this time chantries were erected, and alterations effected on the eastern side of the north transept, and lastly, the present western tower was built. From the monastic seals and certain stone bosses in the church it would seem as if the central tower consisted of a low square stump, capped by a spire surmounted by a cross and ball. Each corner of the cruciform church is represented as bearing small finial towers, most of which have disappeared also; and so the present unrelieved length of 311 feet, finished only on its extreme western end by a tower 120 feet in height, inserted in rather than attached to the nave, gives some resemblance to a gigantic railway engine.

The analysis of the exterior of the church discovers important alterations. The eastern side of the north transept was formerly apsidal like the south transept. The north front of the north transept still retains its beautiful arcading and tracery, especially round its turret

tower, but its Norman round-headed windows have been destroyed, and a huge, ugly, nondescript window inserted at a higher elevation. In the nave north wall the old Norman windows of the aisle have been remodelled on the Early English type in keeping with the upper clerestory, but the intervening lights of the triforium still retain their rounded shape. The north porch, the principal entrance to the church, is a grand massive structure of two stories, elaborately ornamented. Before the present tower was erected, the parvise, or upper story, of this porch was probably the bell-loft of the later De Redvers' time. The present tower was erected by the Montacutes, whose armorial bearings may be seen on the spandrels of the west door, and high up on this face of the tower in a canopied niche is an image of the thorn-crowned Saviour in benediction, considerably older than the tower itself, and formerly standing over the western porch. The west end of the nave was destroyed for the insertion of this tower. The monastic wall runs further west, inclosing domestic buildings and the massive pillars of the ancient gateway of the convent. On the weather-beaten south side of the church are the markings of dormitories and cloisters demolished "as useless." The present "priory" was made a private residence about 1780, and the only noteworthy features are blocked doorways.

Entering the church we find that it is composed of a nave, choir with aisles and chantries, transepts without aisles, but possessing eastern chantries in each wing, a Lady chapel, and a tower. The incised sepulchral slab of Prior Wodenham, who died in 1397, is just within the church door. A capital in the nave is carved with the wyvern cognizance of the De Redvers previous to 1184. The parochial altar of Holy Trinity formerly stood in the nave, and it was consecrated 12th November, 1214, by Walter, Bishop of Whithern, in Galloway. The monastic high altar of the Holy Saviour was consecrated in the earlier choir or monastic church on 29th December, 1195,

by the Bishop of Ross. This probably dates the completion of the canons' church. Other altars named in the cartulary are of the Holy Cross, B.V.M., Holy Sepulchre, St. John Baptist, SS. Peter and Paul, St. Stephen, St. Thomas, St. Martin, SS. Augustine and Gregory, St. Michael, St. Nicholas, and St. Edmund.

Separating the choir from the nave and transept is a fine but much-defaced stone rood-screen of the fourteenth century. The canons' stalls, with quaintly carved misericordes, are fifteen on either side of the choir; six more, including the prior's and sub-prior's, are at the west end. The roof is richly vaulted and coloured, and some of the northern windows contain ancient heraldic glass. On the foot-pace are some despoiled sepulchral slabs, and just within the presbytery the slab of a De Redvers with this inscription in gothic letters:—

Baldewin fili Willi Comitis Devonie.

Baldwin died September 1st, 1216, during his father's earldom. This is the oldest dated monumental slab in the church, and a relic of the earlier choir over the family vault.

The reredos is a Vine of Jesse giving the Saviour's pedigree, and is in size and finish one of the most remarkable in the kingdom. It should be compared with the later ones of Winchester and St. Albans. It is flanked on the south by the Malmesbury altar tombs instead of sedilia. On the north is the exquisite but sadly mutilated chantry of Margaret Pole, who was executed on Tower Hill in 1541. In the north choir aisle are the chantries of the Montacutes and Berkeleys, and in the south aisle the chantries of Redvers and Harris, and a peculiar sacristy often miscalled a leper chapel—an obvious absurdity. In the retro-choir is the recumbent alabaster monument of the Chidiocks, relations of the Berkeleys, Wests, and Stourtons, lying near. By the south side is the Draper chantry, dated 1552, and initialed. In the Lady Chapel are Decorated sedilia, and altar tombs of early

fifteenth century Wests, ancestors of the De la Warrs. The ancient altar of the Virgin is still *in situ*, decorated above by a much mutilated reredos; and high up, above the vaulted roof, is St. Michael's Loft, probably a relic room, then a chapel, afterwards a school, and now disused. The chief benefactors since the Conquest were, first, the De Redvers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; next the Montacutes and Berkeleys of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and the Wests, Nevilles, and Poles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Besides these benevolent barons, we learn from the Cartulary State Papers that gifts by royal charter were made to the prior and convent by William II., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., John, Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI. With the coming of the Tudors, the charters ceased, and the era of spoliation drew near. Then the monks were dismissed with pensions, their effects sold up, and the conventual buildings demolished. The commissioners found seven bells in the tower, and professed to leave five, but only left two. About two thousand ounces of gold and silver plate besides other robberies were "reserved for the Crown."

The troublous times of the Civil War scarcely affected Christchurch. John Imber, vicar, was temporarily ejected, and John Warner appointed in his place. Cromwell made a grant of oak timber from the New Forest for some necessary repairs. Constant restoration, indeed, of such a composite structure is absolutely necessary.

Of legends there are many. One states that the church was built upon Kattern's Hill, near the old Belgic township, and what was erected by day was removed into the valley at night. This may possibly mean that the civil and ecclesiastical authorities could not agree together, and that as at Old Sarum later on, the monks moved off the waterless hill to the fertile valley below. If so, they were wise.

Again, there was a workman of the silent type, ever at work but never at play, and this too may not involve

the miraculous. Possibly he was a Norman architect or clerk of the works, speaking only Norman, and representing Flambard or De Redvers in superintending the work of the Saxon serf. Another legend of a lengthened beam in the eastern portion of the church is a late production, and is manifestly borrowed from the Apocryphal Gospels. The relics were many, and their power to heal, according to the Malmesbury annalist, very great.

The borough of which the priory is the parish church is also of remote antiquity. It is called a "burh" in Domesday, and the earlier De Redvers gave the burgesses sundry privileges, lands, and customs during their respective lordships in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. These liberties were confirmed to the burgesses by the Crown before the transfer to the house of Montacute. Further charters were granted by Henry VI., Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles II., and are mentioned in the records. In the turbulent time of the Wars of the Roses, 1476, Henry Godying, Maryer (Mayor), is wanted for high treason. The old minute book of the Corporation professes to give "ye accompts of ye Major and his brethren, ye Burgesses of ye saide Borrough," from the first "yeare of Henry VII. anno 1485"; but its list of mayors only begins in 1598, though names are known at an earlier date. The book, therefore, was not the earliest record. The old mace and other civic valuables were lost in the seventeenth century. The present mace was a gift of Mayor Hastings in 1662. The seal is a round one, with the central figure of Christ seated, and the legend: "SI . COMVNE . VILLE . XPI . ECCLIE . DE . TWINHAM." The Parliamentary franchise was peculiar. Edward I. purchased the lordship from Isabella de Fortibus in 1292, and in 1307 the King summoned burgesses to his Parliament at Carlisle, and his successor, Edward II., to his Nottingham Parliament. The town pleaded poverty, and was excused on both occasions. In the reign of Elizabeth, the writ was revived against the Spaniard, and from 1572 until the Reform Bill of 1831,

the town sent two Members to each Parliament, except that in the time of the Protectorate, as now, one only was returned. Christchurch is now little more than the one interesting suburb of the modern town of Bournemouth, but Bournemouth's Member is still the Member for Christchurch.

The charter of Baldwin de Redvers the younger, confirming the grants of his predecessors, with further endowments by himself, to the Twynham Monastery (*cir.* 1160), has recently been found by W. Jeans, Esq., of Christchurch, and is now on view in the Priory Church. It is in good preservation, about two-thirds of its seal bearing the wyvern badge of the early De Redvers is still attached. A free translation of the charter is also appended, and amongst its points of local interest are the usage of the name Christchurch in the middle of the twelfth century; Jardano, an unknown prior of Breamore; salterns at Milford, etc.

G. BROWNEN.

BEAULIEU ABBEY

By Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley

IF we follow the course of the tiny brook that rises near Minstead Manor, and flows, now through alder-thickets, now through low-lying grass-land or bogs in which the red-brown tufts of heather stand out like islands, we shall find it joined by many tributaries in its winding course across miles of open heath, and see it widening into a considerable stream when it reaches the meadow-land, and flows into the open reach above Beaulieu.

In this remote valley, between the Forest and the sea, where red-roofed cottages nestle amongst sheltering trees and bright gardens, only some gray, ruined, ivy-clad walls remain to tell us that here once stood one of the proudest and most powerful of the English monastic foundations. It was a Cistercian Abbey, which has the rare distinction of being founded by King John in 1204, in consequence, it is said, of a terrible dream. He gave a hundred marks towards the cost of the buildings, besides endowing the Abbey with large grants of land and cattle, probably taken from someone else, and presented it with a gold chalice. He is said to have intended it to be the place of his burial. It was peopled with thirty monks from the parent house of the Cistercian Order at Citeaux.

His son, Henry III., added grants of money and land, as did his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans, whose first wife, Isabella, was buried here; and

he and his Queen attended in state the opening of the Abbey in 1246, it having occupied no less than forty years in building. Before the foundation of the Cistercian Abbey, tradition says that a Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem already existed here. The name Beaulieu, "*Bellus Locus*," means, of course "fair place"; and, indeed, it is a "goodly heritage." The site presented many attractions, surrounded as it is by the Forest, and easy of access from the side nearest the sea, by means of the winding little tidal river, with its beautiful banks luxuriantly wooded till they open out upon the gleaming waters of the Solent.

This great Abbey enjoyed its powers and privileges for about three centuries, until its dissolution in 1539. Pope Innocent III., in the reign of Edward III., granted it rights of sanctuary and freedom from episcopal jurisdiction; John and his son Henry granted the freedom of the Cinque ports, and *free-warren*, or the right to kill any deer that strayed from the Forest into the purlieus of the Abbey; while the dogs belonging to the monastery were exempt, by a privilege of Henry VII., from the cruel forest law of "Expeditation."[1]

This right of sanctuary was very largely used during the Wars of the Roses, and it is said that Anne Neville, Countess of Warwick, fled for safety here after her husband, the "King-maker," was killed at the Battle of Barnet. Perkin Warbeck also took sanctuary here for a time. Only a few years before its dissolution, when there was a question of the appointment of a new Abbot, Lord Audley wrote to the Duke of Suffolk on the subject, urging that whoever was appointed should be "a man of great gravity and circumspect, and not base of stomach or faint of heart when need shall require, the place standeth so wildly; and it is a great sanctuary, and boundeth upon a great forest and upon the sea coast, where sanctuary

[1] For this term, see the paper on "The New Forest," p. 82.

Pulpit at Beaulieu Abbey.

men may do much displeasure if they be not very well and substantially looked upon."

The Abbey, with all its adjacent demesnes, covered a space of about twenty acres. By what is left of the walls, now ruinous and ivy-grown, the various parts of the monastery can still be distinctly traced. The beautiful cloisters, with the remains of the pierced stone tracery of their Decorated windows and arches, are now draped with ivy and clematis, and thyme, wallflower, and wild pink blossom in their crevices. The long building on the upper story was once the monks' dormitory, and in the field outside can be seen the foundations of the pillars where once stood the great church. It consisted of a very long but narrow nave with aisles, even longer than that of Winchester Cathedral, a central tower, transepts with aisles, and a short choir ending in a circular apse, with procession-paths and chapels round it.[1]

Remains of the old fishponds may still be seen, and of what was once the vineyard. For, strange as it may seem now, in some of our monasteries even farther north than this, as at Bury St. Edmunds and Peterborough, a vineyard was a common feature of the establishment; and English grapes were grown, and wine or brandy made from them in seasons when summers seem to have been longer, and their suns hotter, than they are now.[2]

The refectory of the Abbey is now the Parish Church. Not having been built as a church, it does not stand east and west, but north and south. Its most interesting object is a very curious and beautiful stone pulpit of the latest Early English or earliest Decorated period, which is approached by a long flight of steps in the hollow interior of the wall. The panels are rich with delicate flower tracery. This was not a pulpit for preaching, but was the

1 The usual methods of construction of Cistercian Abbeys and their distinctive customs will be treated more fully in the following paper on "Netley Abbey."

2 But Lord Bute makes excellent wine at Cardiff Castle, which commands a high price now.

rostrum from which the monk on duty would read the Bible or homilies to the brethren as they sat at table. The only other remaining pulpit of the kind in England is in the refectory at Chester Cathedral.

Close to the road stands a beautiful old stone gateway, thickly mantled with ivy, which was the Porter's Lodge to the Abbey.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. the Abbey was worth £326 a year, equivalent to some £4,000 now, and more than twice as much as Netley. The spoils were bestowed upon Thomas Wriothesley, afterwards Earl of Southampton. In the reign of William III. it became the property of Ralph, Lord Montagu (afterwards Duke of Montagu), by marriage with the heiress of the Wriothesleys; and from the Montagus it descended by marriage to the Dukes of Buccleugh. Lord Montagu's present house includes what was once the gatehouse to the Abbot's palace, and has a fourteenth-century groined hall.

Two other relics still remain of this once famous and wealthy Abbey. Two-and-a-half miles away, in the direction of Lymington, is St. Leonard's Grange, once the farm which supplied the Abbey with provisions. Here are the ruins of an enormous barn, two hundred and twenty-six feet long, of which the gable-ends are still standing, overgrown with masses of ivy, and also all that remains of what must have been an exquisitely finished little Decorated chapel. A mile beyond this is another abbey farm, now called Park Farm, which also had a chapel attached to it; but this was destroyed about 1800, and very few traces now remain.

ALICE RAWNSLEY.

NETLEY ABBEY

By the Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier

HORACE WALPOLE, writing to Mr. Bentley, says:—

> How shall I describe Netley to you? I can only by telling you that it is the spot in the world which I wish. Oh! the purpled Abbots! what a spot had they chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have retired *into* the world.

Gray too, in one of his familiar letters, has happily described the situation of Netley Abbey, and, with characteristic taste, has formed the scenery into a cabinet picture. The site of Netley Abbey indeed, like that of all the abbeys of the Cistercian Order, is choice, and was selected by the founders for various reasons. A spot remote from towns, quiet and peaceful, on the banks of a river well supplied with fish, in a valley, and as much as possible surrounded by hills, both for protection and seclusion—these were the conditions. In no instance were they much departed from, and they are well represented in the situation of Netley. The first company of monks who occupied it came from the neighbouring abbey of Beaulieu, which has already been described. The site was probably acquired by Robert, first Abbot of Netley, and his small colony of monks, in 1235. The name of their new home is said to have been derived from the parent monastery by changing the epithet *bellus* (beautiful) into *laetus* (pleasant). How, then, came it to be called Netley? If Leteley, taken to be "*Laetus Locus*," reminded the

monks of their old home, "*Bellus Locus*" (Beaulieu), it is most probable that when the abbey was dissolved, the new owners adopted the name of the neighbouring tithing of Netley, which was made to include the district around the abbey. It is certain, at any rate, that the name *Letelie* or *Lettley*, which occurs in Domesday Book, was retained until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The monks of Netley were of the reformed branch of the Benedictine Order called Cistercians, from *Cistertium* (Citeaux), in Burgundy, where the order had its rise towards the close of the eleventh century. It became of great repute and extent in a short space of time. So rapid, indeed, was its progress that St. Bernard of Clairvaux before his death had founded a hundred and sixty monasteries; and in fifty years from its establishment the order had acquired eight hundred abbeys. They came to England about 1128, and founded their first house on English soil at Waverley in Surrey, and at the time of the dissolution possessed thirty-six of the greater and thirty-nine of the lesser houses.

A remarkable feature of the abbeys erected under the Cistercian rule consists in the uniformity of their architecture. There were doubtless some variations, due to local causes, in the different structures, but in England, France, and Germany alike, one uniform plan was adopted. Netley Abbey may be taken as a fair model of a Cistercian settlement. We find a central cloister quadrangle, surrounded upon its four sides by the conventual buildings. On the north is the church of the monastery, thus placed that the magnitude of the structure might be a shelter from the north winds to the residential buildings. The church was always in the form of a cross. The choir was short, and the east end square, an apse being rarely found in England. The transept had no aisles, but two or three small chapels on the east side of either wing, each having its altar. In some instances, there was a portico extending over the whole of the west front, and covering the west

NETLEY ABBEY.

door, but no lofty towers were erected until after the strict rules of the order were relaxed; only low towers of one stage, or wooden bell-turrets over the crossings were allowed. There were no carvings of the human figure during the first two centuries, and stained glass was at first prohibited. Pointed arches were used as the arch of construction, and rounded only for purposes of decoration.

Leaving the church at the east end of the south aisle by a door from the cloister used by the monks, we find a narrow space between the south end of the transept and the chapter-house. This was usually divided into two parts; one was the *vestiarium* or sacristy, the other, perhaps, a penitential cell. Next to this was the chapter-house, which, after the church was the most important building of the monastery. It was approached by a fine archway, always open, and not fitted with doors. It was divided by a double—or sometimes, as here, triple—arcade of beautiful pillars and arches, with a vaulted roof. This was the council room, where all important conferences were held, and the business of the monastery was transacted. Here, too, the young novice was admitted and questioned by the Abbot, who explained to him the austerities and the duties of the order; here, at the end of his novitiate, he received the tonsure, and made distribution of his property; and here sentence of punishment was pronounced by the Abbot upon offenders. The chapter-house at Netley is about thirty-two feet square, the groining supported by four central pillars and by brackets in the wall. It was lighted by pointed windows, and the floor was paved with figured tiles. A dais was carried round three sides, whereon the Abbot and his monks sat for business. Over the chapter-house was the *scriptorium* or library, where the books and illuminated manuscripts were kept, though Leland states that at the dissolution there was only one manuscript in the library, of Cicero's Rhetoric. Possibly the others were saved by concealment, as at Durham, where a fine collection of manuscripts

belonging to the cathedral was found concealed within one of the nave pillars.

Passing the entrance to the Abbot's lodge, we next come to the refectory, which the monks entered by a door at the south-east corner of the quadrangle. It extended due north and south, and next to the church and the chapter-house was the richest of the monastic buildings in architectural details. It is seventy-nine feet by twenty-five feet, and the groined ceiling was supported in the centre by four circular pillars. Since its first erection, this hall has been divided into two apartments by a wall of masonry, embedded in which about fifty years ago the base and part of the shaft of one of these pillars were found, as fresh as though just from the mason's hands. This division wall may have been built near the time of the dissolution, when the number of inmates was much reduced. In the refectory, written up in a conspicuous place, was the Cistercian motto of St. Bernard, which is thus translated by Wordsworth[1]:—

> Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
> More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
> More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
> Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
> A brighter crown.

Where the monks then sat at their silent meal a great tree now stands, rearing its lofty head above the roofless walls. For nearly three hundred years the monks daily dined in this now ivy-covered hall. A sculptured ivy leaf on a capital there before their eyes now seems mutely prophetic of a message after many ages fulfilled.

Over the refectory was the dormitory, entered on the south side by a flight of steps from the lavatory in the quadrangle. According to the custom of the Cistercians, this apartment had no divisions, and was very barely furnished. The monks slept in separate beds, it is true,

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[1] *Poems of the Imagination*, Part ii.

but made of wooden planks, such as are provided for houseless vagrants in some large towns. They were enjoined to "sleep in their clothes, girt with their girdles." Fuller, who gives this information, sarcastically asks whether slovenliness is any advantage to sanctity. It was probably ordered so that the brethren might be the more ready to rise for the night office, which began at two o'clock.

On the south side of the refectory was the kitchen, now one of the most attractive parts of the ruins. It is a large vaulted room, nearly fifty feet long and about eighteen feet wide, exclusive of some enclosed spaces adjoining the south wall. The spaces give some colour to the supposition that the drain from the fish-ponds in the abbey-grounds which runs underneath may have formed a secret passage. The spaces have no connexion with the ground floor, but there is a small door in the corner of the dormitory which has a direct communication down to the drain. From certain incisions in the masonry, it is not improbable that a hatch was introduced here to pen back the water, and thus make the drain possibly available as a secret passage. This hatch might also have answered the purpose of keeping back the fish, and even enabling the kitchener to supply the table without leaving the kitchen. This room has a fine example of a hooded fireplace, with brackets in the corners for lights, one of the earliest fireplaces in this country, dating, as it does, from the twelfth century.

Adjoining the kitchen was the buttery, from which dishes were passed into the refectory, the aperture being fitted with a door on each side, the rebates for which are still visible. The porter's lodge and *domus conversorum*, or house of the lay brethren, comprised the remaining part of the south and west sides of the quadrangle, the latter building projecting beyond it southward. It contained their day room and work room below, and their dormitory above. There was an approach from this building to the

west end of the church, which they used, whilst the monks entered at the east end, having access from their dormitory.

At the east end of the grounds was the Abbot's lodge, though it was probably built for the accommodation of the monks on their first colonising the place, and may originally have covered a larger space.

It is not easy to assign their use to the several apartments. The largest of them was certainly the Hall, of which the groined roof is worthy of notice, while the rooms above, from the finish of the mouldings, were evidently principal apartments. The small room at the south-east with a buttery hatch was evidently a private dining room, and adjoining it was the kitchen.

Tanner, the historian of English monasteries, states that in the year 1239 King Henry III. founded this abbey as a monastery for Cistercian monks, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary and St. Edward, endowing it with various manors in the neighbourhood, and with the advowson of Schyre (Shere) Church. That it was dedicated to the Virgin is sufficiently plain from the charter of the founder, in the title of which it is called Leteley, but in the charter itself "the Church of St. Mary of Edwardstow," the words implying no more than a grant to St. Mary's Chapel at Edwardstow, or St. Edward's Place. It is not improbable that as Letely had been enriched by previous donations, some structure had been dedicated there to the Confessor, and that Henry only renewed the foundation, as he afterwards rebuilt Westminster Abbey. In fact, on some stones lying on the ground in the south transept of the church, once in the roof, were formerly to be traced the supposed arms of Edward the Confessor—a cross flory and four martlets. The then Bishop of Winchester, Pierre des Roches (de Rupibus), who died in 1238, no doubt sanctioned the foundation, if he did not procure the gift of the land. But although Henry III. is said to have founded Netley Abbey in 1239, his charter confirming its possessions and revenues is dated as late as 1251, in the

thirty-fifth year of his reign. In 1242, Roger de Clare endowed it with certain lands, and as the advowson of Schyre Church is mentioned in his grant, it is probable that the King's charter was partly in confirmation of grants made while the foundation was in progress. Roger de Clare's grant was ratified by John de Warrene, Earl of Surrey, in 1252. Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, Robert Ver, and Walter de Berg are also in the list of benefactors, the last-named giving certain property in the county of Lincoln, which he held of the King *in capite* by the service of presenting him a headpiece lined with fine linen and a pair of gilt spurs. Milner, the historian of Winchester, thinks it evident from certain traces found among the ruins, that Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester 1500-1528, was also a benefactor to the abbey.

In 1250, King Henry gave the monks of Netley a charter for holding a market at Hound and a fair at Wellow, with a privilege of free warren in their other manors. In the next year, he granted them further rights of market at Wellow. The right of merchandise and tolls at these principal emporia of domestic commerce became a valuable source of revenue. At certain distances, officers were posted at bridges and avenues of access to the markets and fairs, to exact toll for all goods that passed. All shops were closed, and streets were made in the fair, and assigned to the sale of the various commodities, being called according to their special wares, as drapery, pottery, spicery. In 1288, the bailiffs of the town of Southampton distrained certain of the Abbot's "men" for payment of toll, upon which, two years later, an action against the bailiffs was tried before the Bishop of Winchester at Westminster. It appeared that the Abbot had gone into the town with three of his "men"—John Messell, John Giffard, and Walter Sakenayl—with some articles for sale which are not specified, but are called "merchandises," and that the bailiffs had charged them toll of one hundred shillings. The Abbot pleaded that,

by the charter of Henry III., and by confirmation of the present King, his predecessors and himself, Abbots of Netley, and their "men" of Soteshall, Walonfolling, Hun, and Totington were made free of toll throughout the kingdom. The bailiffs pleaded that they had a charter of earlier date empowering them to take toll without exception. The case was subsequently heard before Edward I. and his council. It was decided that in all acts of buying and selling for the necessary use of the Abbot and his people, no tolls should be taken, but that this exemption should not extend to them, notwithstanding their charter, if they went into the markets like ordinary merchants. The mention of "men" in the first charter implies bondsmen or villeins, and conveys an idea of the social condition of the country at that time. These "men" were serfs, and passed in the same manner as timber or rabbits from one possessor to another, with the farms to which they belonged.

At first, the Cistercian rule was rigorous, especially as to fasting and religious exercises. Flesh, fowl, and eggs were prohibited, butter and cheese might only be eaten when they were given in alms, and only two meals a day were allowed besides *mixtum*, which was an indifferent kind of porridge. On Fridays during Lent, one mess of this was the only meal throughout the day. Their beds have been already described. They were not allowed to speak, except in the locutory or parlour, and there only on serious subjects. An exception was made in the cases of the cellarer and some other officials, who were permitted to give necessary orders, and teachers of theology in their studies; or if the brethren were on a journey, they might ask briefly for such necessaries as they were unable to procure by signs. An offence against any of these rules was punished according to the circumstances of the case. For a great offence, such as theft or conspiracy, offenders were excommunicated yearly on Palm Sunday. For lesser offences the discipline included flogging and solitary

confinement, with various acts of penance. The Cistercians used the Breviary drawn up by Gregory VII., a compendium of the offices in use in the eleventh century. It contained the Seven Hours, or services for the seven periods of the day, viz., Mattins, soon after midnight; Prime, at 6; Tierce, at 9; Sext, at noon; Nones, at 3; Vespers, at 5; and Compline, which closed the day, at 6.

Notwithstanding this discipline and devotion, they did not escape the satirists of the age. Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford in the twelfth century, the reputed author of "Golia's" poems against the priesthood, ridiculing their professed abstinence from flesh, writes:—

> Pigs they keep, many of them, and sell bacon, perhaps not all of it, the heads, legs, and feet they neither give nor sell, nor throw away: what becomes of them, God knows. Likewise there is an account between God and them of fowls, which they keep in great quantities.

Map did not believe, either, in the *mixtum*, the perpetual silence, or the seven services of the Breviary; and it is certain that the rigorous rule did not prevent the Cistercians from ultimately becoming, like the Benedictines of Clugny, "merry monks." They relaxed their primitive severity and simplicity, until disorder took the place of discipline, a result partly due to the authority of Pope Sixtus IV., who, near the end of the sixteenth century, greatly modified the rules of the order. The guest hall at Netley was generally full, for the hospitality of the abbey was great, and often monks would stroll there, even after Compline, to hear how the world was moving, and to enjoy a draught of the white wine imported from Genoa and Venice into Southampton. We find that in 1280 the rolls of Parliament record a grant of "one tun of red wine a year to the Abbot of Leteley."

Election of the Lord Abbot was attended with great ceremony, though, according to the chronicle of Jocelyn, a monk, the appointment was often made without regard to fitness or character. The Abbots of Netley whose names have come down to us are: Robert (1235),

Walter (1290), Henry de Inglesham (1371), John Stelhard (1374), Philip de Corhampton (1387), John de Gloucester (1396), Richard de Middleton (1396),[1] John Burges (1503), Thomas Stevens (1527). He was most probably the last Abbot of Netley, who signed, by proxy, the instrument in favour of the divorce between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon.

The only trace of any transaction between the Abbots of Netley and the ancient corporation of the town of Southampton hitherto discovered is an entry in the steward's book of the Corporation, under the year 1469, of £2 3*s.* 4*d.* "paid to the Abbot of Leteley for a grove of woode bought by the Maire for to make pyles and hegges by the sea syde," in order to obstruct the landing of the enemy; the town having been invaded by the French before our Navy was formidable enough to keep them out.

Netley Abbey existed as a monastery for three centuries. At the dissolution, its community consisted only of the Abbot and twelve monks. Their annual revenue, as stated by Dugdale, was £100 1*s.* 8*d.*; according to Speed, it was £160 2*s.* 9*d.* Taking a medium sum in a return made by the King's Commissioners, £146 3*s.* 1*d.*, as correct, the income would represent now about £1,820 —a fairly competent subsistence. Henry VIII. granted the site of the abbey, together with the farm and manor of Hound, to Sir William Paulet, who was created Earl of Wiltshire and subsequently Marquis of Winchester. He is said to have been a man of learning and talent, and was tactful enough to hold the office of Lord High Treasurer during the changeful reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. From this nobleman Netley passed, probably by purchase, to the Earl of Hertford, Edward Seymour, whose father, the Duke of

[1] John de Glo'ster was made Abbot of Beaulieu, 1397, in room of Richard de Middleton. He was chosen in 1394, but for some cause was deposed and appointed to the daughter Abbey, but in 1400, probably on the death of John de Glo'ster, was restored to Beaulieu.

Somerset, was beheaded in the reign of Edward VI. He was deprived of the title while a minor, and it reverted to the Crown; but in the first year of Elizabeth his titles and possessions were restored. In 1560, the Queen visited the Earl at Netley, as appears from an entry in the register of St. Michael's Church, Southampton: "The Quene's Majesties grace cam from the Castle of Netley to Southampton, the xiij. day of August, and from thence she went to Wynchester the xvj. day." Towards the end of the following century, the abbey became the property of the Earl of Huntingdon. He was the father-in-law of the famous Selina, the founder of the sect of Calvinistic Methodists, known as "Lady Huntingdon's Connexion." Lord Charles Seymour, second Baron Trowbridge, was born in the abbey, and baptised in the choir of the church in 1665. In the year 1700 Sir Bartlet—or Barkeley—Lucy became the owner, and disposed of a part of the property to a builder of Southampton, named Taylor, who began pulling down the building, with a view of using the materials for the erection of dwelling-houses, when he was stopped in his work of demolition by an accident which caused his death.[1] The ruins as they were left by Taylor became the property of Mr. Clift, by whom they were sold to Mr. Dummer, of Woolston House, who bequeathed them to Mr. W. Chamberlayne, the grandfather of the present owner. For a time the ruins were in the possession of Mr. Dummer's widow. This lady married Mr. Dance, an artist of celebrity, who took the name and title of Sir Nathaniel Holland.

The ruins of an abbey or other ancient historic building may be regarded with different emotions, according to the feelings of the beholder. To some they give pleasure as picturesque and artistic objects, without regard to their history and associations; to others they bring thoughts of sadness, that such beautiful edifices

1 See Murray's *Handbook to Hants.*—Netley Abbey.

raised by our forefathers, once the scenes of great and important events, and full of memories of the past, should be thus despoiled. But these sentiments may be felt together without incongruity. To all thoughtful minds it is painful to look upon such a ruin, especially when the work of destruction, as in the case of Netley Abbey, was wilful, but at the same time it may give pleasure to the artistic sense.

Monasteries in their day fulfilled a great purpose, and were a means of blessing. They were the sources from which was derived almost all the learning, and the schools of the thought and culture of the age. They were also the charitable institutions, whence alms flowed freely to the poor and needy. They were sanctuaries to the persecuted and oppressed, and not infrequently hospitals for the sick and infirm.

The loss of these several advantages was severely felt and lamented after the dissolution. No doubt there were abuses; the monks had declined from the rules and the principles of their orders. But the ruined cloisters had seen holy men in their recesses, engaged with true devotion in the study and offices of religion; the roofless churches once resounded with almost incessant prayers and praises to Heaven. The *scriptorium* was once the scene of devoted and arduous toil in the transcription and illumination of the Holy Scriptures. And among the blessings which they conferred, it was no trifling one for England that daily and hourly in their churches prayers were being offered for the welfare of the Church and nation; that in an age of violence, rapine, and lawlessness each abbey was, as it were, an oasis in the wilderness, and offered a peaceful retreat to those calmer and gentler spirits who sought refuge from the noise and strife of a turbulent world, and were really happier in the pursuit of study and religious exercises within their hallowed precincts.

W. A. C. CHEVALIER.

THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS AT NORTH BADDESLEY

By the Rev. P. Gaisford Bourne, D.D.

LYING secluded between two main roads—to Winchester on the one side, to Romsey on the other—is a small parish, which is rather a hamlet than a village. Being so situated, it is apt to escape the hurrying traveller, but it is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting spots in rural Hampshire.

On the highest ground stands the venerable church, and each road and footpath appropriately ascends to it. With all the quiet dignity of a hoary guardian that has seen many generations come and go, the sacred building overlooks a broad scene of varied beauty, with its leafy woods and park-like fields, dotted in the distance with comfortable homesteads, and foregrounded with modest cottages and their well-kept gardens. In this spot we come into touch at once with a past even more remote than Saxon times, and with many historical associations.

The church is dedicated to St. John Baptist, and this in itself calls to mind one important epoch through which it has passed; for St. John the Baptist was the patron saint of the Knights Hospitallers. This old-world brotherhood did not found the church at North Baddesley; they came into possession of it, and used it in their day and generation. Thus they invested it with an interest which gives it an importance above that of many a larger church amid populous surroundings. The place is mentioned in Domesday Book as having a church then existing, and

the manor lands, we know, had come down from Saxon possession. The late Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., who carefully examined the buildings, believed that North Baddesley was originally the site of a heathen temple, which in turn was succeeded by a Romano-British church, and followed by Saxon and mediæval structures. Traces of its great antiquity are to be found in the chancel, some of the stones in which are of Cyclopean size, not squared nor coursed, but fitted into each other quite irregularly. Sir Gilbert wrote:—

> The Church, though small, is full of interest, containing as it does the work of so many ages that it, like most ancient churches, is a sort of epitome in stone of the history of England.

In the Middle Ages, North Baddesley came into the possession of the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which was a semi-military religious order. They are known more briefly as "The Knights Hospitallers," from the first hospital founded by them at Jerusalem, for the relief and assistance of pilgrims to the Holy City. The branch hospitals which they afterwards established in Europe went by the name of Commanderies or Preceptories, according to their rank, and were used for the same kindly care of pilgrims and wayfarers. Their connexion with North Baddesley was brought about by Hugh de Mortemer, who died in 1188. He was the son of a powerful Norman Baron, Ralph de Mortemer, who followed the Conqueror, and is said to have possessed a hundred and twenty-six manors in twelve different counties.

The principal house of the Order in Hampshire was at Godsfield, near Alresford, where the Brethren had been settled under the patronage of Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester. Of this, the ruins of a small Decorated chapel remain. Both Hugh de Mortemer and his son Roger made grants of lands at North Baddesley to the Order, which they were well able to do, as being the possessors of such vast estates. Consequently, a

Preceptory or branch was set up at North Baddesley, where it continued for nearly four hundred years. The spot lies a few yards south of the old Church, and is now occupied by the Manor House. The principal part of this is comparatively modern, but the older buildings in the rear include a long structure containing the stables, etc.; and in one corner of this, built into the wall, may be seen some massive stones, identified as part of the ancient preceptory. The Knights thus became possessed of a considerable estate in the parish in arable land, pasture, and woods. Their memory lingers pleasantly in the place, being embedded in the names of outlying parts, such as *Knight* Wood and *Zion's* Hill. A few years ago, some curious old implements and weapons characteristic of the Middle Ages were discovered on the spot, and removed to Cranbury, where they remain in the possession of the present Lord of the Manor.

In the large garden of the Manor House there may still be seen, vigorous as ever, two fig trees, said to have been planted by the Knights. The venerable trees, which have been lopped again and again, yield figs in abundance still; but more recent owners, who walled in the garden, left the trees on the outer side, and so deprived them of their full measure of sunshine.

Amongst the names of the famous "Preceptors" of North Baddesley that have come down to us may be mentioned that of William de Tothale, Grand Prior of England, who was summoned to the various Parliaments of Edward I. and II.; William Tornay, whose death occurred in 1476; and William Weston, who died in 1540, and was buried at Clerkenwell. At Clerkenwell—then only a small village near the city of London—the headquarters of the Order in England was established. Of this, only the time-worn entrance, St. John's Gate, is now left to mark the spot.

It seems that in early times the chancel of North Baddesley church was separated from the nave by a wall

and arch, of which there are traces. The evidence tends to prove that this wall was about 2 ft. 3 in. thick, about the same dimensions as the other three walls of the chancel. Moreover, the chancel arch must have been very narrow, probably a mere door; and this feature is a marked characteristic of very early churches.

On the north side of the altar, in the position usually assigned for the founder's resting-place, is the tomb of him who is believed to have rebuilt the chancel. No name is actually inscribed upon it, but the initial "T" is to be found there, as in the old glass preserved in several of the windows. It is believed that Galfridus de Tothale, one of the Order, and fifty years Rector of the parish, lies there sleeping, close to the altar where he had so often ministered. This Rector had been appointed by Richard de Panely, Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. The tomb is a beautiful example of fifteenth-century work, and on it may be seen the armorial bearings of the departed. The rebuilding of the chancel then included what is now much to be regretted—the removal of those marks of antiquity, the chancel wall and its small arch.

A few years ago, an antiquary, travelling in Malta, made search there for the records of the North Baddesley Preceptory. They were easily found, and seem to be fully recorded and carefully preserved, but, unfortunately, they were written in *lingua Franca*, the mixed language formerly spoken by Europeans in the East. A venerable inhabitant of the island offered his help as translator, and was about to start on the work, when he was unexpectedly taken ill and died, so that the records have not yet been translated into English.

The Hospitallers were suppressed in 1541, and the Manor was then given to Sir Thomas Seymour, Lady Jane's brother. He was beheaded in 1549. His estates were restored by Queen Mary to the Hospitallers for a short time, till they were finally suppressed under Queen

Elizabeth. Later on there was a connexion with the Cromwell family, John Dunch, the owner, having married Ann Major, of Hursley, sister-in-law of Richard Cromwell.

There are several other objects of interest in the Church, but few going back to the time of the Hospitallers, except a few slabs and the parish chest in the vestry. This has a roughly-rounded top, taken direct from the trunk of an oak; "the rude strength of this rather remarkable chest seems to indicate a very early date, which, however, I will not venture to define."[1] The chained folio black-letter Bible was the gift of Thomas Tompkins, Rector, 1693-1702, who, though quite blind, is spoken of on his slab in the nave as *pastor vigilantissimus*. It is of what is known as the Second Issue of the First Edition of King James's Bible. One of its prominent features is (in thirty-four pages) "The Genealogies . . . according to every familie and tribe with the line of our Saviour Jesus Christ observed from Adam to the Blessed Virgin Mary," by John Speed, under a patent granted to him. The screen and pulpit are Jacobean, or, strictly speaking, late Elizabethan, the former having "T. F. 1602" on its eastern face. It was probably the gift of Lord Chief Justice Fleming, whose tomb is in North Stoneham Church.

Altogether, this old-world spot, remote as it is, has many claims to the attention of a student of English history.

P. GAISFORD BOURNE.

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1 Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A.

WOLVESEY CASTLE

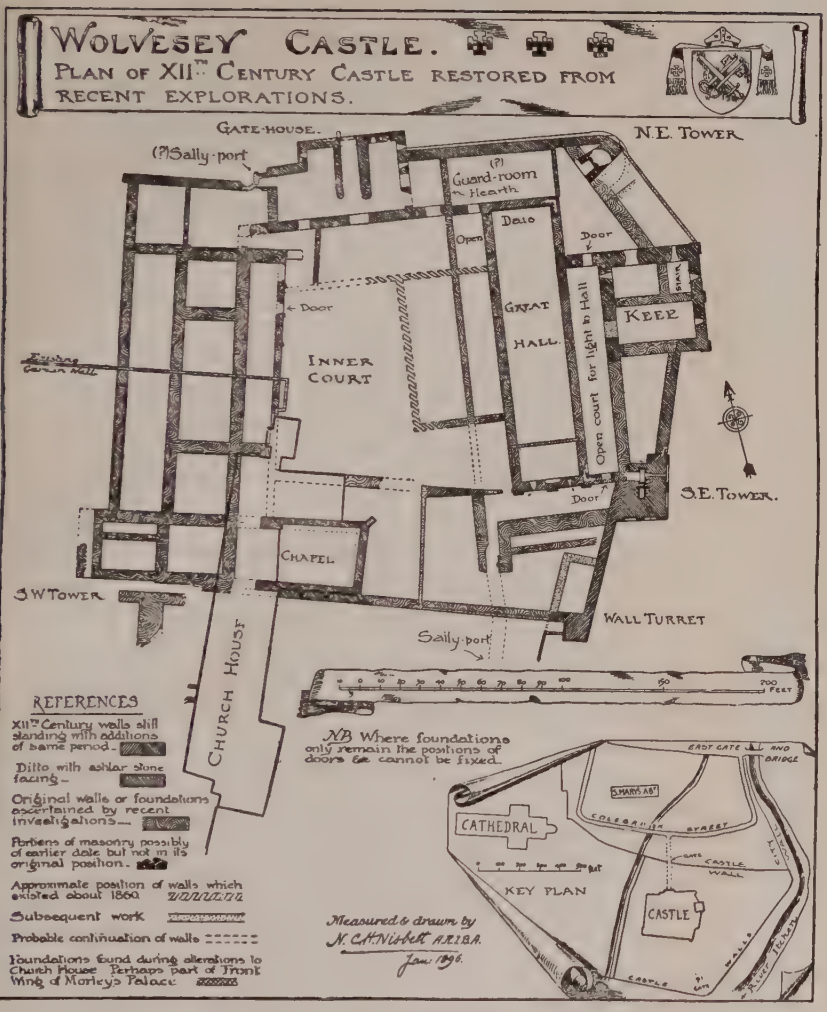
By N. C. H. Nisbett, A.R.I.B.A.

IT is probably realised by few of the many visitors to Winchester that in mediæval times there were two castles within the city walls. This was, however, the case. Winchester Castle, near the West Gate, was the royal headquarters, while the Castle of Wolvesey, at the south-east angle, was the episcopal residence. At this point, the city wall, after following the bank of the Itchen, turns sharply to the west to form the southern line of defence.

The King's castle was probably of Norman foundation, but the episcopal palace, although practically rebuilt in the twelfth century by Henry de Blois, seems to have been one of a series of official dwellings on the same site from very early times. The fact that a Roman pavement has been found within the castle precincts proves that a house of some importance stood here before the Saxon Kings of Wessex made it their principal residence.

The name denotes by its termination, "*ey*," that the site was an island; and as the river still flows along its eastern wall, while there is also a water-course on the western side, we cannot be surprised that Leland, in the sixteenth century, writes: "The castelle or palace of Wolvesey is welle tourid and for the most part waterid about."

It is sometimes asked, When did Wolvesey cease to be a royal residence, and become an episcopal one? The answer is simple, but is also a good illustration of the



PLAN OF WOLVESEY CASTLE.

gradual, unnoticed development and change, of which the history of England affords so many examples.

When Cynegils, the first Christian ruler of Wessex, received in 635 the Roman missionary, Bishop Birinus, it was contemplated that Mercia might be annexed to Wessex, and Dorchester, near Oxford, was a conveniently central spot for watching events in both kingdoms.[1] It was here, therefore, that Birinus set his "bishop's stool." Later on, the royal headquarters were moved to Winchester, and a church, with a monastic house attached, was built by Cenwalch, son of Cynegils. When, in 676, Hedda became Bishop, he removed the See to the same place, probably because, as he was the natural adviser of the King in matters both ecclesiastical and secular, it was convenient for him to live at court. For some time, therefore, the King and the Bishop of the West Saxons lived together at Wolvesey. By degrees, however, Winchester, instead of being merely the capital of Wessex, became the recognised seat of rulers whose overlordship was acknowledged from Northumbria to Sussex. Although the scope of the King's government was extended, the Bishop still confined his work to his own diocese, continuing to live in the royal palace, which was only occasionally visited by the King. At last, Wolvesey came to be regarded as an episcopal residence only.

The supremacy of Wessex led to an event which may justly be associated with Wolvesey. In the year 829 Egbert held a council at Winchester, probably in his hall on this site, and it was then decided that the name of the whole realm consolidated under his sway should be "Angle-land." We may, therefore, claim that on this spot a noteworthy "christening" took place.

Before the end of the century, Wolvesey was the witness of another great beginning. Here Alfred, about 890, gathered around him those scholars who were to

1 For reference to Birinus and Dorchester, see p. 9, and *Memorials of Old Oxfordshire*, p. 6.

assist him in his literary work. Much of this consisted of translations of Latin authors, but it also included the composition or compilation of the historical records in English known as the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. Dean Kitchin has justly said that this entitles Wolvesey to be considered as the nursery of English literary language.[1]

Of the character of the buildings here in Saxon times we have but little knowledge. A portion of the eastern wall, near its southern end, has remains of flint work arranged in the manner known as "*herring-bone*," which is considered by some antiquaries to be a piece of Saxon masonry.

It was at one time supposed that the many fragments of other buildings so extensively used in the walls of the twelfth century castle might have been the remains of Saxon buildings, but, as we shall mention later, a more satisfactory explanation seems probable. With the exception of the small piece of outer wall just mentioned, the oldest remains now existing are the ruins of the castle built by Henry de Blois, who was appointed Bishop in 1129, by his uncle, Henry I.

This remarkable man was a grandson of William the Norman, being a son of that monarch's daughter Adela, by her marriage with Stephen, Count of Blois. He was originally a monk of the great Abbey of Cluny, in Burgundy, which had acquired immense influence in Western Europe, partly from the manner in which all Cluniac houses were kept under the control of the Abbot of Cluny, and partly from the fact that within its walls many noted men of the age had received an education which prepared them for almost any career which might be open to them as ecclesiastics, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, or artists.

The author of the *Gesta Stephani* tells us that "Henry, Bishop of Winchester, ranked higher than all the nobles

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[1] *Historic Towns : Winchester*, p. 14. See also p. 11 in this volume.

of England in wisdom, in policy, in courage, and in wealth"; while another writer says that "he collected treasures both of nature and art." He constructed the treasury in his cathedral, and was the first to collect and enshrine the bones of the early Kings and Bishops.

In 1126 he exchanged the cowl of a monk for the mitre of an Abbot, and again found himself within a monastery of some note, for it was at Glastonbury, with its traditions of Joseph of Arimathea and British Christianity, that he began to be connected with English politics. Three years later, he was called to fill the bishopric vacant by the death of William Giffard. He did not resign his abbacy, but held it, together with his See, until his death.

Within a few years after his succession he began to re-build his castle at Wolvesey. A slight examination of the existing ruins is sufficient to prove that much of the masonry has come from some other building. Columns are found built horizontally across walls, while capitals and other ornamental features are found in equally incongruous positions. It used to be thought that these were the remains of earlier buildings on the same site, but it now appears that another explanation is much more likely.

The late Bishop Thorold, in 1895, expressed a wish that excavations should be made to discover, if possible, the original plan of the castle, and these were undertaken under my superintendence. We soon noticed that whenever there was any feature from which the date of the re-used stonework could be fixed, it was always "Norman." Among the features of most common occurrence were the shafts of spirally-carved or "twisted" columns, and, curiously enough, very similar columns existed in the City Museum, which were said to have been brought from the site of Hyde Abbey, just outside the north wall of the city. This abbey was the later home of the monastery founded by King Alfred, known as the "New Minster,"

to distinguish it from the "Old Minster" or Cathedral, to which it was in such close proximity that the services in the one were actually interrupted by those in the other.

In order to connect this ancient abbey with Wolvesey, we must now go back to the eve of the Norman Conquest. The Abbot at that time was Alwy, brother of Earl Godwin, and a staunch supporter of Harold. With a dozen of his monks and twenty men-at-arms he marched to Hastings. After the battle, every one of this devoted band was found dead near the Saxon standard. The fact did not escape the Norman William, and, with the remark, "The Abbot is worth a barony, and every monk a manor," he determined that dearly should these Churchmen pay for their hostility to him. He is said to have confiscated at least twenty thousand acres of their various estates, and when, in some cases, he re-granted them, he, in grim irony, altered their tenure to a military one, so that, in return for fighting against him, they had to provide soldiers for him. The possessions of the abbey continued under these conditions for centuries, and we find that during the Scottish campaigns of Edward II., the Abbot of Hyde was summoned to send men-at-arms to meet the King at Berwick-on-Tweed a fortnight before the Battle of Bannockburn. William was, above all things, practical, and knew that while the monks of the New Minster might obey the letter of his commands, they might also become dangerous intriguers against him. He therefore determined to give them his very close attention. For this purpose, he built his palace upon a piece of their land between their abbey and the High Street.

After the King's death, this palace does not seem to have been much used, and early in the reign of Henry I. it was destroyed by fire, and never re-built. Almost immediately afterwards, it was decided to remove the abbey from its site in the centre of the city to a new one in Hyde Meadow, on the north-east side. In the year 1110, the monks went in procession from the old to the

new church. As both the King and the Bishop (William Giffard, 1098-1129) assisted the Abbot in this removal, it would not be surprising if some remains of the ruined palace of the Conqueror were brought to Hyde and utilised. Even in the single gatehouse, which is all that remains above ground, there are a few portions of columns used exactly as those at Wolvesey.

There can be little doubt that when Henry de Blois determined to rebuild his castle only a quarter of a mile from the ruined palace, he would be glad of any excuse to enable him to make use of the materials already prepared and close at hand. There seems to be some reason for thinking that, as Bishop, he reclaimed it as land belonging to the Church, but as he did not return it to its original owners, the monks of Hyde, this may throw some light on the reason for his behaviour towards them. For several years he held their abbey in his own hands, giving the monks an allowance of two pence a day, and later on, when the abbey was burnt, owing to a fire caused by combustibles thrown into the town from his own castle during the siege, he is said to have taken the ornaments and jewels from the great crucifix presented by Cnut, which was itself destroyed by the flames. If the Abbot had had the temerity to differ from the Bishop with regard to the site and materials of the old palace, the treatment meted out to Hyde may perhaps be explained.

Before referring to the remains of the castle, we may now glance at a few events which probably took place within its walls.

There can be little doubt that when De Blois, acting in his capacity as Legate, summoned his brother Stephen to answer for the imprisonment of the Bishops of Salisbury, Lincoln, and Ely, the Council would meet in the hall of the Bishop's Castle.[1] The arguments put forth on either side are not without interest. The Legate affirmed: "If

[1] See *Memorials of Old Oxfordshire*, p. 7.

the Bishops had in anything overpassed the bounds of justice, the judging of them did not pertain to the King, but to the ecclesiastical canons; that they ought not to be deprived of any possession but by a public and ecclesiastical council." The King's case was placed in the hands of Alberic de Ver, "a man deeply versed in legal affairs." He seems to have been instructed to obtain an adjournment until the arrival of the Archbishop of Rouen, who, on behalf of the King, was willing to allow the Bishops to retain their castles "if they could prove by the canons that they ought justly to possess them," but admitting this, "as the times are eventful," the owners of all castles should deliver the keys to the King.

William of Malmesbury, who was present, tells us that although this council was held in August, 1139, it was selected by De Blois to make known the fact that he had been appointed Legate nearly six months previously, and this reticence on the part of the Bishop made a good impression. Matthew Paris mentions that in the same year the Bishop invited certain nobles to dinner, and compelled them to give up their castles.

Two years later (1141), after a conference held near Winchester, when the Legate agreed to accept Matilda as rightful sovereign, another council was held, and Malmesbury again tells how De Blois called first the bishops, then the abbots, and lastly the archdeacons, apart, and discussed with each party as to his design for acknowledging Matilda.

Soon after Matilda had been recognised, a misunderstanding arose with the Bishop in connexion with the provision to be made for Stephen's son. Matilda would make no concessions, and the Bishop, feeling offended, left her court at Oxford, and returned to Winchester, where his castle was already being put into a state to resist hostilities. Matilda followed, took possession of the royal castle, and sent for the Bishop. His reply, "I will prepare myself," seems to have been carried out in a very practical manner.

There is clear evidence of the wall of the most exposed part of the castle having had some ten feet added to the already completed masonry. This certainly looks as if we may believe the report that he "had converted" his palace into a very strong fortress. The Bishop at the same time sent to all who were supporters of Stephen, while Matilda's party was very strongly reinforced. Among her adherents were David of Scotland, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and Baldwin of Exeter, who had already held Rougemont Castle against Stephen.[1] The author of the *Gesta Stephani* says: "The siege was, therefore, of an extraordinary character, such as was unheard of in our days. All England was there in arms, with a great conflux of foreigners; and their position against each other was such that the forces engaged in the siege of the Bishop's Castle were themselves besieged by the royal army, which closely hemmed them in from without." Then it was that the fiery missiles from the Bishop's Castle set fire to the buildings of the Nuns' Minster, or St. Mary's Abbey, less than three hundred yards distant, and the thatched roofs once ablaze, the conflagration spread to other parts, including Hyde also with its abbey.

This seems to have been the end of the struggle, for on the raising of the siege both David and Robert were captured, and the release of Stephen was arranged, thus ending Matilda's short reign.

The general arrangement of the castle is shewn by the accompanying plan. It will be noticed that the hall is not within the walls of the keep, as was usual in a baron's castle.

We have already spoken of two councils or synods held by him, and there are records of others. We are also told by Henry of Huntingdon that the Bishop was the introducer of appeals from the synods to Rome, so that he was evidently quite alive to the possibilities of

[1] See *Memorials of Old Devonshire*, p. 8.

these councils. It must further be remembered that De Blois had procured the consent of Innocent II. to the raising of the See of Winchester to archiepiscopal rank. Can it be that the Bishop intended his palace to possess a synodal hall, such as had just been erected at Laon, and was contemplated at Paris?

The hall evidently had a gallery in the thickness of the wall at the level of the upper openings, which were round arched, with late Norman mouldings. The string course at this level rises at the north end, so that the openings there are slightly raised above those at the side, and below the five openings were five pointed arches, forming an arcading on the wall. The additional elevation of the features at this end was probably on account of the "dais" being below this part of the hall.

As the principal entrance was by the gatehouse on the north side, being the least exposed, and giving access to the city, it seems probable that the guard-room would be more or less adjacent to both hall and gate. The outer arch of the gate is a round one, but the vaulting inside it is pointed. The square keep measures fifty-three feet by fifty feet, thus agreeing very closely with the keeps at Guildford and Christchurch, which are each about fifty feet by forty-six feet. The usual practice of dividing the keep by a cross wall is followed, the small corner compartment being evidently arranged for a rough timber stair, of which the stone corbels to support the intermediate "landings" still remain. It should be noticed that the walls of the keep project beyond the adjoining curtain walls, so that an enemy attempting to undermine them would be subject to a raking fire from the archers on the keep.

At the south end of the open court, on the east side of the hall, there appears to have been a small door, which led into a narrow courtyard at the south end of the hall, and then, turning southwards again, descended under the wall to a sally-port. Should any foe have been able to

Wolvesey Castle.

gain access by the sally-port, he would have had to pass under a projecting timber "bretasch," of which the corbels still remain on the end of the hall; he would also have exposed himself to the archers posted behind the loopholes of a vaulted gallery on the top of the south-east tower. This is the tower that shows signs of the addition of the very portion that would thus menace an intruder.

Although there is no proof of the fact, it is probable that the old chapel occupied the site of the one now forming part of the Church House, and the upper portion of which appears most likely to have been the work of Bishop Fox (1500-28). The remains of foundations seem to indicate a tower at the south-west angle.

On the death of Stephen, De Blois went to Cluny, whither he had already despatched some of his valuable possessions. One of the first acts of the new King, Henry II., was to order the demolition of the unlicensed castles, those of the Bishop of Winchester being enumerated, and the charges for carrying out the order appear in the Pipe Rolls for the year 1155-6. As, however, the walls of the Bishop's keep were considered by the Parliamentarians in the seventeenth century to require the use of gunpowder to prevent them being held by royalists, we must conclude that the removal of the battlements and other distinctly military features was considered sufficient. The fact that the Bishops continued to live here, until Bishop Morley (1662-84) again utilised the old materials for a more modern palace, proves that it was still quite tenantable. It seems probable that De Blois may have himself made some additions on his return, which was before Trinity Sunday, 1159, when he, with thirteen other Bishops, consecrated Thomas Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury. De Blois outlived the Archbishop, his death taking place in August, 1171.

It would require a volume to refer to all the events of interest connected with Wolvesey. A few must suffice here.

On the 28th of March, 1393, William of Wykeham, before the opening ceremony, received the Warden and Scholars of his new College of St. Mary, which he had built on the opposite side of the road skirting the castle walls.

Cardinal Beaufort entertained Henry V. here on his way to France, just before the Battle of Agincourt. From the same episcopal residence, Bishop Fox, in 1516, dated the foundation charter of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

When Bishop Morley erected the great palace facing College Street, he saddled his successors with a greater responsibility than a Bishop who has also to maintain Farnham Castle could well undertake. In consequence, Bishop North (1781-1820) pulled down the main portion, and only left the wing with the chapel which is now utilised as a Church House for the Diocese. It is not at all inconceivable that historic Wolvesey may some day again be the palace of the Bishops of Winchester.

N. C. H. NISBETT.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER

By N. C. H. Nisbett, A.R.I.B.A.

THE hospitable door of St. Cross, though it was founded in the days of anarchy during the contest between Stephen and Matilda, is still open. Not only did Bishop Henry de Blois, its founder, make provision for "thirteen poor men" to be housed, boarded, and clothed, but he also arranged that no less than a hundred others were to have a meal given them every day. It would be a difficult matter to continue the latter charity exactly on the old lines, and part of the endowment is now devoted to the payment of out-pensioners, who may reside where they please.

In order to form some idea of what such a foundation really meant, it is interesting to turn to the contemporary record of the old English Chronicle for the year 1137:—

> Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land; wretched men starved with hunger—some lived on alms who had been erstwhile rich. . . . The earth bare no corn; one might as well have tilled the sea . . . it was said openly that Christ and His saints slept.

The continuity of useful and charitable work carried out by the Hospital is no doubt partly owing to the fact that St. Cross never was a monastic establishment, and therefore escaped the suppression that was the fate of so many foundations dating from about the same time.

After the Visitation of the Hospital in 1535 the Commissary of Thomas Cromwell advised that—

The Master shall in no wise diminish the number of the priests, presbyters, sacrists, and others within this House that have been used to minister here on the Foundation or by custom.

After such a testimony, and remembering that since the middle of the last century the administration of the Hospital has been so re-modelled as to enlarge its usefulness, we may certainly liken the founder to Longfellow's baron:—

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:
But the good deed through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

It may, perhaps, therefore be worth while to inquire into the influences which led Henri de Blois to determine the character of his "hospice."

This great Bishop was originally a monk of the famous Burgundian Abbey of Cluny. He then became Abbot of Glastonbury, and it is rather a curious fact, as proving that he was still influenced by the traditions of his own monastery, that the existing ruins of the late Norman building usually known as St. Joseph's Chapel, and probably built during the abbacy of De Blois, show that this was a narthex or ante-church, agreeing with the usage generally adopted by the Cluniac builders in the twelfth century.[1]

Henry de Blois was a great builder, and we may, therefore, be sure that he would be well informed as to the various architectural works carried out in the more important Cluniac houses. He retired to Cluny for a time on the accession of Henry II.

The relief of the poor was a special feature with all

[1] Such western extensions were added to their churches at Charité-sur-Loire and Vezelay at the end of the twelfth century. At the Abbey of Cluny itself the narthex consisted of five bays with side aisles, and was not completed till the beginning of the thirteenth century.

St. Cross, Winchester.

Cluniac congregations. It was carried out not merely by means of alms, but by giving employment to their poorer neighbours under the direction of the monks, thus enabling them to learn all the useful trades or crafts. As in all religious houses, they also provided hospitality for travelling strangers. The almoner at Cluniac houses gave to every foot-traveller a piece of bread and a measure of wine; while on the death of a member of their fraternity, his portion was for thirty days given to the first poor man that presented himself. At St. Cross, the dole of bread and ale has continued to be given until the present time. Two loaves and two gallons of ale are still divided into thirty-two portions, and given to travellers until the measure is exhausted.

Now, the very extensive scope of the possibilities for practical study offered by Cluny had, no doubt, attracted many students who had no intention of devoting themselves to a strictly ecclesiastical career, although they were still properly *clerics*. These men, as well as the poor craftsmen who had left their native place to follow their trade, might often find themselves stranded in old age. The sympathy of the practical Bishop was thus enlisted on their behalf.

In 1151, De Blois entrusted the care of his new foundation to the Master of the Knights Hospitallers, afterwards known rather as the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. This Order, like the Cluniac, was subject to Benedictine rule, and had houses in Jerusalem, where pilgrims visiting the Holy Sepulchre were received. This spot, on which the eyes of all Christendom were fixed, is probably connected with the dedication of the Church to the Holy Cross.

A contemporary writer, Henry of Huntingdon, speaks of Henry, Bishop of Winchester, as "half a monk, half a knight." That he was not ignorant of military matters is proved by the planning of Wolvesey Castle, and the nature of the engines used by him when besieged to throw combustibles into the adjoining city. It seems not unlikely

that had he not been prevented by political circumstances at home, his position as Legate, and his ambitious personal schemes, we should have found him with the armies of the Cross in the Holy Land. Being thus prevented, perhaps, from becoming a Knight Hospitaller, he emulated their example, and made provision for pilgrims near Winchester, dedicating his church to the Holy Cross. One of his own opponents at Wolvesey, David, King of Scots, selected a similar dedication for the royal Abbey of the Holy Rood at Edinburgh, and although the reason for the latter dedication is explained by the legend of the white hart, the crusading spirit may rather have been the true origin.

Glastonbury too, and its connexion with Joseph of Arimathea, formed another link with the defenders of the Holy Sepulchre. De Blois adopted as the badge to be worn by the inmates of his Hospital a silver cross potent, similar to that borne on the shield of the Crusader King of Jerusalem. Upon the seal of the Hospital is depicted a small shield bearing five crosses, usually accepted as the arms of the foundation, but it is not satisfactorily proved that these were in use at such an early period. It is interesting, however, to notice the similarity of these arms, both with those of Jerusalem and also with those usually assigned to the Abbey of Glastonbury.[1]

We will now turn to the buildings themselves. The Church, although not large, has a certain quiet stateliness that at once distinguishes it from an ordinary parish

[1] Arms of Jerusalem: *Argent;* a Cross potent, between four crosses *or*, being the only exception to the heraldic rule that metal may not be placed on metal.

Glastonbury: *Vert;* a Cross botonée *argent*, sometimes with a figure of the Virgin and Child in the dexter chief.

St. Cross: Five Crosses potent (tinctures uncertain).

See also *Memorials of Old Oxfordshire*, p. 39, where it is stated that at Broughton Castle is a gold ring with the device of a cross-legged knight and a shield with the arms of St. John of Jerusalem. As the Castle belonged to Bishop William of Wykeham, and passed by the marriage of his niece to the present family, it would be interesting to know whether this ring is connected with Wykeham, St. Cross, or the Hospitallers.

church. It is a most interesting example of the style of transition from Romanesque Norman, with the round arch as a distinctive feature, to Early English, with the recently introduced pointed arch. This, from its great adaptability in construction, soon became a dominant factor in a style which during the three following centuries passed through various stages of development, exemplified in some of the most beautiful buildings of Europe.

It seems probable that only the eastern portions of the church, but including the transepts, were begun by De Blois. There is no doubt that even here, as in the piers of the arcades between the chancel and the eastern aisles, alterations have been made more than once. The present piers were designed by the late Mr. Butterfield, but investigations showed remains of no less than three previous alterations. The curious triple arch at the angle of the south transept and chancel aisle, whatever may have been its original purpose, seems at least to point to some arrangement which required an opening at a point not contemplated in the original plan. The care of the new foundation was entrusted to the Knights Hospitallers in 1151. We may assume, therefore, that some kind of domestic buildings had been provided. From indications on the south side of both chancel and transept it is evident that early buildings adjoined these portions of the church, and this would agree with the usual position of such buildings in a conventual establishment.

Even those portions of the church referred to as begun by De Blois show considerable differences of detail in the Norman work, and Mr. Basil Champneys[1] thinks it probable that the more decorated portion of the round arched work should be assigned to his successor, Richard Toclyve (1173-1189), who endeavoured to recover the care of the Hospital. It is, however, generally admitted that in the vicinity of Winchester the development of architectural style might proceed more rapidly

1 *The Hospital of St. Cross*, Pt. I. ; *Architectural Review*, Oct., 1903, p. 117.

than in out-of-the-way parts of the kingdom. As far, therefore, as the work itself is concerned, it is not impossible that it may have been carried out before the death of De Blois in 1171. During the last fifteen years of his life he was no longer involved in the strife between Stephen and Matilda, and he may have devoted himself to his architectural schemes.

By Bishop Toclyve's addition to the charity another hundred poor men were fed. The staff of the Hospital was, in consequence, increased by four priests, thirteen clerks, and additional choristers. This practically doubled the number of inmates, and additions must have been made to the buildings, but we cannot tell the site of these.

Two of the Masters—William of Edington, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and John de Campden—undoubtedly carried out considerable building operations in repair of the fabric, which, owing to most blameable action on the part of some of the Masters, was in a very neglected state. It was only the firm action of William of Wykeham that eventually resulted in an improvement, personally watched over by his friend, the new Master, Campden, who was appointed in 1382. Edington is usually credited with the work in the west and clerestory windows. If so, it is interesting to note the difference between this work, presumably carried out during his mastership (1334-1345), and that generally attributed to him in the Cathedral during his episcopate (1345-1366). The latter, however, was probably very little advanced at his death. The statement that the west window was the work of Peter of Sancto Mario[1] (Master, 1289-1296) would perhaps fit in more satisfactorily with the architectural details. Campden appears to have undertaken rebuilding in all parts of the Hospital, as would be expected from a man entrusted with the task of restoring the establishment to a proper state. The eight windows in

[1] *The Hospital of St. Cross and Almshouse of Noble Poverty*, by the Rev. Canon L. M. Humbert (Master, 1855-1868).

the lower part of the tower, the reconstruction of the upper part, the re-roofing of the brewery, re-arrangement of the choir with new stalls and a high altar of alabaster, the re-paving, and other works, including, perhaps, the dining hall, are probably all part of the work on which he expended a sum equal to some £27,000 of our present money.

In 1443, Cardinal Beaufort, who had succeeded Wykeham in 1404, obtained royal licence to assign to the Master of St. Cross various manors, advowsons, etc., to the annual value of five hundred pounds, in aid of certain charges and works of piety; and three years later, he constituted an addition to the foundation of De Blois, calling it the "Almshouse of Noble Poverty," as accommodation for two priests, thirty-five brethren, and three sisters.

In support of the usually accepted tradition that the present domestic buildings are those erected by Beaufort, Mr. Champneys, in a second paper,[1] emphasises the interesting fact noticed by Dollman,[2] that the accommodation in the existing brothers' lodgings, including that in the part removed in 1789, exactly corresponds with the number of inmates just referred to. This new foundation was apparently intended to serve as a refuge to members of his own Lancastrian family who should suffer in the contest with the rival house of York. In 1455, when his successor, Bishop Waynflete, obtained permission to carry out Beaufort's intentions, his first step was to reduce the number from that contemplated to one chaplain and two brethren. This lends colour to the supposition that the alms-house was itself a considerable sufferer from Yorkist confiscations. It would appear, from the fact mentioned above, that the new buildings for the total number had already been erected, but we do not know where the original brothers of the De Blois foundation were to be accommodated. The reduction in the number of new brothers must have left a large margin of unoccupied

[1] *Architectural Review*, April, 1904, p. 150.
[2] *Examples of Ancient Domestic Architecture.*

rooms, even when the thirteen original members took possession of some of the rooms. A space in the north-west angle of the quadrangle, comprising twelve lodgings, was eventually re-arranged to provide a house for the Master, although it appears to have been let to other residents, since we find the Speaker of the House of Commons living there in the eighteenth century. This portion continued to be used as the Master's house until a few years ago, when a new Master's Lodge was erected outside the old precincts. In the Master's garden are remains of the old Columbarium, which still gives the name of "Pigeon House Mead" to the adjacent meadow.

The interesting question is sometimes asked, how far Anthony Trollope's *The Warden* is genuinely based upon the history of St. Cross? Writing when public attention had been drawn to the irregularities in the administration of the Hospital, it is obvious that the novelist was influenced by the facts, but it must not be imagined that the novel describes either St. Cross or its actual history. It seems probable that Trollope studied the early history of the Hospital, for the two-pence a day added by the Warden to the stipends of the brethren of Hiram's Hospital is exactly the allowance made by De Blois to the monks of Hyde, when he held their abbey and annexed its revenues. Those familiar with Winchester may identify "Hiram's Patch" with "Oram's Arbour," but the old city is so well provided with "Hospitals"[1] that the novelist could obtain details from all without exactly copying any one. But, in any case, the book, one of Trollope's very best, gives a charming picture of the beautiful Hospital and its lovely surroundings, and is an abiding witness to its attraction.

N. C. H. NISBETT.

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1 St. John's, founded 931, refounded 1289; St. Mary Magdalen, founded by Bishop Toclyve, 1173-88, for nine lepers; Christ's Hospital, 1607.

THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARY, WINCHESTER[1]

By the Rev. W. P. Smith

ON the morning of March 28th, 1393, "at the third hour before noon," a little band was making its way, "preceded by the cross erect," and to the sound of a solemn chant, through the meadows on the southern side of the city of Winchester, close to the high walls of the Bishop's Palace at Wolvesey. It had come, in all probability, from its temporary home in the parish of St. John the Baptist, on the slope of St. Giles's Hill—that hill where, some three hundred years before, English Waltheof had been put to death by the first of the Norman kings. The procession included the newly-appointed Warden, Fellows, and Scholars, who were making their first and formal entrance into the as yet unfinished buildings of that "Sainte Marie College of Winchester," which owes its origin to the wisdom and munificence of William of Wykeham.

Five centuries later, in 1893, from the same court which had received the first generation of the sons of Wykeham, there issued a far larger body that had met there to do honour to the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of the College. Too numerous to worship within the walls of the Founder's Chapel, they made their way through the Cathedral close to hold their service of

1 The writer wishes to express his indebtedness to Mr. T. F. Kirby's *Annals of Winchester College*, a veritable storehouse of information; and to Mr. A. F. Leach's *History of Winchester College*, which throws much new light on the history of education in the fourteenth century.

grateful thanks in the nave of that Minster on which Wykeham left the mark of his distinctive personality, and where he rests in his chantry tomb.

The two processions, so like and yet so different, give emphasis to that note of continuity which, in matters whether political, ecclesiastical, or educational, is the hall-mark of England's development. It is only when we realise the enduring nature of the superstructure which, raised five centuries ago, remains to this day instinct with vitality, that we can fully appreciate the strength of the foundations, which Wykeham, like a wise master-builder, so firmly laid; and the secret of that living continuity is to be found in the fact that if the tree that was then planted stretched forth its branches into the future, its roots went deep into the past.

The objects that William of Wykeham had in view, when he founded his two great educational centres at Oxford and Winchester, are clear enough. The Black Death had left its mark on England in many ways, not least in the "general disease of the clerical army, which, through the want of clergy," was "grievously wounded." The two colleges, next of kin, and called by one name, issuing from one stem, and flowing from one spring, as he tells us, were designed to remedy this evil, and the school was intended to be the feeder of the college, that there might pass out into the world an educated clergy, and that so the "praise of God might be spread, and all knowledge and virtue be increased in strength."

The time has long gone by since it was the pious belief of loyal Wykehamists that William of Wykeham evolved the design of his great foundation at Winchester from his inner consciousness, and that, by an original conception, he became the prime creator of the English Public School system. Historical criticism has destroyed this idea. Just as there lived brave men before Agamemnon, so it has been shown that before the close of the fourteenth century there were many schools in

England that drew their scholars not only from the cities in which they stood, but from all parts of the kingdom also. Schools like St. Peter's at York and others can trace back their existence to a point of time long anterior to the birth of Winchester College, and even in Winchester itself there was an old foundation—the "High School of the City of Winchester"—which, so far from being absorbed by Wykeham's new creation, existed for a time side by side with it on terms of equality and friendship.

But it is not only clear that Wykeham found other schools already in existence, which, so far as comparison is possible, might claim for themselves a right to the title of being that somewhat nebulous thing, a Public School. It was from amongst these schools that he deliberately sought the model for his new creation, and the choice that he made was characteristic of the man. The reaction which in matters ecclesiastical had for some time past set in in favour of the secular as opposed to the monastic system made itself felt in education also; and when William of Wykeham, who was man of the world as well as priest, was looking around for his model, he naturally turned to the example of Merton, at that time the most successful of Oxford Colleges, and reflecting the more liberal tendencies of the age. It is not necessary to dwell upon the many points which Wykeham borrowed from the foundation of Walter de Merton—this belongs more specially to the history of New College; it is sufficient to say that he found attached to it a school not housed within the college itself, but in a separate hall, the pupils of which were to be of founder's kin, either orphans or in poverty, placed under the charge of a common grammar master, and in due course proceeding to their fellowship in the larger foundation.

The points of resemblance between the model and the modelled here indicated are obvious; but there was one important difference which marks the sagacity of the founder. The school which was meant to feed the college

was placed at Winchester, not at Oxford, and was thereby enabled to develop on its own lines with a freedom which would have been impossible under the shadow of the greater institution. Yet even in this departure from the chosen exemplar, research tells us that Wykeham was not original: he was but following the precedent of Bishop Stapledon, who had fixed at Exeter a school intended to be a nursery for his college at Oxford.

If, then, Public Schools were already in existence, if in attaching his school to an Oxford College for the supply of fit and educated scholars, and in placing that school at a distance from the larger foundation, Wykeham was only borrowing here and there from earlier models, is there any point in which he is left a claim to originality? There is this. Wykeham made his later foundation entirely independent of the earlier one. It was deliberately intended by him to be a corporation with a separate existence of its own, a distinct entity with its own foundation, its own government, its own control; it was to be the younger sister of the "Sainte Marie College of Wynchester in Oxford," and not its daughter. It is difficult to estimate overmuch the importance of this step on the future development and progress, not only of the school itself, but of education generally: it established a model, which, followed fifty years later by Henry VI. in the foundation of Eton, has helped to give to English Public Schools that detached position which is one of their marked characteristics.

But even if criticism and research have deprived Wykeham of much with which indiscriminate enthusiasm had previously credited him, we find that his fame rests upon a surer basis than a kind of haphazard intuition. Selection, rather than originality, is the mark of statesmanship; and it was the statesman's grasp which Wykeham showed in selecting from the various elements of the educational world, as yet in solution and uncrystallised,

those which were of a sound and permanent value, and in giving to his new foundation an independent and corporate position, which would enable it to adapt itself to varying needs and circumstances as they might arise, untrammelled by external interference.

He determined, also, that his school should be on a scale beyond anything as yet attempted. The Warden and thirteen scholars of the school attached to Merton College grew into a staff of a hundred and five in all—warden, schoolmaster, usher, seventy scholars, ten fellows, three chaplains, three lay clerks, and sixteen choristers, besides an indefinite number of servants to meet the requirements of such a body.[1] The scholars were to be taken first of all from among the founder's kin, irrespective of their birthplace, and after them priority was to be given to "poor and needy scholars, of good character, and well-conditioned." Whatever may be the exact meaning to be attached to the words *pauperes et indigentes*, around which such fierce controversy has arisen, it would seem to be clear that it cannot mean absolute poverty, but something more akin to the *paupertas* of Horace, a frugality of life that lies midway between want and affluence. At any rate, we find that some of the commoners, "sons of noble and powerful persons," who were allowed to be educated at the college, though not without payment, passed occasionally into the ranks of the scholars; they were able to pay the boarding fees, whatever they were in amount, yet they were not debarred from qualifying as "poor and needy." Poverty, in short, is a relative term, and the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Leach appears to be the correct one, that "Wykeham meant the poor of the upper and middle classes, those who then furnished and still furnish the ranks of the learned professions."

1 The government of the College, which was vested in the Warden and Fellows, remained unaltered until 1871, when a Governing Body of eleven members was established. In 1904 the post of a Warden holding office for life was abolished.

Such, in outline, was the foundation which in the closing years of the fourteenth century took shape as the outcome of William of Wykeham's desire to create a body of educated clergy, and give fresh strength to the depleted ranks of the Church. Let us now turn to the buildings in which this new foundation was to be housed. To the visitor who has made his way from the bright spaciousness of the cathedral close, the first impression, as he stands fronting the ancient gateway in College Street, is one of austerity. The sunless street, the high fronting wall of flint and stone, pierced only here and there by a chance window, the massive oaken door, the grime of ages that has settled everywhere, all combine to strike a note of unrelieved gloom: it is the same suggestion of reserve and reticence which meets us in the high-walled approach to the sister college at Oxford, as if to make the beauty of the interior all the more striking from its contrast with the plain outside. Through the gateway we pass into the Outer Court, where the less comely parts attached to the school had their home. Here, in olden days, were the brewery, the slaughter-house, the stables, and the granary; and above the gateway, as his coign of vantage, the steward could keep a watchful eye over everything. If we mentally sweep away on the left what until recently was the warden's house, built by Wardens Love and Nicholas in the seventeenth century, but fronted in flint in a cold and tasteless manner in 1832, and, on the right, the screen of masonry erected in 1663 to mark the western end, we have Outer Court much as it was in the founder's time. Tower or Chamber Court is reached by Middle Gate, an archway with a double-storied tower above it, and it is from this point of view that the beauty of the founder's work at once becomes apparent. On either side, to east and west, stands the more purely domestic part of the buildings, plain and unpretending, but with the subtle charm that comes from well-considered proportion, and

Chamber Court, Winchester College.

linking on the stateliness of Chapel and Hall to the lesser glories of Middle Gate, where the mouldering statue of the crowned Virgin, flanked on either side by the kneeling forms of the Angel Gabriel and the founder, still looks down on the school that bears her name, and the court that is so rich in memories of the past.

It was across Chamber Court, if we may believe the legend left us in Strype's *Ecclesiastical Memoirs*, that Master William Ford, the usher, one dark night in 1536, fled back to his quarters, after having, in a fit of reforming zeal, pulled down the "golden images" that were the glory of Chapel. Here, eighteen years later, Philip and Mary came from their wedding in the nave of the Cathedral, and offered alms in Chapel on the occasion of their visit. Here the rebellions, which between 1774 and 1818 varied the monotony of school life, had their centre, leaving traces to this day in the flints which took the place of the cobblestones, torn up to serve as missiles in the defence. Here, "*ad Portas*," in a Latin speech delivered by one of the scholars, were received the Warden of New College and the Posers on their annual visit, and here it is still the custom for the Prefect of Hall, in the same ornate tongue—

Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,[1]

to welcome distinguished visitors.

But it is in Chamber Court that the genius of the place and of its founder comes home most closely to the spectator. As he stands under Middle Gate, he has but to fill up a gateway made by a later generation, or open out another that has been walled up, and chiefly to imagine, in place of the graceful "Thurbern" tower, built in 1478-1480, the somewhat incongruous circular belfry, surmounted by a spire, which, if we can trust the quaint drawing of College (*c.* 1460) shown in Chandler's *Life of Wykeham*, formed part of the original buildings. Perhaps

[1] Browning, *The Bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's.*

the view to-day, when the mellowing hand of time has laid its fingers on everything, is even fairer than when the first band of scholars entered the walls. To pace of a summer's evening, as so many generations of the sons of Wykeham have done, the paved border of flagstones that edge the cobbled court, and are still called "sands," as they were two hundred and fifty years ago, and doubtless earlier still; to watch the changing colours of the buttresses as the moonbeams fall upon the weathered stones; to mark the brighter tints of the stained-glass windows, glowing from the light within; to weave the memories of the past with the happiness of the present, and in the ardour of youthful friendship to link them on to the hopes of the future—this in itself is an education to those whose lines are cast in these happy places.

The interior of the Chapel, unhappily, does not correspond to the promise of its outer walls, and is greatly changed since it left the founder's hands. The four walls and the ceiling with its beautiful fan tracery are practically all that remain of the original work. Apart from details, Wykeham's intention in its main outlines is clear enough. The ante-chapel was separated from the choir by a rood-loft, where stood the rood or crucifix, with the figures of the Virgin and St. John, and the height of the building, originally great, must have been accentuated by this division. Of the internal decorations, we read in the statutes of choir-stalls, and stained glass, and paintings on the walls, whilst the high altar with its varied frontals was afterwards enriched with a gleaming tabernacle of gold, the gift of Henry VI., and a silver statue of the Virgin, presented by Cardinal Beaufort. In the changing days of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth the high altar was taken down, only to re-appear for a time, and then give place to a communion table. The rood-loft in 1572 became a choir-screen, and at the close of the seventeenth century Warden Nicholas re-paved the floor in black and white marble, and covered the walls with a reredos and

wainscotting of wood, rich in carved work of great beauty and value. This, in its turn, disappeared, though, after many vicissitudes, it has found a home in the neighbouring village of Hursley, and has given place to a tasteless restoration by the late Mr. Butterfield. The bareness of the walls has lately been relieved by putting up some valuable framed pieces of arras that had long lain neglected in the old Treasury or Audit Room, and were probably the gift of Archbishop Warham; but this can only be regarded as a palliative, and the building still cries aloud for some further sympathetic and reverential treatment.

College Hall, as at New College, abuts upon the Chapel, but with this difference, that at Winchester it is the western end of Chapel, and not the eastern, as at Oxford, which divides the two: hence Winchester has that fine Perpendicular east window which exigencies of arrangement denied to the sister foundation. With its five slender transomed windows, its corbelled oak ceiling, its louvre in the roof, and its open hearth in the middle, where the scholars used to cluster on winter feast-days, telling stories and singing songs, until the curfew bell "knolled" them to bed, College Hall is an attractive spot. The hand of the restorer has dealt more mercifully with Hall than with Chapel; the oak panelling which Dean Fleshmonger set up in 1540 still remains; the flint and chalk work of the walls has been revealed by the removal of the plaster covering, and the walls are brightened by pictures of the founder and other benefactors of the school, who have been inspired by his example.

Under the Hall, which is approached by a broad flight of steps, lies the room that is now known as Seventh Chamber, but originally was the School. In the founder's day it was larger by the width of the passage taken from it in 1689, so as to give access to the grounds beyond. Here were taught the seventy scholars and what few commoners there chanced to be; here were to be

seen the *Tabula Legum*, containing the school ethics of the day, and the famous legend: "*Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi.*" Raised seats for the schoolmaster and usher completed the room, which, with its three windows facing south, courts the warmth and light of the sun. It ceased to be used for teaching purposes in 1701, and became a sleeping chamber, but in 1875 it half reverted to its original purpose, being reserved for a certain number of the scholars as a place in which to prepare their lessons.

Such in outline are the buildings as originally contemplated by the founder, and such they practically remained for some two hundred years, the home of the hundred and more who formed the foundation, and sufficient for the wants of that simpler age.

The only other part of the founder's work which space allows us to touch upon are the charming cloisters that lie to the south of the Chapel buildings. They have that touch of poetry and sequestered grace which cloisters never fail to convey, that old-world glamour which lays its spell even upon the least sympathetic minds. Here, in summer time, on the stone seats that fringe the open tracery of the windows, the scholars assembled for their lessons; here, too, they played their games and carved their names, and, by a happy continuance, summer term is still known as "cloister-time." Here, in this little plot of ground, some eighty feet square, the dead found their last resting-place, still speaking to us from the walls in every variety of brass and monumental marble. It is not merely those whose lives were bounded from first to last within the narrowing walls of their microcosm whose record can be read, but others, also, who, in later days, laid down their lives at the call of duty in lands unknown to the earlier generations of the sons of Wykeham. In the centre of the tiny close, like a jewel in its setting of gold, stands Fromond's Chantry, built out of funds bequeathed for that purpose in 1420 by John Fromond,

the steward of the College estates, that masses might be said therein for himself, for his wife, and for the founder. The vicissitudes of Chantry have been many and varied. The Reformation brought its earlier purpose as a chantry to an end: the upper room over the Chantry proper, originally intended for a *scriptorium*, became a granary, and remained so until 1629, when Warden Pinke converted the building into a library at his own expense. So it remained until 1875, when the lower portion was once more used for religious purposes, and became a chapel for the junior boys of the school. Since then, by the munificence of two distinguished Wykehamists—Dr. Edwin Freshfield, F.S.A., and Archdeacon Fearon, formerly Headmaster of the College—it has been reverently restored; the coats of arms on the bosses of the groined ceiling received their due emblazonment; a reredos was added; and, above all, the east window at last received some measure of justice. This window, which came originally from the adjoining College of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, when it was acquired by the College in 1544, and which was placed at first in the Chantry under Thurbern's tower, was afterwards removed, and thrust in a ruthless Procrustean fashion into the tracery of Fromond's Chantry. The most incongruous of the added glass has now been taken away, and the older work re-arranged as far as possible, in accordance with the original design, with the result that its soft and harmonious colouring can at last be properly appreciated.

After the completion of Fromond's Chantry, there was no material addition made to the College buildings until the middle of the seventeenth century, when Warden Harris, in 1640, built College Sick-house, a charming specimen of the architecture of that time, and enhanced by contrast with some of its modern neighbours. Then came the era of Warden Nicholas (1679-1711), who built the harmonious garden front of the Warden's lodgings, and in whose reign those alterations in Chapel were made

which lasted until recent times; above all, who built "School," so strangely unequal in the contrast it presents between the blank baldness of the exterior on its southern side and the richness of the façade that fronts the main buildings. Over a beautifully proportioned doorway is the bronze statue of the founder, made by the father of Colley Cibber, and given by him that he might obtain that nomination for his son, Lewis, which he had failed to get for Colley.

The attendance of commoners, which had risen to seventy-nine in 1681, and from various reasons had sunk as low as twenty in 1717, began to rise again under the energetic headmastership of Dr. Burton (1724-1766), and in 1734 there were a hundred and twenty-three names on the roll. To cope with these growing numbers, Burton put an end to the makeshift arrangements by which commoners had hitherto found a home within the College, and having acquired possession of the ground to the west, where the old Sustern Spital had stood, he erected a block of buildings henceforth known as "Commoners." It was about this time that Dorothy Osborne, in her letters to her brother, has left us that pleasant picture of the Headmaster in the hunting field, surrounded by some fourteen of his pupils, whose portraits, in all the glory of periwigs and lapelled coats, still adorn the Second Master's dining-room in College. "Indeed," she writes, "I have not seen a finer sight than those boys and their master together." A hundred years later, and "Old Commoners" in its turn disappeared, to give place to "New Commoners." Finally, in 1868-9, Dr. Ridding, the late Bishop of Southwell, with that wise statesmanship which entitles him to be called the second founder of the school, ended the old system by drafting the inmates of commoners into the modern boarding-houses which had recently come into existence. This important change, which not unnaturally aroused some opposition from the conservatism of earlier generations, has been amply

justified by the results. Once more put abreast of modern requirements, the school has since developed with marvellous prosperity, and has shown a power of adaptation to the changing needs of education which augurs well for its future progress. The Commoners' buildings thus vacated were turned by the late Mr. Butterfield into a library and class-rooms, with a success which contrasts favourably with the deplorable results of his work in Chapel. The other buildings which have been erected in recent years need not be enumerated; they represent the expanding needs of an English Public School, but their artistic value has not always been in proportion to their usefulness.

Such, in brief outline, is the story of the different buildings from the founder's time onwards, which make up Winchester College, and they mark not inadequately the expansion of the varying educational needs which they were intended to meet. On the inner life of the school during these five hundred years of its existence, it is impossible to touch: it is a microcosm of English history and society, and it reflects in many ways the great religious and political movements of succeeding ages.

In conclusion, it may be fearlessly affirmed that if, as we have seen, the "higher criticism" in matters scholastic has deprived Wykeham of some of the fame with which he has been credited, his reputation has been placed upon a surer because safer foundation. His enduring claim is that from the somewhat experimental conditions of education in his day he selected for his new foundation those elements which time, the supreme court of appeal, has proved to be enduring: he gave his school a constitution which enabled it to develop on its right lines, independent of external influences, and he deliberately encouraged that responsibility of seniors for the welfare and good government of juniors, which, more than anything else, has made our Public Schools what they are. The highest testimony to the value of his work is to be seen

in the fact that the founders of Eton and Westminster, at a wide interval of time, both went to Winchester for their model, and that it was from Winchester that Dr. Arnold derived those principles of prefectorial government which are a distinctive feature of English schools. The present generation of Wykehamists must inevitably differ from its predecessors, and much that was dear to older generations—that esoteric language of "notions," for instance, which has been shown to be no mere arbitrary or childish invention, but possessed of a scientific foundation—has been modified or is passing away. These are but the changes which mark the growing organism, and the impartial observer, whether from within or from without, will readily acknowledge that the generation which to-day worships in Wykeham's Chapel and Fromond's Chantry will, when the time comes, hand on to distant successors the torch of the race of life.

W. P. SMITH.

BRAMSHILL

By the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.

SITUATED in the northern extremity of Hampshire, amidst scenery of great beauty, in a noble park clothed with heather and bracken, Bramshill possesses a charm that is all its own. It is solitary, stately, unprofaned, and the broad balustraded terraces, the quaint gardens, and the venerable oaks and yews whose branches overshadow the walks, all conjure up visions of a bygone age, and speak of the growth of centuries of regular and peaceful existence. Standing in this tranquil backwater of life, Bramshill has never played a very active part in the making of the nation's history. Its numerous owners have, many of them, been men of high rank and distinguished careers; it has had its periods of excitement; at one time, perhaps, it might have attained the dignity of becoming a royal palace; but its chief charm lies in its own intrinsic beauties and the natural features of its picturesque surroundings.

Bramshill can trace its pedigree to pre-Norman times. At the time of the Norman Conquest it consisted of two manors, both of which are mentioned in the Domesday Survey. The name appears in that record as Bromeselle, probably the Norman scribe's phonetic reproduction of the Anglo-Saxon *Bromshyll*, "the Hill of Broom," which still grows luxuriantly in the neighbourhood. The pronunciation of words in England by the rustics is often traditional, and preserves the original form of the name, regardless of subsequent forms of spelling. The villagers

still call the place Bramzle, or Bromzle, which is not far removed from the Anglo-Saxon form of the word, corrupted in the seventeenth century to Bramshill.

Hugh de Port, a favourite of the Conqueror, who became possessed of many fair lands in the county, held one of the manors, in whose family it continued for nine generations. William de Port assumed the name of St. John, Edmund St. John dying possessed of the manor in 1346. The estate then passed, through the lack of a male heir, to the Foxleys. Sir John Foxley built and endowed a chapel at Bramshill early in the fourteenth century, and obtained permission from the Bishop of Winchester to have mass celebrated every day therein. Nicholas Hagman, parson of the Church of Eversley, provided the chaplain. Sir Thomas Foxley, the son of Sir John, was a personal friend of the famous William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and rebuilder of the Cathedral. He was also the Constable of Windsor Castle, and held a prominent position in the country. He obtained license from King Edward III. to enclose two thousand five hundred acres at Bramshill to form the park, which now exists, though subsequently greatly increased. This park, therefore, can claim to have existed for more than five centuries. He built or enlarged the house, and considerable remains of the mansion erected by him still exist, and are worked up in the present house, notably part of the cellars, the vaulting of which bears a striking similarity to that at Windsor Castle. Possibly Wykeham, who was the designer of considerable portions of the Castle, assisted, on account of his friendship with the owner of Bramshill, in the planning and building of the house, or some of the same workmen employed at the Castle may have been engaged on the Hampshire mansion.

The estate then passed by marriage to the Uvedale family, then to the Rogers and Essex families, and then to Lord Daubeney, who lies under a beautiful brass cross

in Eversley Church. On the death of his son, who had been created Earl of Bridgewater, the estate passed into the possession of the King, who granted it in 1547 to William Paulet, Lord St. John, a member of the same family who had held it two centuries earlier. He became Marquis of Winchester, and gained the favour of successive sovereigns, Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth—a feat remarkable in those changing and dangerous days. He attributed his success to his pliable nature and his character of resembling the "willow rather than the oak."

In 1605, the property was sold to Edward, Lord Zouche of Harringworth, the builder of the present mansion, the beauties of which were early sung by William Browne in his "Shepherd's Pipe":—

> Be pleased, great Lord, when underneath the shades
> Of your delightful Bramshill, when the spring
> Her flowers for gentle blasts with zephyrs trades,
> Once more to hear a silly shepherd sing.

The stately house took seven years in building, and the architect was the celebrated John Thorpe. Tradition states that it was intended as a house of Prince Henry of Wales, the eldest son of James I., and this is supported by the shape of the crowning ornament of the great front, which represents the feathers and coronet of the Prince of Wales, and also by ornaments stamped on the fire grates. One of these bears the royal arms, another the date 1604 with the initials I.R., and a third the Prince of Wales' Feathers. The royal arms and badges appear on the ceiling of the chamber which is now the chapel, though by a curious coincidence the Rose, Fleur de Lys, and Dragon are the arms of the Copes, the present owners. Lord Zouche was an important personage at Court—Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Ambassador to Scotland—and it is not improbable that he offered his newly-rising mansion to the King; but the untimely death of the young Prince in 1612—the very year the external part of the house was completed—put an end to any such scheme.

Before his death, a tragic event occurred in the Park. The Archbishop of Canterbury, George Abbot, was staying at Bramshill for the benefit of his health, and for the same reason went out shooting at the deer with a cross-bow. The Archbishop was known to be a somewhat erratic sportsman, and the keeper, Peter Hawkins, was warned to be careful. A deer arose from a spinny. The Archbishop discharged his arrow, but, alas! missed the deer, and killed the keeper. The prelate never forgave himself, and observed a monthly fast on Tuesday, the day when the accident occurred, and bestowed on the widow a pension of £20 a year. But the consequences to the Archbishop did not end with these acts of penitence. He was suspended from the duties of his office. There was a mighty outcry. Some clerics who were about to be raised to the episcopal bench refused to be consecrated by his bloodstained hands. At length the outcry died down, and the sorrowing prelate was restored to his position, and suffered to discharge his functions in peace; but the tragedy at Bramshill has left its mark on our ecclesiastical history.

Thirteen years after the death of Lord Zouche, the property was sold to the Earl of Antrim, whose wife was the widow of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I. and Charles I. It was again sold to Sir Robert Henley in 1640, a spendthrift family who landed the estate in overwhelming debts. From their creditors the estate was purchased in 1695 by Sir John Cope, the eldest son of the fifth Baronet, the bulk of whose family estates lay in Oxfordshire, and in this family Bramshill has remained ever since.

Their principal seat was Hanwell Castle, built by William Cope, Cofferer to Henry VII., and for many generations they have wrought well and worthily for their country. The King granted his own arms to his favourite, viz., Fleur de Lys, Tudor Rose, and Dragon of Wales,

instead of the ancient arms of the Copes: vert on a fesse argent, a boar passant sable.

We will now visit this noble house, built by Lord Zouche under the guiding hand of Thorpe, the architect of Hatfield, who utilised some part of the fourteenth century building. Several stately English houses in the south of England were founded at the same time. Hatfield was built in 1611, Holland House by Sir Walter Cope in 1607, Longford Castle in Wilts in 1612, Charlton in Kent in 1612, and Audley End in Essex in 1616. It was a period of much architectural activity, and Bramshill was not the least successful of these stately houses. It remains one of the most striking Jacobean mansions in England, "looking out," as Kingsley wrote, "far and wide over the rich lowland from its eyrie of dark pines."

The older house was built around a courtyard. In the opinion of the eminent architect, Mr. Fergusson, the old hall still remains in the present structure, though shorn of some of its length, as the present dais is too narrow. The present long gallery was probably built on the entrance side of the court, facing the hall. Thorpe's design was to efface the courtyard, put back the two wings till they nearly met, and make all the windows look outwards instead of into the court. This interior court did not, however, quite disappear, for some unknown reason. No other house in England is quite like Bramshill, and its plan may be said to be unique. It belongs to the style usually described as Elizabethan or early Jacobean, if it may not be more correctly styled as that of the English Renaissance.

The general plan may roughly be said to be in the form of the letter H, the transverse stroke being much elongated, and of considerable breadth. Beautiful old brickwork is the material of the structure, with quoins, mullions, and dressings of Headington stone. There were formerly projecting wings on the south-west front, one of which was destroyed by fire, and the other removed at a

later period. Fuller alludes to the fire in his work, *The Worthies of England*, which he wrote in 1645 at Basing House, where he was staying during the siege by Cromwell's army. He says: "Next Basing, Bramsell, built by the last Lord Zouch, in a bleak and barren place, was a stately structure, especially before part thereof was defaced by a casual fire." These wings must have been somewhat extensive, as a writer in 1782 states that thirty-four rooms were destroyed by this "casual fire."

The south-west front is perhaps the most charming feature of the house. The wings are of brick, and their present terminations were erected in 1703, as the heads of the stack-pipes plainly testify. The central portion of the front is of stone, and consists of a porch or cloister of three arches, reached by a broad flight of steps. In the centre rises an ornamental structure, having double pilasters of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian style, with ornamental niches between them, rising story above story to the top of the building. A most beautiful and graceful oriel window appears in the first floor. On the second floor are two arches, and above there is a crowning ornament, which is believed to be a representation of the feathers and coronet of the Prince of Wales. This seems to confirm the tradition that the house was originally intended for the occupation of the eldest son of King James I. The whole of this charming structure is profusely decorated with the ornaments of the Renaissance period. Great similarity between the open-work parapet, together with the panelling beneath the window and late Perpendicular work, can be clearly seen, and is evidence of the endurance of late Gothic architecture, and the intermixture of styles, of which many examples might be quoted.

The north-eastern front was originally intended by Thorpe to contain the principal entrance. On the first floor are the windows of the long gallery. Facing this front is a walled garden, and in the north-east wall of

this enclosure is the postern, an arched opening, which was intended to lead to the main entrance to the house, the old gatehouse of the Foxleys, which is still preserved in the present building. The arch of this is Tudor or four-centred, and is, therefore, earlier than the Renaissance arches which appear in the rest of the building. The north-west front is very picturesque with its numerous gables, though it has been somewhat altered by the insertion of Queen Anne sash-windows at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The terrace front, a hundred and ninety-four feet long, broken by four projecting bays, and terminated at each end by a bold projection supported on the terrace side by two ornamental arches, is an architectural gem. The beauty of the pierced parapet is perhaps unequalled in any other example of English Renaissance. At the eastern end of the terrace is the Troco Court, so called from the game *Troco* formerly played on it, which was not unlike lawn billiards. The iron ring through which the balls were driven still remains, and a few of the cues and balls are preserved.

We enter the mansion through the noble south-west cloister porch, and pass into the hall, a fine room, part of the ancient fourteenth century house. This hall marks a stage in the history of English domestic architecture, the diminution in size of the hall, the desire for greater privacy, and the multiplication of the chambers in the English house. This hall does not extend to the height of the roof, as the old halls invariably did, and the entrance is not under the screens, but in front of them. These screens are decorated with the arms and descent of the Cope family, and the chimney-piece shows the arms of some of the heiresses who have married into the family. The ancient dais remains at the upper end. The glass in the windows contains the arms and names of royal visitors —the late Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, several members of the Royal Family, and, in older days, James I. and his Queen, who visited the Copes at their ancestral

castle of Hanwell, Oxfordshire. The hall contains a good collection of arms and armour, and amongst other interesting treasures the fine coffer and portrait of William Cope, cofferer to Henry VII., and builder of Hanwell Castle.

Passing through the terrace hall, at the foot of the great staircase we enter the dining room, which is hung with English tapestry fashioned at the Mortlake Works in 1625. It represents woodland scenery, and is a very beautiful example of the products of English looms. There is a fine Italian mantelpiece which belongs to the period of the erection of the present house. The next room is the Red Drawing room, which, together with the billiard room, was somewhat modernised at the beginning of the last century. It is hung with some remarkable portraits, amongst which we notice Lady Bolingbroke, the daughter of Sir Henry Winchcombe, a celebrated beauty, and descendant of the famous "Jack of Newbury," the famous Berkshire clothier. The portrait by Vandyke of Marie de Medicis, Queen of France, and mother of the Queen of Charles I., was painted for and formerly belonged to the martyred King; it is not known how it found its way to Bramshill. A portrait of Vandyke by himself; some family portraits, including that of Mrs. Bethel, by Kneller, and of Rachel, Countess of Bath, by Vandyke; and a painting of the Holy Family, by Rubens, are the principal artistic treasures in this room. In the billiard room is a painting of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, by Hogarth, which formerly was hung in the great room of the celebrated gardens of Vauxhall, and several family portraits. The garden room ends the suite of apartments on the ground floor.

Ascending the staircase, we see several pictures of much interest. A portrait of Queen Mary; Charles, Earl of Peterborough, who fought in the Spanish War in Queen Anne's time, by Amiconi; Mrs. Tipping and Mrs. Mordaunt, by Kneller; Mrs. Poyntz as "Minerva," known in her day as "the Fair Circassian"; William,

third Earl of Pembroke, by Van Somer; a painting of Posthumus and Imogen (Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, Act I., Sc. ii.), by William Hamilton; and Sir John Cope, fifth Baronet (died in 1721), who had a long and interesting career.

We now pass into the State Drawing room, which has a fine Jacobean ceiling with pendants and interlacing work. The tapestry is extremely important and interesting. It was designed by Rubens, and made at Brussels under his direction. Letters are in existence which prove that the great artist intended to present the tapestry to Sir Dudley Carleton, the English Ambassador to the Hague, in exchange for a set of marbles. How they came to Bramshill is not known; perhaps it was through the friendship of Sir Dudley with Lord Zouche, perhaps through the relationship of the Copes with the Ambassador; but this can only be conjectured. The subject of the tapestries is the history of Decius Mus, the Roman consul who sacrificed his life for his country. The first scene represents him consulting the Augurs; in the second, we see him taking leave of the Senate before engaging in the war against the Samnites. Then the Death of Decius is shown in the midst of a fierce fight, the hero falling backwards from a plunging charger. The fourth scene represents the Obsequies of Decius, a spirited design showing the prisoners taken in the fight and the spoils of the conquered. The artist in later life painted six pictures dealing with the same subject, which are now in the Liechtenstein Gallery, near Vienna, and in which three of these scenes are exactly reproduced. The furniture in this room, as in other parts of the house, is good Chippendale. Two of the tables here contain panels of Early English needlework of early seventeenth century.

The library contains many treasures and a good collection of family portraits; amongst them is the painting of Sir Anthony Cope, fourth Baronet, who played a distinguished part in bringing about the Restoration

of Charles II. There is a fine Jacobean ceiling and a noble chimney-piece of black and white marble. We now pass into the famous gallery, a notable feature of every English Elizabethan or Jacobean house. It is said to be the longest in England, 130 feet by 21 feet. It is a noble room, and fancy peoples it with a gay company of cavaliers and the courtly beauties of the Stuart times dancing the stately minuet, or coranto, or quadrille, or the old English "country dances," really *contre-dances*, which were once the favourite of the court. If the ladies and gentlemen whose portraits adorn the walls of Bramshill could step out of their frames, and assemble in this old gallery, they would form a fitting company for this noble chamber. Bramshill has indeed a ghost, the "White Lady," who haunts the "Flower-de-luce" chamber immediately adjoining the gallery, and she may have been concerned with the tragedy of the "Mistletoe Bough," which tradition attaches to Bramshill. The story tells of a fair young bride who, on her wedding night, proposed the game of "Hide and Seek." She rushed off to hide herself, and selected a beautiful old chest in the gallery, wherein she laid herself. The door of the chest closed with a spring lock. The searchers tried to find her, but all in vain. The fair lady had disappeared. Years afterwards, a servant had occasion to open the chest, and lo!

> A skeleton form lay mouldering there,
> In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.

The story has been told by Rogers in *Ginevra*, and by Haines Bailey in *The Mistletoe Bough*, and is attached also to another Hampshire house—Marwell Hall, in Owlesbury parish. The chest, very finely carved with satyrs and other figures, was removed from Bramshill about a hundred years ago. Sir William Cope, the father of the present baronet, did not credit the legend, and stated that the event never occurred at Bramshill, and that no lady of his family ever died on her bridal day. It may possibly

refer to Mrs. Bethel, who died a year after her marriage in 1728, but Italy is probably the home of the legend, and it is stated that the chest was bought by an Englishman, possibly by Sir John Cope, fifth Baronet, who thus brought the chest and the story to Bramshill.

The chapel-room is very attractive, not only on account of its store of wonderful portraits and paintings, its Chippendale furniture, its Florentine mosaic cabinet, and other treasures, but also on account of its charming shape and construction. There is a fine Jacobean ceiling, panelled walls, and good Renaissance chimney-piece. The hearth-back bears the royal arms of the Stuarts, with the initials I. R. and the date 1604. There are several of Lely's portraits: Charles II., his Queen Katherine of Braganza, Nell Gwyn, the Countess of Ossory, Lucy Walters, and Lady Pratt, the daughter of a neighbouring squire; two small paintings by Holbein of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; paintings of the Seasons by Paul Bril; Lucretia, after Guido; and many other valuable artistic treasures.

The chapel is adorned with rare fifteenth century tapestry, not later than 1450. It has been sorely treated and cut, and was at one time used in the attics to keep out draughts. By the tender care of the late Sir William Cope, it has been repaired and preserved, and now forms a rare and curious set. The principal subjects are: Aaron praying before the Ark of the Covenant, the people waiting without while two priests are drawing back the curtains of the Sanctuary; King David praying; the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the Prophet Isaiah; a crowned figure in crimson, with an ermine cape; the Star of Bethlehem (represented as a comet) appearing to the Wise Men; the Adoration of the Wise Men; the Queen of Sheba and Solomon. There is a grand conception of the Church and the world adoring the Saviour seated in the arms of the Virgin: cardinals, bishops, monarchs, monks, ladies, and others, are all looking to the

Saviour, and chanting: "*Ad te clamamus, O pia, O dulcis Maria.*" The rest of the tapestry gives representations of personified vices—Avarice, Fraud, Vanity, etc. This tapestry certainly, in spite of its great age, shows evidences of the highest art, the drawing of the figures and the expression of the faces being most admirably conceived and executed. The work is probably of German origin.

Besides the chambers which we have visited, there is a labyrinth of bed-rooms and extensive attics, wherein legends say that a whole troop of soldiers was quartered during the Civil War. A quaint little room still bears the name of the "Powdering Closet," and reminds one of the time of high towering wigs, when patch, powder, and paint were the signs of gentility. In this room there would be hung two curtains, behind which the beau or belle would stand, and expose only the head, which received its proper supply of powder without any falling on the clothes of the individual. A fine view can be seen from the roof, and on the north-east front you will see an iron hoop which in olden days held a lantern, so that the lords of Bramshill might find their way home across the wide heaths and deserted park in the dark winter evenings.

Returning to the hall, we see a large picture of a meet of the hounds at Bramshill, with portraits of Sir John Cope and other noted sportsmen of the beginning of the last century. Bramshill was at that time a great centre of fox hunting, and there have been few keener hunters than the then owner of this mansion.

As we wander through the park, we notice the great trees, the four great avenues leading to the house, and especially the grand Scotch firs dearly loved by Kingsley, who said of them: "I respect them, those Scotch firs. I delight in their forms, from James the First's gnarled giants up in Bramshill Park—the only place in England where a painter can learn what Scotch firs are—down to the little green pyramids, which stand up out of the heather,

triumphant over tyranny and the strange woes of an untoward youth." Some of these giant trees have a circumference of more than twenty feet. And so we leave this beautiful Hampshire home in its framework of dark pines, purple heather, and yellow gorse, keeping watch and ward over the moors and forests, which have often echoed with the sound of the merry horn, when Sir John and his friends, Mr. Chute, of the Vine, old John Warde, and Mr. Piers Williams, of Temple, rode merrily to hunt the fox, or with the tramp of armed men when King and Parliament were engaged in a more deadly contest.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

BASING HOUSE

By the Rev. G. N. Godwin, B.D.

TWO miles east of Basingstoke, the traveller from London by the South-Western Railway sees on his right a large chalk-pit, and on his left a stately church with a massive square tower, a barn which shews marks of cannon shot, and a long garden wall, flanked at either end by a turret, and having behind it some grassy mounds and noble trees. Those green mounds mark the site of old Basing House, the "Basting House" of many a jubilant Cavalier, and "Loyalty House" for ever.

The road by which we leave Basingstoke is full of history. Along it Cavaliers and Roundheads have trudged or galloped, and it has echoed to the tramp of the Ironsides, who knew not the meaning of the word "defeat." Near the canal bridge, "Slaughter Close" tells us how many a brave man on both sides died as a soldier should. Basingstoke Workhouse marks the site of the Parliamentarian headquarters on Cowdrey Down, and the big chalk-pit beyond the railway, which still bears the name of "Oliver's Delve," was occupied by Southampton pikemen and troopers during the siege. A noble barn was the riding school of Basing House, and still shews traces of the battering of Colonel Dalbier's guns. Crossing the canal, which some century ago was cut right through the ruins, we find ourselves in the midst of brick-lined moats and the foundations of a stately gatehouse. On our left is the breach by which the Ironsides stormed the portion of the mansion known as the New House;

on our right is the bowling green. On the farther side of this is an orchard, which was formerly the garrison cemetery. From the orchard we enter a pleasant garden, along one side of which runs a long wall, with two flanking turrets, one of which now does duty as an extremely curious dove-cot. By the kindness of Lord Bolton, to whom lovers of the past owe a debt of gratitude for his systematic excavation of this historic site, a number of interesting relics are shewn in a well-arranged Museum. Here are proud escutcheons, discoloured by smoke and flame, bearing fragments of the glorious family motto, "Aymez Loyauté." Here are cannon-balls, pikes, and bullets, fragments of shell, and a couple of swords which fell, two and a half centuries ago, from dying hands.

Returning to the bowling green we have in front of us a bridge, on which men fought during the final assault, whilst black flags of defiance waved from the lofty gate-house. We now enter a huge circular entrenchment of earth faced with brick, and surrounded by a moat, the average depth of which is thirty-six feet. Here Lord Bolton's excavations have laid bare many an interesting detail, and also many an archæological puzzle. Here are remains of the ancient Norman castle of Basing, as well as of the more modern and stately mansion of the first Marquis of Winchester. Note the massive vaults which have been opened out, with curious sketches on the walls of a kite, a ship, a Cavalier's head, and the like. In the cellar, above which once stood the great hall, many of the garrison were suffocated or burnt to death after the last fierce assault. The whole place must have been a very forest of towers, with many and large courtyards. We can still see the sally-port and the off-duty kennel of the turn-spit dog; we can still pace the ramparts, commanding a glorious view, whereon steadfast Cavaliers did sentry-go for so many months.

Like so many other places in Hampshire, this place is an epitome of English history. Unnumbered centuries

ago the Celts threw up these mighty mounds as a shelter for their women, children, and cattle. Wars of which some local Homer may have sung were waged around these ramparts, but the Hampshire "Iliad" has perished. Vespasian's legionaries carried these works by storm just before they embarked at Portchester for the more famous siege of Jerusalem. In 870, a Danish host which had landed in the north was harrying Hampshire. The lion-hearted Æthelred dwelt in the royal palace at Winchester, and by his side was his young brother, Alfred, "the Truth-Teller," already known as a Dane fighter. Led by the two royal brothers, the men of Wessex, with their Dragon standard, faced the Raven of the North at Basing. It was no fault of theirs that "the Pagans remained masters of the place of death," and that "when the fight began, hope passed from one side to the other, the royal army was deceived, the enemy had the victory, but gained no spoils." The neighbouring "Lick Pit" or "Body Pit" farm is probably a memento of this fight. Basing was the home of the clan of Basingas, and from it Basingstoke was an offshoot.

Adam de Port, whose inscriptions are still to be seen on the outside walls of Warnford Church,[1] "a mightie man in this tract, and of great wealth in the reign of William the First" (Camden), was lord of Basing, marrying the heiress of the House of St. John. In 1261, Robert de St. John obtained from Henry III. licence to palisade the moat and fortify his house at "Basinge Pallis," and in a grant made in the reign of Henry II. to the Priory of Monks' Sherborne, mention is made of the "old castle of Basing." In 1280, John de St. John obtained leave from the Basingstoke Hundred Court to rebuild the gallows which had fallen down, and to replace an execution tumbrel which had been worn out by frequent use. He also owned a pillory, a ducking-stool for scolding women, and other persuaders to good manners. Two Priors

[1] See p. 43.

of Winchester are said to have borne the name of William de Basynge. The old castle of Adam de Port was falling into decay when William Paulet, who had inherited Basing from the St. John family, was made Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household by Henry VIII., and was created Marquis of Winchester by Edward VI. He was a very shrewd man. Being once asked how he had kept the favour of four Tudor sovereigns, he replied: "I was born of the willow, not of the oak." He firmly supported Mary against Lady Jane Grey.

In 1569, he entertained his royal mistress so royally at Basing that the Queen is said to have confessed: "By my troth, if my Lord Treasurer were but a young man, I could find in my heart to love him for a husband before any man in England." He died in 1571, at the age of eighty-seven, enormously rich, and leaving a hundred and three living descendants. He rebuilt Basing Castle in a style of great magnificence. The ancient home was left standing within the great earthern mounds, and was henceforth known as the Old House. Huge cellars and vaults were excavated and lined with brick, a new well was sunk, and a great hall built over an ancient cellar. A stately gatehouse, with a tower not unlike that of Winchester College, led into the ancient mansion. To the right and left of the gatehouse were two new wings of noble proportions, bearing in many places the proud Paulet motto, "Aymez Loyauté," which also flamed, it is said, in every window. The new buildings, which were known as the New House, had another stately gatehouse of their own, approached by a winding road up the steep ascent from the garrison gate, and were protected by deep, brick-lined moats; on the other side of the road stood the farm or grange. The approach was through two gateways of fine pointed brickwork, whilst on the other side access was by means of a drawbridge. The upkeep of this stately pile was a heavy burden, and before long the Paulet family pulled down the left wing.

When the Civil War broke out, the Paulets declared for the King. John, the fifth and "Loyal" Marquis of Winchester, was a man of letters and a Roman Catholic. He said that "if the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would maintain it to the uttermost." The Marchioness was daughter of the Earl of St. Albans, and sister of Lord Essex, the Parliamentarian general. She shared in all the dangers of the siege, saw her maid killed by a shell, she herself narrowly escaping. With the other ladies of the garrison, she cast into bullets the lead stripped from the roofs and turrets, and successfully organised the relieving expedition of Colonel Gage.

The Marquis collected arms for fifteen hundred men, which he was obliged to sell by an order of the House of Commons, bearing date November 4th, 1642. Being left with only six muskets, he and his gentlemen with difficulty beat off some straggling Parliamentarians. At the end of February, 1643, Prince Rupert rode through the garrison gate, in vain pursuit of four guns and seven cartloads of ammunition, destined for Sir William Waller, the Parliament's general in Hants. On July 31st, Colonel Harvey, "a decayed silk man," who had lately won doubtful glory by dispersing a crowd of women in London who begged in vain for peace, aided by Colonel Norton, of Southwick Park and the Old Manor House at Alresford —the "Idle Dick Norton" of Cromwell—made an attack upon the house from the side of the park. Help came in the very nick of time, brought from Oxford by Lieutenant-Colonel Peake, a London printseller, who had as his assistants William Faithorne, the father of English engraving, and the well-known artist, Wenceslaus Hollar. All three took commissions in the King's service at Basing. There is a curious etching of Basing Siege done by Hollar in his leisure hours. All hands were set to work, and some fourteen and a half acres were soon protected by strong but rough fortifications. Sir Marmaduke Rawdon, a London merchant, whom the Parliament had "decayed,"

was appointed Governor, having as his deputy Lieutenant-Colonel Peake, who had a long white beard, and was styled "a seller of picture babies." Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson was a clever doctor and botanist, and Major Cuffand, or Cufaude, whose relations dwell in Norfolk to-day, of Cuffand House, was of Plantagenet descent. The London Trained Bands, who are the regimental ancestors of the Buffs and the Royal Marines, were now ordered to Basing, where the garrison was said to consist of some five hundred men, "all in a manner Papists." The "Soldier's Report" said that the house was "as large as the Tower of London," and was "built upright, so that no man can command the roof." The garrison were armed with muskets, and had mounted eleven guns of various calibre. Sir William Waller advanced from Farnham and Alton with some seven thousand men, and offered free exit, to no purpose, to all women and children. The besieged burnt the Grange and its supplies in self-defence, and for nine days the blockade went on. After three days' hard fighting, Waller was obliged to retire to Farnham, "having dishonoured and bruised his army, whereof abundance were lost, without the death of more than two in the garrison, and some little damage to the house by battery," as Lord Hopton, the King's general in Hants, was on his march to relieve Basing. On August 18th, 1643, the Parliament declared the Marquis of Winchester guilty of high treason, and sequestrated his large estates. Lord Hopton, a gallant Cornishman, who was an old friend of his constant opponent, Sir William Waller, was holding Winchester in strong force for the King, though his Cornish levies often mutinied through home-sickness. He was a good and staunch friend to Basing House, which, with Donnington Castle, near Newbury, effectually commanded the great Western Road; and many a broad-wheeled waggon, heavily laden with cloth, and bound for London, was intercepted by raiders from these two garrisons. Spies were active, and when detected

found a short road to the gallows. One of them, Tobias Beasley, who made bullets at Basing, "showed great reluctance to go off the ladder."

Certain royal cooks came to Basing with a detachment of Prince Rupert's regiment in December, 1643, which started an unfounded rumour that the King in person had removed much plate and treasure from the fortress. After Cheriton Fight (March 29th, 1644), which "broke all the measures, and altered the whole scheme of the King's counsels," Lord Hopton made good his retreat at dead of night to Basing, from whence he fell back upon Reading and Oxford, leaving behind him as chaplain to the Basing garrison Dr. Thomas Fuller, author of the *Worthies of England*, who seems to have stayed about six weeks under the hospitable roof of Lord Winchester, writing of the "troutful streams and natural commodities" of Hampshire, and confessing to some slight interruption from the frequent cannonades. He says that Basing "was the largest of any subject's house in England, yea, larger than most (eagles have not the biggest nests of all birds) of the King's palaces. The motto, 'Love Loyaltie,' was often written in every window thereof, and was well practised in it, when, for resistance on that account, it was lately levelled to the ground." Their enemies styled the Basing garrison "foxes and wolves," but they showed in many a daring foray that they could bite as well as bark.

A plot was now formed by some disheartened malcontents within the walls to surrender the house to Sir William Waller, with whom a correspondence was carried on by "the Lord Edward Pawlet, brother to the Marquis of Winchester, and then with him as unsuspected as a brother ought to be." The plot was discovered through the unexpected desertion to the King of Sir Richard Granville, who was ever after called by his old comrades "Skellum" or "Rogue"; and the conspirators were all executed, with the exception of Lord Edward, who was forced to act as hangman at all future garrison executions.

Sir William Waller was very active in cutting off stragglers from Basing, and on June 1st, 1644, a party from the house met with heavy disaster at Odiham, which, as a Parliamentarian base of operations, they had tried to burn.

On June 11th, 1644, the siege of Basing House began in earnest. Colonel Norton, aided by Colonel Onslow and a Surrey contingent, showed himself a daring and resolute foe, and was reinforced by Colonel Herbert Morley with five hundred foot from Farnham. He blockaded the house with his cavalry, occupied Basing village, and cut off supplies. On June 14th there was a smart skirmish near The Vine, and on the same day it was reported in London that the garrison was already suffering severely, Sir William Waller having burnt both their mills. Salt and other necessaries were also lacking. On June 18th—a day to be hereafter memorable for fighting—a jet of flame at midnight made the old church tower stand out in bold relief. Half Basing was in a blaze, and it seemed as if a fierce sortie made from the house would raise the siege. But it was not to be. For eighteen weeks the struggle went on. Sorties, assaults, mines, desertions, famines, and feasting came in quick succession. The story of this period alone would fill a volume. Basing House began to be styled "Basting House" by rejoicing Cavaliers. The besiegers laboured, like Nehemiah's workmen, with a sword in one hand and a tool in the other, and on June 24th "three of ours runne to them." The gallows was always ready for would-be deserters. A heavy fire of shells, some eighty pounds in weight, which the garrison styled "baubles," and of cannon shot was kept up, and "they did shoot the Marquisse himselfe through his clothes." Owing to a lack of salt, on July 24th, "stinking beef was thrown over Basing walls." In vain did Colonel Morley summon the Marquis to surrender, in spite of disease making havoc in the ranks of the defenders. Several dashing sorties were made, and once or twice the besiegers were driven off as far as Basingstoke.

In the second week in September, Colonel Sir Henry Gage, a gallant Roman Catholic soldier, led a relieving force from Oxford, and, after a fiercely-contested action on Chinham Down, against desperate odds, with sorely wearied troops, and shrouded in blinding fog, relieved the garrison in a masterly fashion. The wounded Roundheads "were next day sent forth unto the care of their own chirurgeons, and two that ran from us had execution." "That lovers met that day, and blushed and kissed; and old grey-bearded friends embraced each other, and, aye marry, pledged each other, too; that good Catholic comrades exchanged prayers at Basing altar; that brave fathers kissed the wives and children they had left shut up in brave old 'Loyalty,' needs no telling. But not alone in kissing and in quaffing did Gage and his troops spend those two merry days." The Parliamentarian Committee was chased out of Basingstoke, and all the stores which they had laboriously accumulated were carted off to Basing House, after which Colonel Gage withdrew by night to Oxford, fording the Kennet and the Thames at Burghfield and Pangbourne, "our horse taking up the musketeers en croup." Heroic Colonel Gage afterwards met with a soldier's death on January 11th, 1645, at Culham Bridge, near Abingdon. On September 14th the Cavaliers were celebrating their relief, "drinking in the town, and in no good order." Colonel Norton made an unexpected attack, and "one hour's very sharp fight followed." Basing Church was taken and retaken, as, indeed, it was several times during the siege, though, strangely enough, the Virgin and Child on the west front still remain unharmed.

The assailants were at length repulsed with heavy loss, but in the struggle the wise and learned Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, doctor and botanist, was mortally wounded. Ten days later there was another fierce fight. The stern besiegers again closed tenaciously around Basing, and things went on much as before, the gallant little garrison

being in vain summoned to surrender. In October, 1644, the King himself was in the neighbourhood, returning from his western campaign to Oxford, as were also Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester, who were then not on the best of terms. Manchester intended the engagement which was afterwards the second Battle of Newbury to have been fought at Basing, and even marked out the positions which his regiments were to occupy.

Famine was now pressing the garrison hard, and surrender seemed imminent. On November 28th it was said in London that "Basing garrison had neither shoes nor stockings, drank water, and looked all as if they had been rather the prisoners of the grave than the keepers of a castle." The diary of the siege closes with these noble words:—

> Let no man, therefore, think himself an instrument, only in giving thanks that God had made him so, for here was evidently seen "He chose the weak to confound the strong." *Non nobis Domine.* "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to Thine own Name be all glory for ever. Amen!"

For some months Basing was left in peace, and many a successful foray and capture of road waggons took place, bold riders scouring the country as far as Hindhead. But unfortunately religious dissensions, which have ruined many noble causes, broke out. On May Day, 1645, there was a sorry sight. All the defenders who were not Roman Catholics marched out of Loyalty House some five hundred strong. They were refused admission to Donnington Castle by stout-hearted Sir John Boys, who expected to be besieged, but was unable to feed so large a contingent. After a running fight with Colonel Butler's Horse, they succeeded in joining the army of the dissolute Lord Goring, at Lambourne in Berkshire.

At the end of August, the Parliament sent Colonel Dalbier, a Dutchman, from whom it is said that Cromwell learned the mechanical part of soldiering, to reduce Basing at all costs. "Mercurius Britannicus" said

that the Marquis of Winchester spent his time in bed at the bottom of a cellar, "out of reach of gunshot, for, you know, generals and governors should not be too venturous." Dalbier occupied Basing village, and tried in vain to take the house by means of mines. Shells, known as "granado shells," proved more effective. One mortar, which was sent direct from London—the bridges being strengthened so that it might cross them—fired shells of sixty-three pounds weight and eighteen inches in diameter. Ammunition was sent from Windsor Castle, then a Parliamentarian arsenal. "A compounded stifling smoke," emitted by damp straw, brimstone, arsenic, and other ingredients, made the lives of the besiegers a misery. On Sunday, September 21st, 1645, the Rev. William Beech, a Wykehamist, gave the besiegers a remarkable sermon, which occupies, in small type, thirty-two small quarto pages. It was entitled "More Sulphur for Basing," and is a marvellous specimen of the sermon militant. On the following day, Dalbier's guns brought down "the great tower in the old house." Deserters and a released prisoner said that "in the top of this tower was hid a bushel of Scots twopences, which flew about their ears." Shot and shell now poured in thick and fast, and when on October 8th Lieutenant-General Cromwell, at the head of a brigade detached from General Fairfax's new model army, arrived from recently-captured Winchester, the fate of the fortress was sealed. The besiegers were seven thousand in number, whilst the walls, which needed from eight hundred to a thousand men to hold them, sheltered but three hundred, many of whom were but eighteen and some scarcely twelve years of age, including also the priests and the wounded. Only its natural strength saved the fortress so long. There was no chance of relief.

On October 13th the besieged made their last sortie, and, during a fog, captured Colonel Robert Hammond and Colonel King, the former of whom was afterwards the King's gaoler at Carisbrook Castle. They received fair

treatment, and it was alleged that they were taken by previous arrangement, so that Colonel Hammond might save the life of the Marquis during the final assault. At five o'clock in the morning of October 14th the attack began, and the invincible Ironsides formed up in column. The garrison was utterly worn out, but it is said that some of them were surprised as they were playing cards. "Clubs are trumps, as when Basing House was taken," is a well-known Hampshire phrase. Rush of pike and pistol shot put a speedy end alike to game and players. Four cannon shots boomed out, and, by a breach which is still plainly visible, the storming party entered the New House, and then made their way inch by inch over the huge mounds faced with brickwork into the Old House. In spite of the black flags of defiance which they hung out, and of the heroism of those who "fought it out at sword's point," superior numbers prevailed. When opposition ceased, plundering began. But in the midst of the pillage, the dread cry of "Fire" was raised, for a fireball had been left to smoulder unheeded. Ere long, Basing House was but a pile of smoking ruins. Many of the garrison were suffocated or burned to death in the cellars and vaults in which they had taken refuge, and which have been recently opened out by Lord Bolton. Hugh Peters, "the ecclesiastical newsmonger," heard them crying in vain for help. "There were four more Roman Catholic priests beside, who were plundered of their vestments, and themselves reserved for the gallows." The prisoners were two hundred in number, including the stout old Marquis, who, after being confined with Sir Robert Peake for a day or two at the Bell Inn at Basingstoke, was sent up to London, and committed to the Tower. He was afterwards allowed to retire to France. William Faithorne and Wenceslaus Hollar were also taken. Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect, who is said to have designed the west door of Basing Church, "was carried away in a blanket, having lost his clothes," doubtless borrowed by

some trooper. Seventy-four men were killed, but only one woman, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, of St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fish Street, "a gallant gentlewoman, whom the enemy shamefully left naked." We are told by "Mercurius Veridicus" of "the ladies' wardrobe, which furnished many of the soldiers' wives with gowns and petticoats." The ladies themselves were "entertained somewhat coarsely, yet they left them with some clothes upon them." A hundred gentlewomen's rich gowns and petticoats were among the spoil, which was reckoned to be worth £200,000, and was styled by Cromwell "a good encouragement." The victors chaffered with the dealers, who had hired all the available horses between Basing and London, lowering their prices as the hour for marching drew nigh. At dawn on October 15th, 1645, Cromwell's trumpets sounded "to horse," and the long column of the Ironsides marched away from smoke-blackened, ruined Basing, to reduce Longford House, near Salisbury, and the House of Commons ordered that all and sundry might take brick or stone at will from the ruins. Basing House soon became the picturesque ruin which it has ever since remained. The grass grows green to-day over the crumbling ramparts. As long as any feeling remains of chivalry and respect for the mighty heroes of the past who "jeoparded their lives in the high places of the field" —whether for King or Parliament, for there were good, gallant, and noble men deeply engaged on both sides of that mighty struggle—so long will the story of Basing House be green in English memories.

G. N. GODWIN.

For further details of the siege of Basing House, readers are referred to the much enlarged 2nd edition (1904) of my book, *The Civil War in Hampshire and the Story of Basing House* (Gilbert & Son, Southampton; Bumpus, London). 21s. net.

CHARLES I. AT PLACE HOUSE AND HURST CASTLE

By the Rev. G. N. Godwin, B.D.

Place House

A WINTER day (November 12th, 1647) was closing in as two horsemen made their way down the hill near the stately mansion of Place House, Titchfield, and drawing rein outside the noble gatehouse demanded admission. They were weary, and their horses were jaded, for they had ridden far and fast. Those who greeted the wayfarers and gave them welcome little thought that they were taking part in the first act of a grim tragedy. The travellers were the hapless monarch, King Charles, and his faithful friend and follower, Colonel Legge. On the previous night, which was dark and stormy, the King, leaving his cloak in the gallery, stole down the back stairs at Hampton Court with Colonel Legge, and they were joined at the gate by trusty comrades, John Ashburnham and Sir John Berkley. Passing through the gardens, the party crossed the river at Thames Ditton. A relay of horses had been sent on the day before to Bishop's Sutton, near Alresford. The fugitives rode south-west through Windsor Forest, and "in the dark, cloudy, rainy night," lost their way for more than ten miles, according to Sir Richard Bulstrode, who adds that

next morning they found themselves at Farnham. When they reached the inn at Bishop's Sutton—probably the present "Ship"—they found that the Hampshire Parliamentarian Committee was holding a meeting within. It would never do to fall into the hands of Cromwell's intimate friend, the Colonel, "Idle Dick Norton." There was nothing for it but to push on, wearied as they were. Then followed the memorable council. "Walking down the next hill, and holding our horses in our hands," they decided that Berkley and Ashburnham, loth as they both were to leave the King, should make their way to Lymington and Carisbrook, to sound Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, as to what treatment the King might expect from him. Ashburnham had spoken to Colonel Hammond not long before, and the Colonel had said that he was going down to the Isle of Wight, "because he found the army was resolved to break all promises with the King, and that he would have nothing to do with such perfidious actions."

Colonel Robert Hammond, to whom Cromwell used to write as "Dear Robin," was the second son of Robert Hammond, of Chertsey, and was born in 1621. He spent three years at Oxford, but left without taking a degree. He has been well described as being "the nephew of two uncles," one of whom, Dr. Henry Hammond, was the favourite chaplain of the King, while the other, Thomas Hammond, had formerly commanded the fortieth troop of horse, became Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and was one of the Regicides. Influenced by these uncles, and by his wife, who was a daughter of John Hampden, whose memory he always adored, Hammond's views were somewhat undecided. He was taken prisoner just before the "Sack of Basing House," it was said, by previous agreement, so that he might save the life of the Marquis of Winchester during the final assault. He was appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight, of which his grandmother was a native, September 6th, 1647, being made subordinate

to Fairfax in military, but to the Parliament in civil matters.

Before leaving Hampton Court, Ashburnham had suggested to the King that he should go to the Isle of Wight, and remain in hiding at the house of Sir John Oglander, till he could find out whether Hammond would protect him. So with heavy hearts, Ashburnham and Berkley rode by lonely roads to Lymington, where they were detained a whole day by inclement weather. The next morning they crossed the Solent, and journeyed to Carisbrook Castle, whence they followed Hammond to Newport, and there met with him.

Meanwhile, the King and Colonel Legge had been making their way to Titchfield, where the Earl of Southampton had a noble mansion, it having been decided that they should there wait for the report of Berkley and Ashburnham. They probably skirted the hills, being horsemen and riding light, more especially as the King's wish had been "to avoid highways." They were received with joyous welcome by the old Countess of Southampton. Of her son, Clarendon says: "The Earl of Southampton was indeed a great man in all respects, and brought much reputation to the royal cause." He watched the King's body during the night after the execution, and saw the entrance of a muffled figure in a cloak, whom he believed to be Cromwell, and who said, "Stern necessity." He was also present at the King's funeral at Windsor on February 8th, 1649. Clarendon says that the Earl "was small in stature, his courage and all his other faculties very great." Place (*i.e.*, Palace) House, as the Earl's mansion was called, was already a place of memories. It had been a house of Premonstratensian canons, founded by Bishop Peter de Rupibus in 1232. The abbey was of the estimated value of £240 per annum when Abbot Sampson surrendered it into the greedy hands of Henry VIII. He bestowed it upon his Chancellor, Thomas Wriothesley, first Earl of Southampton, who lies beneath a stately monument in the

interesting church of Titchfield. Leland tells us how, in about four years, a complete transformation had been effected. Mr. Minns says:[1] "The canons' cloister-garth was converted into a fountain court: an entrance gateway was driven through the nave of the church, the south front denuded of its buttresses, and flanked with embattled towers, and square-headed windows took the place of double lancets; so complete was the change effected that the 'right statelie house' swept away almost all trace of monastic arrangements."

Did the unhappy Charles remember how his ill-fated predecessor, Henry VI., had wedded a French bride, Margaret of Anjou, within those very walls? Both in Henry's case and in his own, the French brides had spelt disaster. Or how the first Earl of Southampton had abetted the divorce of Anne of Cleves, hunted to the death Catherine Howard, and striven to compass the fall of Catherine Parr? Did the aged Countess dwelling there "with a small family" tell him how she and her husband had once welcomed to Titchfield a poet, who had immortalised the discrowned King Lear? One memory of Titchfield House must, at least, have been vividly present to him. "In 1626, the French priests and domestics of that nation who came into England with the Queen were grown so insolent, and put so many affronts upon the King, that he was forced to send them home. This was partly due to a stormy scene at Titchfield House, when the King was paying a hunting visit to fair Beaulieu in the New Forest. When her French retinue departed, Charles was obliged to drag her back into the room, her hands bleeding from the energy with which she clung to the bars. This is not an agreeable picture to contemplate. But it might have been well for Charles I., and for England as well, if he had always asserted his authority with equal firmness over this passionate and impulsive

[1] *Hants. Field Club Proceedings*, vol. iii.

French girl." The magnificent oak overlooking the old fish-ponds has probably sheltered both Shakespeare and Charles I.

Ashburnham and Berkley had been strictly charged to make sure that Colonel Hammond would faithfully promise "not to deliver his Majesty up, though the Parliament or Army should require him, but to give him his liberty to shift for himself if he were not able to defend him." In default of such a promise, they were on no account to reveal the King's hiding place, but were to come back at once to Titchfield and report. They told Hammond, to the surprise of the latter, that the King "had withdrawn from the army, but that his Majesty had such confidence in Hammond, that he was willing to entrust himself to his care, on condition that he was not surrendered to the Parliament." Berkley now foolishly said that the King had escaped from Hampton Court to avoid assassination, and that he was in the neighbourhood. Hammond vaguely answered that he would act as a man of honour, but that he was only a subordinate officer. He offered to take the King to a place of safety, and then asked where he was. He was told that "they would acquaint his Majesty with his answer, and, if he were satisfied with it, they would return to him again." Hammond expressed his willingness to serve the King, and wished one of the messengers to remain as a hostage. This, however, was declined. But after dinner, strange to say, it was agreed, with the full concurrence, if not actually on the suggestion of Ashburnham—whom both Berkley and Clarendon, be it noted, acquit of all treachery—that Hammond should go with them to the King, taking no one else with him. Ashburnham says that he was bound to act thus, or the Governor's spies would have followed them, and discovered the King's retreat. The three then started for Cowes, where Hammond was joined by Captain John Baskett, of Cowes Castle, and two servants: Captain Grose says by a file of musketeers, and Clarendon by three

or four soldiers or servants. From thence they made their way to Titchfield. It is not known whether they came up the Meon River to Banner's Bridge, or landed at Bursledon. Leaving the others below, Ashburnham went upstairs, and astounded the King by telling him that Hammond had come. "The King, striking himself on the breast, exclaimed: 'What! have you brought Hammond with you? Oh, Jack, you have undone me; for I am by this means made fast from stirring!'" Ashburnham, "falling into a great passion of weeping," said that Hammond and Baskett were but two, and that he would go down and "get rid" of them both. But of murder Charles would not hear. He said that he had sent to hire a ship at Southampton, and expected every moment to hear of it, and that he would escape that way. But he paced the room for two hours, and no word came of the ship. Hammond was now fiercely impatient, and Charles, allowing him to come upstairs, gave himself into his keeping. Attended by Hammond, Baskett, Ashburnham, Legge, and Berkley, through the still existing large gates, and across the bridge still known as Hammond's Bridge, Charles left Titchfield for Carisbrook, a free man for the last time. Carisbrook was exchanged for Hurst Castle, Hurst Castle for St. James's, St. James's only for the scaffold at Whitehall.

Hurst Castle

On November 30th, 1648, a troop of horse and a company of infantry, sent in all secrecy and haste by the leaders of the army, landed by night in the Isle of Wight, and being reinforced by the local garrison, demanded admission to Carisbrook Castle. This was sternly refused by Captain Bowerman, but Major Rolph promised them his assistance. At break of day, Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbet had completed his preparations, and "the King,

hearing a great knocking at his dressing room door, sent the Duke of Richmond to know what it meant. He, on enquiring who was there, was answered, one Mildmay (one of the servants the Parliament had put to the King, and brother to Sir Henry). The Duke demanding what he would have, was answered, there were some gentlemen from the army very desirous to speak with the King; but the knocking increasing, the King commanded the Duke to let them into his dressing room. No sooner was this done but, before the King got out of his bed, those officers rushed into his chamber, and abruptly told the King they had orders to remove him. 'From whom?' said the King. They replied, 'From the army.' The King asked whither he was to be removed? They answered, 'To the castle.' The King asked, 'What castle?' They again answered, 'To the castle.' 'The castle,' said the King, 'is no castle.' He told them he was well enough prepared for any castle, and required them to name the castle. After a short whispering together, they said, 'Hurst Castle.' The King replied, 'They could not well name a worse,' and called to the Duke of Richmond to send for the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cooke. At first they scrupled at the Earl of Lindsey's coming; but the King said, 'Why not both, since both lie together?' Then having whispered together, they promised to send for both, but sent for neither.' So says Colonel Cooke. The King said to his trusty friend, Henry Firebrace, the clerk of the kitchen, 'I know not where these people intend to carry me, and I would willingly eat before I go; therefore, get me something to eat.'" The Duke of Richmond hastened the preparations for breakfast at eight o'clock, but the horses had now arrived, and the soldiers hurried his Majesty into the coach, without allowing him to taste it. Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbet "with his hat on" tried to enter the coach, but the King pushed him back saying: "It is not come to that yet: get you out." Cobbet then mounted beside the driver, whilst Herbert, Harrington, and Mildmay

rode with the King, who hastily bade his servants farewell. Sir Thomas Herbert says: "At other times, he was cheerful, but at his parting from his friends, he showed the sorrow in his heart by the sadness of his countenance—a real sympathy." Two troops of horse escorted the coach, "only permitting the Duke of Richmond to attend him about two miles, and then told him he must go no further; when he sadly took his leave, being scarce permitted to kiss the King's hand, whose last words were: "Remember me to my Lord Lindsey and Colonel Cooke, and command Colonel Cooke, from me, never to forget the passages of this night." And so "the coach went westward (from Newport), towards Worsley's Tower in Freshwater Isle, a little beyond Yarmouth Haven." This was a small redoubt for two wall-pieces, built by Sir R. Worsley when he was Governor of the island, and stood between Sconce Point and Cliff End. Some remains of it are still to be seen. The King and his attendants rested for about an hour whilst the vessel was being got ready to take him aboard, "a sorrowful spectacle and great sample of fortune's inconstancy. The wind and tide favouring, they crossed the narrow sea in three hours, and landed at Hurst Castle." Surely, Sir Thomas Herbert must mean three-quarters of an hour, for the distance is barely a mile. Hurst Castle, which is to-day a strong fortress and an important telegraph station, was one of the many blockhouses built by Henry VIII. in 1535 to defend the coast. The stones of which it and Cowes Castle are built came from the ruined abbey of Beaulieu. In the reign of Queen Mary, one of the Uvedales of Wickham was executed for attempting to betray this castle to the French, and in 1547 its armament seems to have consisted of one short brass gun and thirty-five cannon balls. In 1648, when King Charles was a prisoner here, the garrison consisted of a captain, who received 1*s.* 8*d.* per diem, an under-captain at 10*d.*, ten soldiers at 6*d.* each, a chief gunner at 8*d.*, one porter at 8*d.*, and

six gunners at 6*d.* each. The total yearly cost was £264 13*s.* 4*d.* Clarendon says that it was "in so vile and unwholesome an air, that the common guards there used to be frequently changed for the preservation of their health," and Sir Philip Warwick writes: "The place stood in the sea, for every tide the water surrounded it, and it contained only a few dog-lodgings for soldiers, being chiefly designed for a platform to command the ships." Colonel Firebrace says: "This castle stands a mile and a half in the sea, upon a beach full of mud and stinking ooze, upon low tides, having no fresh water within two or three miles of it, so cold, foggy, and noisome, that the guards cannot endure it without shifting quarters." The governor is thus described by Herbert: "The captain of this wretched place was not unsuitable; for at the King's going ashore, he stood ready to receive him with small observance. His look was stern; his hair and black beard were large and bushy; he held a partizan in his hand, and, Switzerlike, had a great basket-hilt sword by his side. Hardly could one see a man of more grim aspect, and no less robust and rude was his behaviour."

Some of the King's servants feared that he meant mischief, especially from his swaggering manner. They complained of him to his superior officers, who reprimanded him, whereupon "he quickly became mild and calm." This sturdy warrior, whose name is variously given as Ewer, Eyre, and Ayres, had formerly been one of Hammond's lieutenant-colonels, and had seen service in Wiltshire. "After his Majesty came under his custody, he was very civil to the King, both in his language and behaviour, and courteous to those that attended upon all occasions; nor was his disposition rugged towards such as in loyalty came to see the King and pray for him, as sundry out of Hampshire did, and the neighbouring counties." On December 14th, the House of Commons voted Colonel Ewer £200, since he complained of his "want of money and provisions due to the King's arrival."

The room which Charles is said to have occupied is nothing more than a closet in the thickness of the wall, on the second story of the keep, with a small window looking west; the dimensions are about eight feet by four and a half; and in the face of Colonel Firebrace's assertions of courteous usage, it is difficult to believe that this cupboard could have been more than his dressing-room, or at most his bed-chamber. "King Charles' 'Golden Rules' used to hang in this room, and were said to have been placed there by the King himself."

At midnight on December 18th, the King was roused from sleep by the fall of the drawbridge and by the trampling of horses. He aroused Sir Thomas Herbert, who told him that the noise was due to the arrival of Colonel Harrison. Charles was terrified, for he had been warned that Harrison would murder him. Bidding Herbert wait in the ante-room, he himself knelt in prayer in his closet. He wept, and said: "I trust in God, Who is my Helper, but I would not be surprised: this is a place fit for such a purpose." Harrison withdrew after making preparations to remove the King to Windsor, without an interview with his prisoner. Early next morning, Colonel Cobbet removed the King, who had now recovered his composure, by way of Romsey, Winchester, and Farnham, to Windsor. The King, on horseback, "came through the narrow passage, three long miles well-nigh from Hurst to Milford," where an escort of cavalry, then quartered at Lyndhurst, awaited him. "Three miles from Hurst he found a body of horse charged to escort him to Winchester. Everywhere on his road, a crowd of gentlemen, citizens, and peasants came round him. Some of them were sightseers, who retired after they had seen him pass, without any particular observation; others, deeply interested, and praying aloud for his liberty. As he approached Winchester, the Mayor (Mr. Joseph Butler) and the Aldermen came to meet him, and presenting him, according to custom, with the keys and mace of the city,

addressed to him a speech full of affection. But Cobbet, rudely pushing his way towards them, asked if they had forgotten that the House had declared all who should address the King traitors. Whereupon, seized with terror, the functionaries poured forth humble excuses, protesting that they were ignorant of the will of the House, and conjuring Cobbet to obtain their pardon." The King slept at Winchester Castle, and the next day resumed his journey. Between Alresford and Farnham, Colonel Harrison took charge of him, and the King, noting his gallant bearing, frankly acknowledged the injustice of his former suspicions, and so rode across the border of our county to play his part most nobly in the tragedy of Whitehall.

G. N. GODWIN.

THE HAMBLEDON CRICKET CLUB

By Horace Hutchinson

NO other village in the whole world, says a cricketer, is entitled to equal glory with little Hambledon, in Hampshire. It has even been claimed that cricket was first played at Hambledon. This is a legend that cannot be proved, for the exact moment cannot be determined at which the practice of one man delivering a ball, and another man hitting at that ball with a stick, began to develop itself into anything worthy the great name of cricket. But certainly Hambledon is the place where cricket worthy of the inspired bard began. It found an adequately inspired bard in old Nyren, and really he had a wondrous tale to tell, for the players of this little village club could and did beat the best eleven that the rest of England—that is to say, of the world as known to the ancients of that day—could put into the field. He was a member of the club, and wrote with a natural sentiment in its favour, but he has facts—that is to say, score-sheets—to back him in what he says. His accounts, and some gossip that Mr. Pycroft, author of *The Cricket Field*, gathered from Beldham, also one of the Hambledon players, in Beldham's declining years, are the founts of historical knowledge of Hambledon, and of the chief beginnings of cricket.

The father of Nyren the historian was landlord of the little Bat and Ball Inn, still standing, on Broadhalfpenny

Down, where the Hambledon Club used to play originally. Later on, the club ground was moved to Windmill Down; the Duke of Dorset, Sir Horace Mann, and some others of the aristocracy, who used to bring teams against the Hambledon men, finding the position of Broadhalfpenny Down too bleak and exposed for pleasure. As to the date of the formation of the club, we get the best hint from this quotation of Mr. Pycroft's taken from the lips of Beldham: "If you want to know, sir, the time the Hambledon Club was formed, I can tell you by this: when we beat them in 1789, I heard Mr. Paulet say: 'Here I have been thirty years in raising our club, and are we to be beaten by a mere parish?' So there must have been a cricket club, that played every week regularly, as long ago as 1769." Beldham, although a member of the Hambledon Club, speaks here as a native of Farnham, and regarding this match, he tells Mr. Pycroft: "In those days the Hambledon Club could beat all England; but our three parishes around Farnham at last beat Hambledon." When "Surrey" is mentioned in the old score-books, it means just these three parishes. Yet when "Hampshire" played "All England," those parishes were included in the Hampshire side. "The members of the Hambledon Club," says Beldham, "had a caravan to take their eleven about. They used once to play always in velvet caps. Lord Winchilsea's eleven" (these were the Kent men, and frequent opponents of Hambledon) "used to play in silver-laced hats; and always" (that is to say, for both sides) "the dress was knee breeches and stockings." This Beldham is written of most enthusiastically by Nyren. "When he cut the balls from the point of the bat," Nyren says, "their speed was like the speed of thought." Of course, all this was in the days of underhand bowling. One of the Hambledon men, Tom Walker, attempted the overhand bowling, which Nyren bitterly condemns, under the title of "throwing," but it was ruled illegal by the Hambledon Club, and the fact

that their ruling was accepted by the cricketing world of the day and adopted by the M.C.C. is a great testimony to the position they held. On another occasion, one White of Reigate brought a bat so broad that it covered all the wicket, and a rule was forthwith passed to restrict the width of the bat, and an iron frame for testing the width was made, and was kept by the Hambledon Club just as the M.C.C. would keep it now.

It is time now to give proof by figures of the Club's right to such high honour as Nyren claims for it. First hear his statement. The following he enumerates as—

The most eminent players in the Hambledon Club when it was at its glory :—

DAVID HARRIS	TOM WALKER
JOHN WELLS	—— ROBINSON
—— PURCHASE	NOAH MANN
WILLIAM BELDHAM	—— SCOTT
JOHN SMALL, JUN.	—— TAYLOR
HARRY WALKER	

No eleven in England could have had any chance with these men ; and I think they might have beaten any two and twenty.

That is a brave claim for them, but I think we may find reason to deem that it was not too daring. Witness the following account :—

On the 22nd of May, 1775, a match was played in the Artillery Ground, between five of the Hambledon Club, and five of all England ; when Small went in the last man for fourteen runs, and fetched them.

This match is worthy of fuller notice for the fact that it was the occasion of a drastic alteration of the wicket. The wicket in those days was of two stumps only, and in course of Small's "fetching" these fourteen runs required, it was seen that the ball passed between the stumps several times, without disturbing the bails, and in consequence the rule was passed to add a third stump to prevent these favours of fortune. Luck evidently was

on Small's side in this venture; but he must have been a terrible fellow, for he is recorded to have stayed in on one occasion for three days. The bowling, of course, was underhand, but the wickets were certainly not as true as to-day; in fact, we find record of the bowlers, who were allowed to pitch the wickets to suit themselves up to 1830, sometimes choosing a wicket with a lump for the ball to pitch on, to make it bump, or sometimes, like

> Honest Lumpy, who did 'low
> He ne'er could bowl, save o'er a brow,

with an inclination to help the ball to shoot. This Lumpy was the unlucky bowler when Small "fetched" those fourteen badly-wanted runs. But it was at a three-stumped, not a biped, wicket that Aylward made his very astonishing score, for those days, of 167 in a "Hambledon" against "All England" match. The full score of this match was as follows, and it may be noted that the wickets caught out are credited only to the fieldsman, and not to the bowler:—

HAMBLEDON CLUB AGAINST ALL ENGLAND.

PLAYED 18TH JUNE, 1777.

England, 1st Innings.	Runs.		*2nd Innings.*	Runs.	
Duke of Dorset	0	B by Brett		5	C by Ld. Tankerville
Lumpy	1	B ditto		2	— not out
Wood	1	B ditto		1	B Nyren
White	8	C Veck		10	— not out
Miller	27	C Small		23	B Brett
Minchin	60	— not out		12	B Taylor
Bowra	2	B Brett		4	B ditto
Bullen	13	C Ld. Tankerville		2	B Nyren
Booker	8	C Brett		2	B Brett
Yalden	6	C Small		8	C Nyren
Pattenden	38	B Brett		0	C Brett
Byes	2			0	(Byes)
	166			69	

Hambledon, 1st Innings.

	Runs.	
Lord Tankerville .	3 .	B by Wood
Lear . . .	7 .	B ditto
Veck . . .	16 .	B Lumpy
Small . . .	33 .	C White
Francis . . .	26 .	C Wood
Nyren . . .	37 .	B Lumpy
Sueter . . .	46 .	B Wood
Taylor . . .	32 .	C Bullen
Aburrow . . .	22 .	C Minchin
Aylward . . .	167 .	B Bullen
Brett . . .	9 .	— not out
Byes . .	5	
	403	

"Won by Hambledon, by 168 runs in *one* innings," is the curt comment of Nyren, the historian, who could be almost Homeric in phrase when the inspiration took him.

Some years previously to this, as far as I can make out, Small and Richard Nyren, father of the historian, got in together in a match that was going badly until their partnership for the Hambledon Club side, and were not parted until the one had scored a hundred and ten and the other ninety-eight. So there were long scores even in those days. Beldham seems to have been the first really to recognise the value of the straight bat and the left elbow up. They were lessons taught him by one Harry Hall, gingerbread baker, of Farnham—who deserves at least to have a statue in gingerbread put up in his native town—and the bowling of that great genius, David Harris, whose balls, by all accounts, must have come up off the ground just as if they had been delivered overhand, made a straight bat and stepping out to the pitch of the ball essential. All Nyren's hints in his "Cricketer's Guide" show him to have been well acquainted with the points of the game. It was an age of single wicket matches, an age in which large sums were betted on matches, and Beldham is eloquent to Mr. Pycroft about the temptations

offered to the rustics to "sell" the games—temptations that, as it seems, were not always withstood. Perhaps it was hardly in nature that they should be. All these Hambledon players were poor men. Nyren's father, who was farmer as well as innkeeper, and looked after the ground, was perhaps in the highest social position of them all, and his son, the author, who writes of him with an admirable filial piety, styling him the "King Arthur of their Round Table of Knights," and the "General," before whose orders all his staff would bow, speaks of him as forming a connecting link in the social chain between the rank and file of the team (for instance, such "anointed clod-stumpers"—this is Nyren's name for them—as the two Walkers) and aristocrats like Lord Tankerville.

It is quite marvellous for how many years the Hambledon Club, which, as we have seen, was recruited from some neighbouring parishes, held its own, and more than its own, against the ever-increasing competition; but at length a period of decline set in, so severe that the famous Club was in danger of being dissolved. The *nadir* of its fortunes was about 1769-1770. It is not recorded that the Club meetings, which were held every Tuesday in the summer, were ever quite abandoned, but certainly all was far from well with the Club. However, says Nyren, they determined "once more to try their fortune, and on the 23rd of September, 1771, having played the County of Surrey, at Laleham Burway, they beat them by one run. Out of fifty-one matches played by the same club against England, etc., during the ensuing ten years, they gained twenty-nine of the number"; so that was a gallant recovery, even if not quite up to the level of the palmiest days of the Club. Its final and formal dissolution appears to have taken place in 1791, in which year, says Mr. Pycroft, "the true old Hambledon Club all but beat twenty-two "of Middlesex at Lord's." In this year Nyren left the Club, and perhaps with his going the true life of the Club went too.

It is really a very remarkable record for a little Hampshire village; and the recorder, Mr. Nyren, is himself of some remarkable gifts. Mr. Pycroft says that he borrowed the pen of C. Cowden Clarke, but the language has a vigour that is racy of the soil. He had some education from a Jesuit, and shows some profit from it. He records not only the cricketing triumphs of the Club, but also the pleasure of the social evenings at the Bat and Ball, when Small would play on the violin given him by the Duke of Dorset, and others would join in a glee. Primarily, no doubt, all were cricketers out of pure love of the game, although Beldham shows us the money-making element of it, which Nyren conceals, indicating that the rustics soon became what we should call professional players: £5 a match to win, and £3 to lose, was the recognised rate of pay for matches at Lord's, and that by no means covered the rate at which the players lived while in London, according to Beldham, notwithstanding that they travelled up "in a wagon." Altogether, it is a curious page in the social history of the country, across which the name of little Hambledon has thus to be writ large.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Professor Hearnshaw has kindly sent me an extract from a MS. book in the Hartley College Library, relating to the Hambledon Club. I add it here as a suitable appendix to Mr. Hutchinson's very interesting paper.]

In the Hartley College Library there is a manuscript history of Hampshire, by Thomas Gatehouse, dated A.D. 1778. The volume was purchased by Lord Brabourne at a sale in 1886 for five guineas. It was afterwards acquired by the Rev. Sir W. H. Cope, Bart., who bequeathed it, together with many other rare and valuable works bearing on local history, to the College. Among numerous curious items, it contains some notes of cricket as played at the close of the eighteenth century. The following may be of interest to exponents of the twentieth century game:—

"A.D. 1777. On the 28th and 29th days of May, five of this (the Hambledon) Club played in the Artillery Ground against five of All

England, the best match ever seen, which terminated in favour of Hambledon by 15 notches, though the odds at one time were four to one against them."

"On the 18th of June following, another match [this is the match of which Mr. Hutchinson gives the score] was played at Sevenoaks, in Kent, between All England and Hampshire, which began on Wednesday and ended on Friday, 168 notches in the favour of Hampshire at one innings. Aylward, on the side of Hants., went in at 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and was not out till after 3 on Friday."

"Near this village (Bishop's Waltham) is Broadhalfpenny, the Down of late so much frequented by gentlemen of the county, and so noted for the game of cricket, on which you have the following composition . . . remarkable for its originality."

On the Game of Cricket

Assist all ye muses and join to rehearse
An old English sport never praised yet in verse;
'Tis cricket I sing, of illustrious fame,
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

Great Pindar has bragged of his heroes of old,
Some were swift in the race, some in battle were bold;
The brows of the victor with olive were crowned,
Hark! they shout, and Olympia returns the glad sound.

What boasting of Pollux and Castor his brother,
The one famed for riding, for bruising the other,
But compared with our heroes, they'll not shine at all,
What are Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small?

There's guarding, and catching, and throwing, and tossing,
And bowling, and striking, and running, and crossing,
Each mate must excel in some principal part,
The Pentathlon of Greece could not show so much art.

The parties are met and arrayed all in white,
Famed Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight,
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,
And views him half stript both with pleasure and pain.

The wickets are pitched now and measured the ground,
Then they form a large ring and stand gazing around;
Since Ajax fought Hector in sight of all Troy,
No contest was seen with such fears and such joy.

Ye bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend,
On you the whole fate of the game must depend,
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert your full strength,
Then measure each step and be sure pitch a length.

Ye strikers observe when the foe shall draw nigh,
Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye,
Your skill all depends upon distance and sight,
Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright.

Ye fieldsmen look sharp lest your pains ye beguile,
Move close like an army in rank and in file,
When the ball is returned, back it sure, for I trow
Whole states have been ruined by one overthrow.

The sport is now o'er and victory rings,
Echo doubles the chorus and fame spreads her wings,
Let us then hail our champions all sturdy and true,
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Buck, Curry, and Hogsflesh, and Barber, and Brett,
Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equalled yet,
I had almost forgot they deserve a large bumper,
Little George the longstop and Tom Sutor the stumper.

Then why should we fear either Sackville or Man,
Or repine at the loss both of Boynton and Lann?
With such troops as these we'll be lords of the game,
Spite of Minshul, and Millar, and Lumpy, and Frame.

Then fill up your glass, he's the best who drinks most:
Here's the Hambledon Club! Who refuses the toast?
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,
And sing in full chorus the patrons of cricket.

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